ENGLISCHE PROSA

VON 1880 BIS ZUR GEGENWART

VON

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AN DER UNIVERSITÄT ZÜRICH

1927
LEIPZIG / VERLAG UND DRUCK VON B. G. TEUBNER / BERLIN

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VORWORT

Die Textproben, die wir hiermit der Öffentlichkeit übergeben, führen den Leser nicht durch das Gesamtgebiet englischer Prosakunst seit den 1880er Jahren. Sie schlagen nur Gänge verschiedener Richtung ein. Ein wichtiger Gang heißt Kulturkunde und Weltanschauung. Hier muß bei der kritischen Betrachtung der künstlerische vor dem inhaltlichen Standpunkt zurücktreten. Damit der Leser die Kontinuitätslinie besser erkenne, haben wir auf Matthew Arnold zurückgegriffen, dessen Gesellschaftskritik in ihren viktorianischen Überlieferungselementen schon die Keime modernster Deutung enthält. Derselbe Arnold ist auch im Anfangspunkt der literarkritischen Entwicklungslinie inbegriffen, die wir mit Walter Pater einsetzen lassen. Die Textproben aus der sog. schönen Literatur zeigen uns — so etwa bei H. G. Wells, A. Bennett und Galsworthy — englische Kultur- und Weltanschauungsbilder im Spiegel der Prosakunst in Schattierungen, die bis zur Wirklichkeitsferne eines De la Mare hinüberreichen. Unsere einleitende Skizze der kulturlichen und literarischen Strukturlagen des modernen Englands ist nicht ausschließlich auf den gewählten Texten als Fundamenten aufgebaut. Solche scheinbar fugenfeste Gebilde sind nur täuschende Konstruktionen. Wir umreißen ein Gesamtbild, zu dem die Texte Ausschnittsbeleuchtungen ermöglichen.

Da alle Prosa in der künstlerischen Darstellung gipfeln muß, ist der Versuch gewagt worden, etwas über die Entwicklung des englischen Prosastils und seine Gesetzlichkeit zu sagen. Auch dieses Kapitel fußt nicht ausschließlich auf den Textproben; denn, wenn das Werk stilistischer Analyse schon in der Einleitung getan wäre, welchen Reiz hätte es dann für Lehrer und Studierende in gemeinsamer Arbeit die Texte weiter zu erforschen?

Nicht alle Texte sind für gemeinsames Lesen geeignet. In vielen Fällen wird es sich empfehlen, den Text als bekannt vorauszusetzen und alle verfügbare Zeit der Erörterung zu widmen.

Kein Kollege wird so töricht sein, mich zu tadeln, wenn er nicht alle ihm wünschbar erscheinenden Proben hier findet.

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Zum Schluß entledige ich mich der angenehmen Pflicht des Dankes an alle diejenigen, die mir bei der Arbeit behilflich gewesen sind: den Mitgliedern meines Seminars für allzeitige Bereitschaft, meiner Hörerin, Frl. Julia Hoesli, hier in London, für Verfertigung des Namenverzeichnisses, meinen englischen Kollegen — vor allen Mr. J. Isaacs, King's College, London — für wertvolle Anregungen im Gespräch, die ich mir z. T. noch nutzbar machen konnte, meinem St. Galler Kollegen, Professor Paul Oettli, für Durchsicht der Einleitung, meinem früheren Hörer, Dr. A. Löhrer, für sorgfältiges Lesen der Textkorrekturbogen und Dr. Ehlers von der Verlagsfirma B. G. Teubner für Verständnis und Geduld.

London, 4. April 1927.

BERNHARD FEHR

ERKLÄRUNG DER ABKÜRZUNGEN:

E. L. = B. Fehr, Die englische Literatur des 19. und 20. Jahrhunderts, O. Walzels Handbuch der Literaturwissenschaft, Athenaion, Wildpark-Potsdam 1923 usw.

Q.-C. = Quiller-Couch, The Oxford Book of Prose, Oxford, Clarendon Preß 1925.

. . . . . bedeutet Übernahme der punktierten Linie wie im Original.

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EINFÜHRUNG

Erster Teil:

ZEIT, GESELLSCHAFT UND ERZÄHLER 1880—1925

I. BEHARRUNG UND ANDERSWERDEN

Die Geschichte ist der laufende Rahmen der Literatur. Auf ihr liegt sein Schatten. Dort ein ununterbrochenes Geschehen, hier ein Gewirr von Stimmen im Dienste der Mitteilung, der Deutung, der Gestaltung. Gretton hat uns den Gang der Ereignisse zwischen 1880 und 1910, Raynes die weitere Strecke von 1910 bis 1920 so anschaulich vorgeführt, daß wir die äußere Bewegung des politischen Uhrzeigers Jahr um Jahr, Punkt um Punkt verfolgen können. Khartoum und Gordon fallen, Parnell wird freigelassen, Gladstone geht, Salisbury kommt, Irland hofft, Gladstone kehrt wieder, Cavendish und Burke sinken durch Mörders Hand im Phoenix-Park, Joseph Chamberlain spaltet die liberale Partei, die Unionisten ergreifen die Macht. Es kommen und gehen die Träger guter Namen: Morley, Bryce, Dilke, Hartington, Bright, Derby, W. H. Smith, Randolph Churchill, Goschen, Harcourt, Herschell, Rosebery, Wyndham, Lansdowne, Balfour, Campbell-Bannerman, Haldane, Asquith, Grey, Lloyd-George, Winston Churchill. Aber wir müssen schon weiter bis in die neunziger Jahre dringen, wollen wir sehen, wie Ereignisse die Volksseele durchzucken und verwandeln. Kitcheners Kolonialkriege und Chamberlains herausfordernde Haltung bilden den Ansprung zu einer imperialistischen Sturzwelle, die im Burenkrieg den schäumenden Kamm erschwingt, um im neuen Jahrhundert in ruhigere Wasser hinabzufallen. Der Imperialismus als politische Stimmungssache erfüllt die englische Volksseele, auch wenn das Hurrarufen seltener geworden ist. Schließlich kommt 1914 der Weltkrieg und schneidet tief hinein in alte Entwicklungsstränge. Er schafft Wandlungen, die heute noch nicht überwunden sind. Auf Jahrzehnte hinaus wird er seine Wirkung ausstrahlen.

Vermag sonst der äußere Aufzug der in England auf festen Bahnen sich bewegenden politischen Erscheinungen Rhythmus und Ton des Kollektivlebens nicht wesentlich zu verändern, so

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sind es zwei Kräftekonstanten, die beständig Gestaltung suchen und als Beharrung und Anderswerden einander befeinden.

Der Sozialismus durchgärt in allen möglichen Abwandlungen das moderne Gesellschaftsleben und wirkt zum Teil wieder auf den viktorianischen Individualismus oder Liberalismus zurück, dem in der Neuzeit die Bedeutung eines sich stemmenden Beharrungsvermögens zukommt, sozialisiert ihn und ersetzt die Individualpsyche durch die Gruppenpsyche. Die soziale Beharrungsidee findet in der englischen Staatskirche mit ihrem festen Dogma und ihrem feierlichen Ritual ihre stärkste Stütze. Aus dem Lager der Nonkonformisten aber kommen die frondierenden Denker und unbequemen sozialen Neuerer. Die Heilsarmee ist das Werk eines Wesleyaners. Aber unter dem Druck des andersstrebenden Sozialismus und, beschämt durch die sozialisierende Nonkonformität, erlebt auch die Staatskirche Rückwirkungen. Der hochkirchlich ritualistisch gerichtete Priester wird zum Sozialpolitiker. Ein neuer Feind erwächst der Beharrungsneigung im Rassenstolz, der alle möglichen Formen annimmt. Politisch tritt er uns als Imperialismus, soziologisch als Rassenhygiene *(Eugenics)*, ethisch als Übermenschentum[1]) entgegen, die insgesamt, wie der Sozialismus, zu Ersatzreligionen werden können, wenn das Vertrauen in die Kirche erschüttert ist.

In allen diesen Erscheinungen überwiegt das Dogma, die Ratio. Tief verloren aber in der englischen Volksseele ruht die Irratio. Zwischen beiden Polen schwingt das Leben, heute hierhin, morgen dorthin. Religiöse Begeisterung ergreift die Massen *(Revivalism)*, die Kraft der Aufklärung ist gewichen, Geheimlehren und Mystik sind an ihre Stelle getreten, auch die Kirche erhält täglich neuen Zustoß, ihr Einfluß wächst. Dann aber fällt die Seele aus der Mode, der Naturalismus macht sich breit, die Kirchen stehen leer. Alle Symptome des Seelenlebens, Telepathie und Hellsehen, werden sorgfältig geprüft und kausal erklärt, das Irrationale wird rationalisiert.

Alles Bisherige, Staatsdoktrin, Gesellschaftslehre, Kirchendogma, Kunstanschauung wird in seinen Bezügen zum jeweiligen Welteinheitsgefühl von der Philosophie zuasmmengefaßt. Aber auch hier steht der einigende Geist nicht auf fester Warte, sonst wären alle Zusammenfassungen einander gleich. Er schwankt zwischen den soeben genannten Polen und erzeugt zwischen Realismus und Idealismus in allen Farben schillernde Weltanschauungen. Der Beobachter wird allerdings feststellen können, daß in England eine Philosophie nur dann das Denken weiterer Kreise zu bestimmen vermag, wenn sie Wirklichkeitsnähe und Lebenstauglichkeit besitzt. Übersteigerte Idealismen liegen dem Durchschnittsengländer ebenso fern wie materialistische Übertreibungen.

[1] John Davidson vereinigt Imperialismus mit Übermenschentum.

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II. ENGLISCHES GESELLSCHAFTS- UND GEISTESLEBEN IN ZEITLICHER FOLGE

Versuchen wir nun, die genannten Kräftekonstanten, die wohl abwechslungsweise überdeckt werden, aber nie schwinden können, in ihrer Abfolge zu erkennen. In den 1880er Jahren erstirbt der viktorianische Individualismus, das soziale Gewissen erwacht, über dem Grauen der Slums, der Heimarbeit und Arbeitslosigkeit wird der Schleier gelüftet. Königliche Kommissionen legen erschreckende, tatsachenschwere Berichte auf den Parlamentstisch. 1886/87 sind zwei trübe Jahre britischer Industrie. Liberalismus und Konservativismus stellen sich jetzt auf die soziale Reform ein. Kirche und öffentliche Meinung machen mit. Die Hebung der Volksmassen wird zum Weckruf. Königin Viktoria eröffnet 1887 den Volkspalast in Whitechapel. Auch Oxford und Cambridge fangen an, sozial zu denken. Sie schicken ihre besten Männer nach den ostlondonschen Universitätsniederlassungen. Vorher (1882) stirbt der Oxforder Arnold Toynbee im Dienst sozialchristlicher Werktätigkeit.[1]) Daneben erhebt der doktrinäre Sozialismus seine Stimme, zunächst noch verworren, da zwei Parteien — die 1882 gegründete *Social Democratic Federation* und seit 1884 die von William Morris ins Leben gerufene *Socialist League* — einander befehden, von denen jede die einzig seligmachende sein will. Dazu kommt, daß die durch die erwähnte Depression revolutionär gewordenen Gewerkschaften — *the New Unionism*, im Gegensatz zu der alten, vorher geltenden, nüchternen Richtung — sich von der Politik fern halten. Um so mehr Einfluß gewinnt unter diesen Umständen die auf wirklich Durchführbares sich beschränkende pragmatistische Richtung der seit 1884 bestehenden *Fabian Society*, deren einflußreichste Mitglieder, Annie Besant, Sidney und Beatrice Webb und Bernard Shaw, schon von Anfang an nicht den Staats-, sondern den Privat- und Gemeindesozialismus als nächstem Ziele zustreben.

Der aufstrebende Sozialismus ist wohl der Hauptakzent im Rhythmus der 1880er Jahre. Daneben durchwandelt Oscar Wilde mit langem Haar, im Sammetrock, Kniehose und weichem Hemd mit Lavallièrebinde, die Sonnenblume in der Hand, durch die Londoner Straßen, um die ästhetische Bewegung zu mimen und in Formen und Farben gegen ein banalisiertes, sinnenbeleidigendes Leben Verwahrung einzulegen[2]), während Edward Carpenter ganz für sich in Wald- und Wieseneinsamkeit das hohe Lied der Anarchie singt und den Menschen selber vorlebt, wie sie von der „Zivilisation geheilt" werden können.

Im Weltanschauungskampf halten sich Ratio und Irratio die

[1] E. Schultze, Volksbildung und Volkswohlfahrt in England, München 1912.

[2] Vgl. Otto Mann, Der moderne Dandy, Berlin, Springer, 1925.

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Wage. Der Geist J. S. Mills ist noch nicht erstorben, hat doch der große Meister kaum die Augen geschlossen. Noch predigt Frederick Harrison jeden Sonntag positivistische Menschheitsreligion. Noch finden viele Leser Gefallen an Buckles *History of Civilisation* und ihren materialistischen Ausdeutungen. Und was Darwins biologische Entdeckungen betrifft, so hat deren Verbreitung in weiteren Volksschichten erst begonnen. Dafür sorgen Huxley und Grant Allen. Damit schritthaltend geht — wohl unter Zurückgreifung auf Comte — die Übertragung des Evolutionsgedankens auf die Ethik. Auf diese Weise glaubt der Millschüler und Agnostiker Leslie Stephen seinen Utilitarismus mit Darwin in Einklang bringen zu können.[1]) Eine Evolution ist auch auf dem Gebiet des menschlichen Willens, und zwar als geistiger Vorgang zu erkennen, und sie führt zum höchsten Glück, die Lehre, die sein bester Freund George Meredith Jahrzehnte lang in Gesängen verherrlicht hat. Herbert Spencer aber ist eben im Begriff, ein Riesengebäude synthetischer Philosophie fertig zu bauen, in dem er alles, Biologie, Soziologie und Ethik unterbringt, und dessen Überwachung er dem Utilitarismus, Mechanismus und Evolutionismus überbindet. Wir sehen: die alte, verstandeskalte Nützlichkeitslehre hat nur ihr Kleid gewechselt. Sieht sie sich von Okkultismus und abnormen Seelenphänomenen umgeben, so greift sie zu und durchleuchtet sie verstandesmäßig *(Society for Psychical Research).*[2]) Dicht neben der Ratio aber steht die Irratio und wehrt sich kräftig gegen ihre Feindin. Gegen den Biologismus schickt sie den Idealismus eines Hegel ins Feld. (Hegel war 1865 durch Hutchison Stirlings Buch *The Secret of Hegel* in England bekannt geworden.) Die englischen Neu-Hegelianer — John Caird, Thomas Hill Green, F. H. Bradley (bis zu den allerletzten: Bosanquet, Andrew Seth, James Seth, A. E. Taylor, Mac Taggart, Laurie) — betonen, daß alle Erfahrungen und alle Dinge sich selber transzendieren und schließlich zum Absoluten oder zu Gott hinführen. Enge Beziehung zum Leben hat unter allen diesen Denkern nur T. H. Green, der von Oxford aus, der früheren Arbeitsstätte Cardinal Newmans, eine zauberhafte Wirkung auf die akademische Jugend ausübt, weil seine Persönlichkeit alles, Philosophie, Christentum und Lebenstat, zu fester Einheit umschließt.

Zwischen diesen Hegelianismus und den Biologismus schiebt sich damals eine unbeachtete Weltanschauung, der Panpsychismus Samuel Butlers, ein, der zu einer Zeit spricht, die ihn nicht hören will, so daß er als geistige Kraft hier gar nicht einsetzt. Seine Wirkung bleibt dem neuen Jahrhundert vorbehalten. Butler hat die biologische Fluchtlinie nicht verlassen. Die Evolution ist da, aber der Wille gibt ihr die Richtung, die Erblichkeit

[1] Science of Ethics 1882.
[2] Gegründet 1882 von W. F. Barrett, Henry Sidgwick, Gurney und F. W. H. Myers. Die *Proceedings, S.P.R.* viele Bände.

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ist eine Tatsache, aber sie läßt sich bei näherer Betrachtung als unbewußt gewordenes Gedächtnis erkennen, das sich zwischen Vater und Sohn und durch alle Abstammungen hindurch wie eine ununterbrochene Identitätslinie hinzieht. Zwanzig Jahre lang haben diese Gedankenlichter in der dunkeln Ummauerung des Schicksals gebrannt und konnten nicht eher ins Leben hinausstrahlen, bis Shaw und Butlers Freunde die Wände zertrümmerten. Die Entstehung allerdings der Butlerschen Gedächtnislehre ist nur aus jener Zeit heraus zu erfassen, da die Menschheit vor der Darwinschen Evolution in ihrer Mißdeutung als automatischer Lebensanschauung zurückschreckt und — was kann die Masse mit Hegel anfangen! — sich dem jetzt üppig blühenden Okkultismus und Spiritismus in die Arme wirft. Damit ist auch Raum geschaffen für eine neue Religion, die Theosophie, die 1884 in London und ein Jahr später in Irland als *Hermetic Society* Wurzel faßt.[1]) Auf stillen Pfaden wandeln auch jetzt, und durch jedes Jahrzehnt hindurch — denn sie schreiten wie seltene Pilger aus weiter Ferne immer wieder vorbei — die Jünger der All-Einheitslehre[2]), von denen E. R. Curtius sagt, daß sie sich, wo auch immer, stets derselben Sprache bedienen.

Wie verhält sich die Kirche diesen Einstellungen gegenüber? Feindlich auf der ganzen Linie; denn sie ist eifersüchtig auf ihre Vorrechte. Mit wachsendem Mißbehagen verfolgt sie T. H. Greens Laienpredigten, die ein „freies" Christentum verkünden, das uns heute hyperorthodox anmutet. Sie muß mit Enttäuschung feststellen, daß die öffentliche Meinung und der Staat die bis jetzt gültige Ansicht aufgegeben haben, wonach die geringste Verletzung des konformen Dogmas eine Gefährdung von Eigentum und Staat bedeute. Sie steht vor der vollendeten Tatsache eines Wandels. Der Agnostiker — ein von Huxley geprägter Euphemismus — ist jetzt gesellschaftsfähig und der „Atheist" Charles Bradlaugh ist 1885 ohne Gotteseidleistung in das Unterhaus eingezogen.

In den 1890er Jahren ist der Sozialismus immer noch politisch eine gelähmte Kraft. Wohl wird 1893 die *Independent Labour Party* gegründet. Aber der Sozialismus und vollends der viktorianische Liberalismus werden überdeckt von einem noch schwächlichen Feminismus, der vorläufig mehr als laute Gebärde denn als Macht auftritt, und von einem in den grellsten Farben leuchtenden Imperialismus. Die Daily Mail wird 1896 gegründet. Die Namen Cecil Rhodes und Dr. Jameson fliegen von Mund zu Mund, und Chamberlain hält imperialistische Brandreden. Neben diesem von Hurrarufen begleiteten Aufmarsch zieht Oscar Wildes Ästhetentum in einem Triumphzug vorbei, dessen

[1] A. P. Sinnett, *Early Days of Theosophy in Europe*, London 1923.
[2] Jakob Böhme, Swedenborg, Blake, Wordsworth, Emerson.

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Glanz durch den Erfolg seiner Gesellschaftskomödien wesentlich erhöht wird, und der in den Dichtern des *Yellow Book* (1894—7) und des *Savoy* (1896) mehr oder weniger willige Mitläufer findet. Mit Wildes Sturz 1895 stiebt der Zug auseinander. Und es geht auch nicht lange, so wird beim Ausbruch des Burenkriegs (1899) der Straßenimperialismus auf die Wertprobe gestellt. Kurz darauf (1901) stirbt Königin Viktoria. Mit ihr und dem Jahrhundertende ist der Individualismus zu Grabe getragen worden.

Noch eine andere Kraft wird in diesem Dezennium überdeckt, die Irratio. Die herrschende Weltschau scheint sich nach langem Suchen auf die mittlere Linie einer vieljährigen einheimischen Überlieferung einstellen zu wollen. Überraschenderweise kommt die Einrenkung von einer unerwarteten Seite, vom Darwinismus. Huxley, sein emsigster Verfechter, der schon 1886 in *Science and Morals* die ihm angeworfenen Benennungen Materialist, Positivist, Atheist bestimmt zurückgewiesen hat, geht 1893 in seiner *Romanes Lecture* — die in *Ethics and Evolution* nachzulesen ist — so weit, daß er die Möglichkeit, auf Darwinscher naturalistischer Grundlage eine Sittenlehre aufzubauen, glatt verneint. Der Bienenstaat gehorcht dem grausamen Zwang kosmischer Evolution, der Mensch aber wird beherrscht vom Drang nach Lust und der Furcht vor Schmerz. In der Gesellschaft, die als organische Notwendigkeit entstanden ist, findet er die gewünschte Befriedigung oder Vermeidung am ehesten durch Angleichung an das Denken, Fühlen und Wollen seiner Mitmenschen. Er wird zum vollendeten Mimiker. So züchtet er in sich selber Sympathiegefühle, die ihm schließlich zum Gewissen werden. Huxley ist in die alte Entwicklungslinie des Psychologismus zurückgekehrt, die mit Hartley, auf den er sich ausdrücklich beruft, beginnt, von Wordsworth weitergeführt wird und dann Zustoß erhält von J. S. Mill und Auguste Comte. Allerdings, wo früher nur eines war, sind jetzt zwei: Psychologismus und Naturalismus. Und Huxley gesteht, daß die beiden so unvereinbar sind wie Gott und Satan. Das metaphysische Versagen des Darwinismus paßt so recht in die Stimmung der Endhaften.

Das neue Jahrhundert führt ein verfrühtes Experiment zu raschem Ende. Chamberlains auf egoistisch-wirtschaftlicher Grundlage aufgebauter Imperialismus bricht wie ein Kartenhaus zusammen. Statt dessen geht die alte Saat des versöhnlichen Fabianertums auf dem weiten Acker liberaler Staatskunst prächtig auf. Davon spricht die großzügige Sozialgesetzgebung eines Asquith und eines Lloyd George, die in dem *National Insurance Act* vom Jahre 1911 ihre Krönung erlebt.[1]) Dies, das Suffragettentum und der militante Sozialismus, der sich in der straf-

[1] H. A. Walter (London), *Die neuere englische Sozialpolitik*, München 1914.

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feren, jetzt von den Gewerkschaften unterstützten *Labour Party* [1]), die 1906 dreißig Mitglieder ins Parlament schickt und sich späterhin in gefährlichen Ausständen bemerkbar macht, sind die Hauptakzente des Jahrzehnts vor Kriegsbeginn.

In der Weltanschauung tritt jetzt eine neue Philosophie in die von Huxley geschlagene Bresche, der Humanismus des Oxforders F. C. S. Schiller und der Pragmatismus des Amerikaners William James. (Schiller fängt schon 1891 an mit *Riddles of the Sphinx* und fährt erst 1903 weiter fort mit *Humanism* und 1907 mit *Studies in Humanism;* für James sind maßgebend seine Vorlesungen über *Pragmatism* 1906, *The Meaning of Truth* 1909 und *A Pluralistic Universe* 1909.) Humanismus und Pragmatismus, beide tragen Quäkerhüte, sind utilitarisch und idealistisch zugleich. Beiden gemeinsam ist der pluralistische Gedanke. Wir finden in der Welt eine wilde Vielheit. Lassen wir es dabei bewenden; es ist nicht unsere Aufgabe, das Universum wie ein Zimmer säuberlich aufzuräumen. Beiden gemeinsam ist der Begriff eines endlichen, starken, aber nicht allmächtigen Gottes, der mit allen Guten zusammen gegen das Böse kämpft, das er nicht aus der Welt schaffen kann. Beiden gemeinsam ist gegenüber allen im Leben auftauchenden geistigen Werten die Erfahrungs- und Bewährungsprobe. Beide sind dem gelebten Leben zugewendet. Doch ist der Pragmatismus noch stärker auf den Willen gestellt als der Humanismus; er ist in der zeitweise dramatischen Aufmachung, die der viel beredtere William James seiner Lehre zu geben weiß, recht eigentlich dem herzhaften Kämpfer zugedacht und hat deshalb in England kräftiger gewirkt als Schillers ruhigere und trocknere Darstellung. Wiederum aber sind beide Lehren dem praktischen Sinn des Engländers wohl angepaßt, betont doch Schiller in seinem zweiten Werke, der Humanismus sei eine philosophische Ausdeutung des Common Sense. Sie stehen auch in schönstem Einklang mit dem Zeitalter der Elektrizität, der Automobile und der Flugmaschinen. Sie befriedigen aber das neue Geschlecht je länger je weniger. Denn in den Vorkriegsjahren werden alte Kräfte, Okkultismus und Mystik, freigelegt. Als neu kommt hinzu die Sorge um die hygienische Zukunft der Rasse. — Die volle Auswirkung dieser Kräfte fällt aber in eine spätere Zeit.

Der Krieg zerschlägt mit wuchtigen Fäusten die verkrusteten Hüllen des nationalen und des Gesellschaftslebens. Neues und Altes kommt hier zum Vorschein. In das gräßlichste Erleben

[1] Damit nicht zu verwechseln die 1893 gegründete *Independent Labour Party*, die eine Gesellschaft ist. Die auf S. 3 genannte *Social Democratic Federation* heißt seit 1911 *British Socialist Party.*
Die *Labour Party* wurde 1900 gegründet aus Vertretern der Gewerkschaften, der I. D. L., der Fabier und Social Democratic Party (British Socialist Party).

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schleicht sich die Angst ein vor dem Untergang aller Kultur. Die von ihrer ruhigen Bahn abgetriebene Seele sucht Zuflucht in Übernatürlichkeit und Mystik. Der Aufzug der äußeren Erscheinungen spielt sich in diesen Jahren in England ganz ähnlich ab wie in den anderen kriegführenden Ländern. Die Parteiunterschiede mildern sich.[1]) Der Wille des Volkes ruft Anhänger aller Richtungen in die Regierung. Das Bewußtsein aber der Arbeiterklasse ist gewaltig gesteigert worden. Eine noch nie dagewesene Arbeitsnachfrage und ein bei allem seelischen Elend durch glänzende Löhne künstlich erzeugter Scheinwohlstand treiben die Lebenshaltung des britischen Arbeiters auf eine Höhe, die er freiwillig nicht mehr preisgeben will.

Mit der Nachkriegszeit kehren die alten Unterschiede zurück. Die Arbeiterklassen legen die Rechnung für ihren Patriotismus auf den Tisch. Sie ist hoch. Gefährliche Ausstände folgen. Das menschliche Überangebot erzeugt Heere von Arbeitslosen, die jetzt staatliche Unterstützung erhalten. Unterdessen hat sich eine schonungslose Gesellschaftsumschichtung vollzogen. Der adlige Grundbesitz wird teilweise vom Kriegsgewinnlertum verdrängt, die unteren Mittelklassen werden langsam zerrieben zwischen den Mühlsteinen der neuen Reichen und der an eine neue Lebenshaltung gewöhnten, daher immer neu fordernden organisierten Arbeiterschaft. Die Steuerlast wird für die besseren Mittelklassen fast unerträglich. Der alte freihändlerische Liberalismus ist verschwunden. Am Horizont droht ein riesiges Gespenst, der „Schutzzoll". Doch streben die wirtschaftlichen Kräfte langsam dem Gleichgewicht entgegen. Darum bemüht sich seit September 1926 die *Industrial Peace Union of the British Empire.* Sie erstrebt die Versöhnung zwischen Kapital und Arbeit. Die Zukunft der Gewerkschaften liegt in der Zusammenarbeit mit den Unternehmern, um das Tätigkeitsfeld des Handels und der Industrie zu erweitern, die Nachfrage nach Arbeit zu vergrößern, die wirtschaftliche Sicherheit zu stärken und den Güterverbrauch zu beleben.

Die Lebensdeutung ist vorläufig noch der pessimistischen Übertreibung, einem Spenglerschen Abwärtsblicken ausgeliefert. Die Forderungen der Galtonschen Rassenhygiene erklingen lauter denn je. In der Unsicherheit seines Schauens richtet der Mensch das Auge wieder auf jenen dunkeln, schon seit Jahren dahinfließenden Kräftestrom, auf die Irratio, die bei konservativen Gemütern ihre Betätigung innerhalb der Grenzen der Staatskirche sucht und dort den „Institutionalismus" stützen hilft, bei andern wie G. K. Chesterton bis zum römischen Katholizismus hinüber-

[1] Von der *British Socialist Party* (s. S. 7[1]) löst sich 1916 eine *National Socialist Party* unter Hyndman ab. Der andere Teil aber verschmilzt 1921 mit der *Communist Party.*

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stößt und einen Hilaire Belloc in seiner alten Überzeugung bestärkt, der katholische Glauben allein vermöge England und Europa zu retten. Diesen Neigungen kommen die Freudschen Entdeckungen über das Unbewußte entgegen. Hier kann sich die Neugierde weitester Kreise willkommenen Ersatzspiritismus holen. Soweit aber die Psychoanalyse ernster genommen wird, geht sie unbewußt ein Bündnis mit Samuel Butlers Panpsychismus ein, den Shaw ein paar Jahre vorher aus seinem Schlafbann geweckt hat. Butler hat ja ein wichtiges Moment der Psychoanalyse vorweggenommen, allerdings nur in der Umkehrung; denn er will zeigen, wie das Unbewußte nicht nur das Allmächtige, sondern entgegen den Psychoanalytikern auch das Wahre, Gesunde und Gute im Menschen sei. (So greift z. B. in *The Way of all Flesh*, 187, das Unbewußte in Ernests Qualen während eines hochnotpeinlichen Elterngerichts rettend ein: *Here Ernest's unconscious self took the matter up and made a resistance to which his conscious self was unequal, by tumbling him off his chair in a fit of fainting.)*

Wenn immer die Sucht nach außergewöhnlichen Seelenerscheinungen, Telepathie, Suggestion, Autosuggestion und Okkulta, Gluthitze erreicht, stellt auch die Mystik sich ein, von welcher der Züricher Psychiater Jung behauptet hat, sie sei nichts anderes als die Geschichte der Neurose, und für die der Psychoanalytiker die rationalistische Erklärung des Traumbewußtseins bereit hat. Das Nachkriegsengland läßt uns diesen Zusammenhang recht deutlich erkennen. Hybride, mit Mystik durchsetzte Gebilde wie die Theosophie, die schon in den 1880er Jahren emporgediehen ist, und die *Christian Science* können sich jetzt bei der allgemeinen psychischen Neugierde breit machen. Die Kirche bringt diesen Erscheinungen ebensowenig Sympathie entgegen wie dem Freidenkertum. Sie hält Umschau und sieht mit Entsetzen, wie ihre Reihen sich lichten. Diese neuen Religionen zusammen mit der Nonkonformität, dem römischen Katholizismus und dem Unglauben, graben ihr das Wasser ab, mußte doch kürzlich der Bischof von Durham zugeben, die Staatskirche zähle nur noch 2500000 Gläubige.[1])

Als Weltanschauung ist der Pragmatismus schon halbwegs überwunden. Ernsthafte Sucher finden nicht so sehr in Bertrand Russels Neurealismus, einer reinen Wirklichkeitslehre, als in Bergsons[2]) Vitalismus die ihnen angemessene Lebensdeutung. Die Wirklichkeit ist alles durchdringende Bewegung, ihr wesentliches

[1] In Paul Dottin, John Bull à la découverte de son île, Paris 1925. Die Zahl erwähnt in Revue Anglo-Américaine III, 564, Anders: W. H. Carnegie, Anglicanism, 1925.

[2] Bequeme Zusammenfassung bei J. Desaymard, *La Pensée de B.*; ausführlicher bei F. Grandjean, *Une révolution dans la philosophie. La doctrine de M. H. B., Genève* 1916.

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Element die schöpferische Zeit, deren Inhalt die Sinnlichkeit und das unmittelbare Bewußtsein. An die Stelle des Hegelschen Unbedingten ist die Zeit getreten.

III. WIRKLICHKEIT UND SCHRIFTTUM

Schrifttum im allgemeinsten Sinne ist Mitteilung, Deutung, Gestaltung[1]) der Welterscheinungen, Weltkräfte und Weltanschauungen. Da das engere Schrifttum englischer Prosa unser Gegenstand ist, so sei daran erinnert, daß die Kritik schon längst zwischen schöner und angewandter Literatur *(pure and applied literature)* unterscheidet, da nicht alles, was ins Schrifttum gehört, reines Künstlertum ist. Die Unterscheidung beruht ursprünglich auf der Ansicht, die schöne Literatur hätte dem ästhetischen Genuß, alltäglicher ausgedrückt, der anmutigen Unterhaltung als oberstem Zweck zu dienen, während die angewandte Literatur in letzter Hinsicht Belehrungs- und Überredungssache sei. Die schöne Literatur erscheint deshalb stets in den altüberlieferten Formen literarischer Unterhaltung, Roman und Kurzgeschichte, während das angewandte Schrifttum wohl einige feste Typen — wie Flugschrift und Predigt — kennt, im übrigen aber an keine starre äußere Form gebunden ist. Nun fällt es aber auf, wie gerade die englische Prosa die beiden Ziele zumal in der sog. schönen Literatur fortwährend gegeneinander vertauscht oder deren Rangordnung umstellt, hat doch gerade kürzlich Quiller-Couch[2]) die Überredung, *persuasion,* als die Haupttugend aller Prosa bezeichnet. Damit schwinden die ursprünglichen Zwecksetzungen, und die Unterscheidung sinkt zur bloßen Äußerlichkeit herunter.

Wir kehren deshalb zu unserer Triade zurück, die den Sinn einer ästhetischen Stufenordnung hat, wobei wir in jedem Einzelfall die Frage der Zwecksetzung — reiner Schönheitsgenuß oder moralische Überredung? — aufwerfen können. Die Triade hat auch den Sinn einer Vereinfachung, da es sich hier um ununterbrochene Übergänge handelt. Die nackte Mitteilung, wie sie im Zeitungsdrahtbericht oder im amtlichen Blaubuch verkörpert ist, steht außerhalb der Literatur. Will sie ihrer teilhaftig werden, so muß sie sich von der Deutung durchleuchten und von der Gestaltung verwandeln lassen. Die reine Gestaltung, wonach die Mitteilung und ihre Deutung, wenn eine solche hinzutritt, durchgängig einer inneren Form gemäß zur äußeren Schau organisiert wird, ist sich selber Zweck und Ziel und erzeugt in uns reinen ästhetischen Genuß. An der französischen Literatur gemessen — man denke etwa an einen Flaubertschen Roman — ist sie in der

[1] Wobei die Erfindung in der Gestaltung mit inbegriffen ist. Ein Geschehen wird erdichtet, um es zum Symbol einer bleibenden, somit auch in der Gegenwart wirkenden Idee zu machen.

[2] The Oxford Book of English Prose, Oxford 1925, IX.

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englischen Prosa eine Seltenheit. Es ließe sich kaum ein englischer Roman nennen, der dieses Schönheitsgebot restlos erfüllte. Dem Ziel am nächsten steht Joseph Conrads Prosaepik. Nun hat es ja in der Neuzeit englische Stilkünstler gegeben, die diesem Gebot nachzuleben versuchten: Walter Pater, Oscar Wilde und bis zu einem gewissen Grade R. L. Stevenson. Aber die Früchte ihres Bemühens sind imaginäre Porträts, Märchen und Kurzgeschichten; ihre Romane — *Marius the Epicurean, Dorian Gray, The Black Arrow* — sind nicht schlackenrein. Fast möchte es scheinen, als ob die Kurzgeschichte das Kleid wäre, das dem literarischen Genius der Angelsachsen am natürlichsten sitzt, wie ihnen in der Malerei die engere Kunst des Porträts am besten liegt. Das bezeugen die Novelletten Thomas Hardys, Walter Paters Zeitpastelle, gewisse Erzählungen Kiplings, Hewletts *Little Novels of Italy*, und in spätester Zeit die zartduftigen Geschichten De la Mares, die bezugreichen Augen- und Seelenerlebnisse von Aldous Huxley und die prächtigen — allerdings entfabelten — Tagesträume der Katherine Mansfield. Ein ephemerer Versuch reiner Gestaltung ist die den Franzosen abgelernte schöpferische Kritik eines Walter Pater, Oscar Wilde, Arthur Symons, Francis Thompson, z. T. auch Henleys, die Dichtungs- und Kunstwerke nicht zum Anlaß bloßer Mitteilung und Deutung machen, sondern ein schon fertig Gestaltetes als Stoff neuer künstlerischer Formgebung benutzen. Wilde bedient sich dabei zweimal einer literarischen Kategorie, die heute ausgestorben ist, des philosophischen Dialogs. Er hat damit bewiesen, daß die reine Gestaltung wesentlich an keine bestimmte äußere Form gebunden ist. Die schöpferische Kritik hat in England nur eine kurze Spanne gelebt. Offenbar liegt sie englischer Art fern.

Zwischen Mitteilung und Gestaltung liegt die Deutung, d. h. die Einreihung in verborgen liegende, oft überraschende Kausalbeziehungen. Dient sie der Gestaltung als bloße Stütze, so beeinträchtigt sie den Schönheitsgenuß nicht. Ebensooft aber — zumal in England — wird sie vom Schriftsteller unter das Joch moralischer Überredung und Belehrung gezwungen. Die englische Prosa will politisch, sozial, ethisch, religiös überzeugen. Sie verbirgt die Absicht im Roman. Aber man braucht oft nicht tief zu graben, um sie auch dort zu entdecken, am wenigsten in den Tendenzromanen eines Walter Besant, in den sozial und biologisch orientierten „Romanzen" eines H. G. Wells oder den religiös-sozialen Fiktionen einer Mrs. Humphry Ward. Die belehrende oder überredende Deutung tritt uns mit offenem Visier entgegen in der Predigt, die seit John Donne in England immer noch literarische Bedeutung hat, in der politischen Rede mit ihrer glänzenden Überlieferung, im Zeitungs- und Zeitschriftenartikel, die auf sofortige Wirkung abstellen, und in jenen zahlreichen Erzeugnissen, die keiner starren Kategorie angehören, es sei denn,

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man werfe sie in den weiten Sammelkorb, der sich Essay nennt. Also: in Matthew Arnolds Kollektivkritik der englischen Gesellschaft *Culture and Anarchy*, in Ruskins Arbeitervorlesungen, Mastermans Englanddarstellungen, Dean Inges *Outspoken Essays*, in den in England so beliebten laienphilosophischen Darstellungen wie Huxleys *Lay Sermons* und *Essays*, Samuel Butlers biologischen Büchern, Oliver Lodges Skizzen, William James' *Pragmatism*, Bernard Shaws Vorreden. Humor, Satire, Ironie kommen bei Arnold, Butler und Shaw von der Gestaltung her, um der Deutung Farbe zu geben.

Bisweilen ist es nur Umdeutung. Am ehesten bei Shaw und Chesterton, die feste Ansichten auf den Kopf stellen und mit allen Mitteln der Überredung, vornehmlich mit Paradoxon und Witz, uns für ihre ethische Umstülpung zu gewinnen suchen. Sie ist von ganz besonderem Reiz, weil gestaltlich mächtig gestützt und dadurch um so überzeugender, in den kühnen Abdrehungen alter Perspektiven auf dem Gebiet viktorianischer Geschichte in Lytton Stracheys Bildnissen von Gordon, Kardinal Manning, Königin Viktoria.

Aus dem Bisherigen dürfte hervorgehen, daß die sog. schöne Literatur jeden Augenblick herabsinken kann zu einer nackten Belehrungskunst, und daß ebenso sehr ein Stück angewandter Literatur sich erheben kann zu Schönheitshöhen, wo die belehrende Deutung vergessen wird und der Leser unter der entzückenden oder erschütternden Wirkung des reinsten ästhetischen Genusses steht. Es liegt demnach mehr Poesie in Carlyles Flugschriften als in H. G. Wells *Tono Bungay* und mehr Kunst in W. H. Hudsons Naturskizzen als in Leslie Stephens George Eliotmonographie. Und es liegt mehr Mitteilung und Belehrung in Mrs. Humphry Wards *Marcella* als in Thackerays *Four Georges*.

Wie steht es mit dem literarischen Erzeugnis, das heute eine so große Rolle spielt, dem Kolportageroman? Fehlt hier etwa Deutung und Gestaltung? Durchaus nicht. Sie sind nur in den Dienst einer schlechten Sache pervertiert, nämlich der niedrigsten Unterhaltung, die die Nerven aufpeitscht und sich oft an die unter der Kultur versteckt liegenden Triebe wendet.

IV. DIE ENGLISCHE PROSA ALS ZEITLICH SOZIOLOGISCHE BEDINGTHEIT

Alles Schrifttum, selbst die reinste Gestaltung, ist irgendwie eingehängt in den Verlauf des politischen oder sozialen Geschehens. Das Kunstwerk schwebt nicht raum- und zeitlos in der Luft. Es steht vielmehr zeitbedingt aufgebaut in einem bestimmten historischen Raume, anderswo und anderswann nicht denkbar. William Blakes Dichtung, so zeitfremd sie scheint, ist aufs engste mit der damaligen Revolutionsbegeisterung verwoben. So eignet

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dem modernsten Literaturwerk die zeitliche Verknüpfung, auch wenn sie sich dem raschen Blick entzieht. Oscar Wildes Märchen vom jungen König, zeitlos wie es scheint, ist auf die Tonart des Jahres 1888 gestimmt, als ganz England entsetzt von Slum- und Schwitzindustrie sprach. Jedem Auge sichtbar sind die Verwurzelungen der sozialen Tendenzphantasiestücke in den Bewegungen, die seit 1880 dem englischen Leben die Richtung geben: Williams Morris' Utopie *News from Nowhere* (1891) und die Phantasien eines H. G. Wells: *The Time Machine* (1895), *When the Sleeper Wakes* (1899), *A Modern Utopia* (1905). Und wenn in des letzteren Romanen *Kipps* (1905) und *Tono Bungay* (1909) die sozialistische Deutung die Erzählung immer wieder verdrängt, so merken wir sofort, daß für ihn wie für Shaw die Literatur eine Plattform ist, von der er Propagandareden halten kann, allerdings als einer, der nach bitteren Selbsterlebnissen gelernt hat, in skeptischer Überlegenheit sich außerhalb des englischen Gesellschaftsgebäudes zu stellen, um es als ein Unbeteiligter zu sehen und zu zeichnen. Seit Matthew Arnold läßt sich der englische Leser diese Gebärde ganz gerne gefallen. Etwas später als Wells hat sie auch Galsworthy angenommen, der vornehmlich „Barbaren" und reiche „Philister", seltener — in seinen Romanen! — den „Pöbel" schildert (*Fraternity* 1908). Auch andere fangen in den 1890er Jahren an, die soziale Unterwelt von außen zu sehen. George Moore, Morrison, Somerset Maugham und George Gissing malen sie als Unbeteiligte. Man werfe einen Blick in die Punchnummern jener Jahre, man wird auch dort dem Cockneytum als ständigem Motiv begegnen. Mit der Jahrhundertwende ist es für einmal zersungen. Ein Übergangsgefühl macht sich breit. Ihm hat Arnold Bennett in seiner Töpferlandtetralogie[1]) polare Spannung verliehen durch die feindliche Gegenüberstellung des alten und neuen Geschlechts, des Früh- und des Spätviktorianismus. Gilbert Cannan hat das Thema weitergesungen in dem Roman *Round the Corner* (1913), der die Nummer einer Serie bildet, die das viktorianische Manchester unter die Lupe nimmt. Die vielen Lebensromane, die seit 1910 aufmarschieren, spielen meistens den Georgismus gegen den Viktorianismus aus. Der Krieg hat den Zug verlangsamt und die Aufmerksamkeit auf andere Erscheinungen gelenkt.

Wenn H. G. Wells, der Huxleyschüler, von Anfang an biologische Zwischenspiele und Ausdeutungen zum besten gibt — man denke an das *Island of Dr. Moreau* 1896 und an die Schlußteile von *Marriage* 1912 —, so setzt er in Phantasieform die Erörterungen fort, die sein Lehrer vorher Jahre hindurch in Zeitschriften und Vorträgen geführt hat. Er setzt da ein, wo Huxley aufhört. Und er greift, sobald er den richtigen Moment ge-

[1] *Hilda Lessways* und *These Twain* sind eigentlich überflüssig.

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kommen sieht, eine andere Frage auf, den Feminismus, 1909 in *Ann Veronica*, nachdem der andere Huxleyschüler, Grant Allen, in *The Woman Who Did* (1864) zu früh losgeschlagen hatte. Mit dem wachsenden Frauenrechtlertum und seinen Erfolgen hält die feministische Epik Schritt. — Phillip Gibbs, *Intellectual Mansions* 1910, E. F. Benson, *Mrs. Ames* 1911, H. G. Wells, *Marriage* 1912, W. L. George, *Second Bloom* 1914 —, wobei 1914 wieder einen Einschnitt bildet. Von jetzt an ist die Frau nicht nur Literaturgegenstand und Geschmacksträgerin, sondern in höherem Maße denn je Literaturzeugerin. Namen wie May Sinclair, Virginia Woolf, Dorothy Richardson, Katherine Mansfield haben einen Glanz, der das jüngste männliche Dichtertum in England zu überstrahlen beginnt.

Schon in den 1880er Jahren, als Tischrücken, Telepathie und Spiritismus in Mode kamen, dürfte es wohl in erster Linie die Frau gewesen sein, die als Geschmacksträgerin dem übersinnlichen Roman neue Zugkraft verlieh. Wir nennen die beiden Schlager: *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* von R. L. Stevenson 1886 und im folgenden Jahre *She* von Ryder Haggard. Das Jahr 1887 ist überhaupt der annus mirabilis der Übersinnlichkeit. Zu *She* und Wilkie Collins' Geistergeschichten gesellen sich Hall Caines *The Deemster* und Robert Hichens' *The Coast Guard's Secret*. Wenn dann seit etwa 1918 das Unbewußte als Romanstoff die größte Anziehungskraft gewinnt, da es weiteste Kreise, darunter wieder meistens Frauen, neugierig macht, so ist die soziologische und literarische Wegbereitung dazu in der Übersinnlichkeitsmanie der 1880er Jahre zu suchen, die verdunkelt, aber nie unterbrochen worden ist, wie Watts-Duntons *Aylwin* 1898 und Hichens' *The Dweller on the Threshold* 1911 beweisen. Die Freudsche Psychoanalyse ist nur die äußere Veranlassung zu einer weiteren Erhitzung der Neugierde, einer Abwandlung der literarischen Übersinnlichkeit durch Ausbeutung psychiatrischer Fälle. Schon mit der Jahrhundertwende hatte der Roman nach dem Fallenlassen des Abenteuerexperiments wieder auf die Psychologie Richtung genommen. Das Klima war günstig für die Seele. Die besten Werke Stevensons zeugen davon.

Die in Stevensons Früh- und Glanzzeit geschriebenen Abenteuerromane entzücken die Leser der 1880er und -neunziger Jahre. Sie sind sicherlich Befriedigung eines Bedürfnisses. Man könnte vielleicht versucht sein, in dem raschen Kommen und Gehen des Abenteuerromans die literarische Begleiterscheinung des ebenso schnellen Auf- und Abflutens des Imperialismus zu sehen, ein Zusammenspiel, das wohl kein Zufall ist. Bedeutungsvoller aber scheint die Tatsache, daß Stevensons Frühepik keiner bestimmten Geschmacksträgergruppe zugedichtet ist. Alle besseren Mittelklassen vom Richter und Großkaufmann bis zum Schuljungen jeglicher Färbung haben damals *Treasure Island* und

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Kidnapped gelesen. Demgegenüber ergibt sich die alte übereinfache Erklärung als die treffendste. Nach der ellenlangen Sittenepik und zur Erholung von dem nebenher bestehenden naturalistischen Roman greift man mit Freuden zu einer gedrängten Fabulistik, die vom trüben Alltagsbild ablenkt und in romantisches Fernland führt oder — wie die Sherlock Holmesepisoden Conan Doyles — die häßliche Gegenwart mit überraschenden Taten und mächtigen Spannungen durchsetzt. Auch die gleichzeitigen Erfolge der Kiplingschen Geschichten, in denen das erzählerische Moment und die Gedrängtheit überwiegen, sind hier einzureihen. Aber es muß sofort auffallen, daß der romantische Abenteuerroman in Stevensons Nachzüglern, Anthony Hope, Stanley Weyman, Hewlett und Quiller-Couch einen raschen Niedergang erlebt, während Kiplings Erzählungskunst sich zu halten weiß und der Conan Doyle-Typus von seinem Erfinder und von zahlreichen Nachahmern im neuen Jahrhundert immer wieder und in üppiger Fülle erzeugt wird. Der Abenteuerroman kam zu Fall, nicht weil Hope und Weyman ihn zur Karikatur erniedrigt hatten — Quiller-Couch und Hewlett wären stark genug gewesen, auf der Höhenkante weiterzuschreiten —, sondern weil ein ausschließlich auf diese Romangattung eingestellter Leserkreis gar nicht vorhanden war. Die Lust zum Fabulieren ist vielmehr eine an- und abschwellende Konstante unter den Zeugungskräften des Schrifttums und die Lust zum Fabellauschen eine andere Konstante in der geistigen Struktur des Leserpublikums. Diese aber gehorcht dem Gesetz der Wirkung und Gegenwirkung, des Pendelschlages. Deshalb kommt der Abenteuerroman immer wieder um die Ecke herum. Deshalb finden auch Conrads Romane — sie gehören natürlich nicht restlos hierher! — Lebensraum im neuen Jahrhundert, deshalb kann 1923 Stanley Weyman wieder im alten Tone singen und Masefield mit einem tatenwuchtigen, ganz auf den *yarn* eingestellten Buch *(Sard Harker)* schöne Erfolge erwirken.

Bei Kipling und Conan Doyle mit seinen Nachläufern liegt der Fall anders. Vergessen wir nicht, daß Kipling seine ersten Erzählungen für eine indische Eisenbahnbücherei schrieb, und daß Conan Doyles erfolgreichster Nachahmer, Cutclyffe Hyne, seine Aufsehen erregenden Geschichten von Captain Kettle 1904 und 1905 zuerst in *Pearson's Weekly* erscheinen ließ. Beides weist auf besondere Geschmacksträger[1]) hin, die eisenbahnfahrenden Leser beiderlei Geschlechts. Ob sie in Indien oder bloß aus den Vorstädten nach London fahren, macht nicht viel aus. Es sind Leser, die neben dem Drang der Geschäfte und der täglichen Hast ihrer Geistigkeit nicht zu viel zutrauen dürfen. Sie greifen zur

[1] Über den „Geschmacksträger" siehe L. L. Schücking, *Die Soziologie der literarischen Geschmacksbildung*, München, Rösl & Cie., 1923, wo die grundsätzliche Seite vorzüglich beleuchtet wird.

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leichtesten Ware und verschlingen sie schnell. Sie dürfen auch ihrem Geldbeutel nicht allzuviel zumuten. Für einen Roman sieben Schillinge und sechs Pence auszulegen, kommt für sie nicht in Frage. Die Tageszeitung und vor allen Dingen die in England so beliebten Wochen- und Monatszeitschriften verschaffen ihnen das viel billiger. Hier finden sie die Kurzgeschichte, die sie auf eng befristeter Fahrt bewältigen können, oder ein paar Romankapitel, deren Schnelleffekte sie nicht nur auf Minuten fesseln, sondern auch die Sehnsucht nach der Fortsetzung in der nächsten Nummer wachhalten. Die *Serial Number* hat s. Z. bekanntlich Dickens hoch gebracht, richtiger gesagt, ihm das weniger zahlungsfähige, aber um so ausgedehntere untere Publikum zugeführt. Heute lebt sie im *Magazine*, das seit etwa dreißig Jahren seinen Einflußkreis immer weiter ziehen kann, da der von uns geschilderte Geschmacks- und Lesertypus mit der zunehmenden Industrialisierung sich Jahr um Jahr immer schneller vermehrt. Jetzt kommen die fixen Talente und befriedigen die steigende Nachfrage durch Lieferung schmissiger Kurzgeschichten, fesselnder Feuilletons und sensationsträchtiger Kolportageromane, die mit immer mehr Knallstoff geladen werden müssen, je mehr Boden das Kino dem Roman abzwingt. Conan Doyle hat diesen fixen Talenten die Richtung gewiesen. Obskure Namen meistens, bis gelegentlich ein großer Schriftsteller wie Arnold Bennett in künstlerischem Scherz und kaufmännischem Ernst oder ein erfolgreicher Berufsschreiber wie Gilbert Frankau (*Life and Erica*, 1924) im Dunkel ein Lichtlein aufsetzt! Daß eine verderbliche Wirkung von dieser niedrigen Magazineliteratur in das freie Schrifttum ausstrahlen kann, ist leicht begreiflich. Die Feinheit und Gediegenheit der Kurzgeschichte wird gefährdet, wenn sie zum Gegenstand bloßer Routine gemacht wird, und der Erfolg des Feuilletonromans erzeugt in der Nachahmung den Kolportageroman in Buchform. Jetzt werden Gestalten wie Berta Ruck, Miß Hull und Miß Ethel Dell möglich. Ethel Dell ist gegenwärtig die schnellste, geschickteste und erfolgreichste Macherin in der Riesenromanfabrik in Fleet Street. Mit ihren Geschichten, die immer von demselben Motor, der primitivsten Liebesleidenschaft in modernster Umgebung, in hastige Bewegung geworfen werden, hat sie die angelsächsische Welt, vielleicht enger und richtiger formuliert, die Legion halbgebildeter Leserinnen in England und Amerika erobert. Die Zugkraft ihrer Kunst ist derart, daß sie auf die Feuilletonausgabe verzichten kann. Sie gehört zu den Schriftstellern, die wie der Schuster so und so viele Paar Stiefel alljährlich ihre feste Zahl von Romanen fabrizieren. Dieser Kolportageroman in Buchform wird auch rein literarisch zu einer bösen Macht. Er steckt den besseren Künstler an. Daß Arnold Bennett seine beiden Genien so säuberlich auseinander halten kann, ist einzigartig. D. H. Lawrences erotisierte Epik aber teilt sich dem

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Leser in einer eigenartigen Polarität von Entfabelung — von der als Allgemeinerscheinung noch die Rede sein wird — und Kolportage mit. Schließlich reizt der Erfolg der kaufmännischen Kolportage geschickte Künstler, einen Romantypus zu schaffen, der wohl auf geistig höherer Ebene steht, im übrigen aber ganz und gar auf die Massenwirkung ausgeht. Der Roman muß zuerst von der Gesellschaft, der *Society*, mit dem ersten Preis belohnt werden und sinkt dann schichtenweise hinunter in die breiteren, stets nach oben schielenden Kreise. Das ist das *Book of the Season*, der erfolgreichste Roman des Jahres, *the best seller*.[1]) Das Ungesunde liegt darin, daß beim gedankenlosen Leser die Meinung aufkommt, der gesellschaftlich preisgekrönte Roman sei auch künstlerisch der beste, wo doch jeder mit dem Wesen der Massenbeeinflussung einigermaßen Vertraute sofort erkennt, daß es sich hier nur um Bücher zweiten und dritten Ranges handeln kann. Seit einigen Jahren hat sich unter Künstlern mittlerer Größe eine Emsigkeit entwickelt, die mit einem Wettrennen erschreckende Ähnlichkeit hat. Die Preisausschreibungen der Verlegerfirmen sind damit verglichen eine harmlose Sache. Schlimm aber ist das Jagen nach der *best seller*-Auszeichnung und die — allerdings stumme — Auszeichnung selber, da sie eine falsche Wertskala aufstellt. 1921 war *If Winter Comes* von A. S. M. Hutchinson und 1922 desselben Verfassers *This Freedom* die anerkannte Glanzleistung, 1924 Michael Arlens *The Green Hat* und 1926 Gilbert Frankaus *Masterman*. Wir nehmen *The Green Hat* aus. Hier liegt ein eigentümlicher Fall vor. Die andern Bücher aber sind geradezu schlagende Beispiele lebendigster und geschicktester Mittelmäßigkeit.

Es bleibt noch ein Wort über die Beziehungen des Kriegs zur Literatur zu sagen. Wir lassen die theoretischen Auseinandersetzungen, die Verteidigungs- und Anklageschriften beiseite. Der Roman interessiert uns an erster Stelle. Daß die Kriegsereignisse ihn beschatten, ist verständlich, und es wäre müßig, alle Romane zu erwähnen, die ihre Helden kurzerhand in das Kriegserlebnis hineinführen. Den Krieg an der Front haben nur wenige zu gestalten gewagt: A. P. Herbert, *The Secret Battle*, Hugh Walpole, *The Dark Forest* 1916, und später nach dem Krieg Gilbert Frankau, *Peter Jackson*. Demgegenüber sind die Versuche, den Krieg zu Hause zu schildern, recht zahlreich. Es sei erinnert an Bennetts *The Pretty Lady* 1918, Galsworthys *The Saint's Progress* 1919, H. G. Wells' *Mr. Britling sees it through* 1916, Mary Agnes Hamilton, *Dead Yesterday*, Hutchinsons *If Winter Comes* 1921. Eine eigenartige Stellung nimmt Hugh Walpoles *The Secret City* 1919, ein, das uns Petersburg unmittelbar vor der Revo-

[1] Vgl. Wyatt Tilby, *The Best Seller Problem*, Edinburgh Review 236 (1922); H. C. Canby, *Why Popular Novels are Popular*, The Century, CV (1922). Dazu: Charles R. Walker jr., *What the Worker Reads*, The Bookman LIV (1922). Ferner bei Gould a. a. O., das letzte Kapitel.

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lution in schreckhaft traumartigen, von Schönheit umblitzten Momentbildern vormalt. Die Nachkriegsjahre schenken auch der Literatur allmählich Distanz von dem großen Ereignis. Die Gestaltung wird ruhiger und z. T. überlieferungsgetreuer.

V. DIE ENGLISCHE PROSA ALS AUSDRUCK WECHSELNDER WELTANSCHAUUNGEN

Viel schwieriger als die soziologische ist die philosophische Verwurzelung englischer Prosa zu erkennen. Gelegentlich bemüht sich ein Denker wie Oliver Lodge, einen gemeinverständlichen, anziehenden Aufsatz über eine Weltanschauungsfrage zu schreiben. Aber im Hauptbereich der Prosa, im Roman, klingt es nur selten und nur wie aus weitester Ferne an Metaphysik an. Ein Romanschriftsteller, der auf Leser hofft, darf nicht mit zunftmäßiger Philosophie belästigen. Gewiß, Weltanschauung im weitesten Sinne vermag dem Denken eines ganzen Geschlechts die Richtung zu geben. So ist es nicht verwunderlich, wenn die naturwissenschaftliche Denkweise in fast allen Dichtern des späteren 19. Jahrhunderts den Sinn für die kleinsten Einzelheiten und ihre scharfe Wiedergabe geweckt hat. So weit reicht aber die Wirkung philosophischer Systeme auf das Dichtergemüt nicht. Sie können nur hier und dort die dichterische Einstellung mitbedingen helfen, und das kritische Auge wird gelegentlich verdunkelte Beziehungslinien nach dieser Richtung erkennen. Hell und nicht maskiert sind sie in H. G. Wells späteren Romanen. In *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* (1916) unterhalten sich die Gestalten ganz im Sinne des Pragmatismus, zu dem der Dichter sich öffentlich bekennt, über den endlichen, nicht allmächtigen Gott, der den Krieg nicht verhindern konnte. Seinen Roman *The Research Magnificent* durchwandelt ein vorwärts kämpfender, der pragmatistischen Gefühlsmäßigkeit gehorchender Held. Chestertons weise Torheit ist unbewußter Pragmatismus. Darüber hinaus darf man vielleicht den realistischen modernen englischen Roman mit seinem wild chaotischen Weltbild in die lockere Formel eines unbewußten Pluralismus einbeziehen. Wir denken an die Romane Gilbert Cannans, Compton-Mackenzies und Beresfords (Die Jacob-Stahl-Trilogie), die das Leben als endlos fließenden Strom hinstellen, dessen Ziel man nicht sieht. Vergleichen bloß, aber nicht kausal miteinander verflechten darf man vielleicht das naturalistische Kolossalbild Bennettscher Epik mit dem Neurealismus eines Bertrand Russell. Russells Raumtheorie hat durchgehend auf May Sinclairs Schauen gewirkt, deren Einstellung sonst ausgesprochen idealistisch, z. T. hegelianisch, ist. Ihre *Mary Olivier* spiegelt in einem bestimmten Kapitel ein Stück Russellismus mit aller Deutlichkeit wider. Bergsons Auffassungen von der gemessenen und der reinen, der verräumlichten und der

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sensibeln Zeit, vom physischen und vom reinen Gedächtnis, vom Leben als der wahren schöpferischen Kraft und vom Intellekt als dem Zerteiler aller Kontinuität und dem großen Macher alles Künstlichen, beherrschen die Begabtesten unter den englischen Romanciers, die sich sichtlich immer mehr um die Schaffung einer Raum- und Zeitkunst bemühen. James Joyce verrät in seinem *Ulysses* Bekanntschaft mit Bergson, vielleicht auch mit Russell.[1]) Bergsonisch ist sicherlich der durch das Buch hindurchgehende Dualismus von gemessener und gefühlter Zeit. 18 Stundenschläge fallen in den winzigen Erdenwinkel, der Dublin heißt. Zwei Menschen, ein Genie und ein jüdischer Philister, durchschreiten die Dublinsche Verräumlichung eines Tages und einer Nacht, und wir erkennen in ihren Schritten die Linie ihres äußeren Lebens. Orientierung! Neben dieser bloß raumbeschatteten Zeit kommt im Bewußtsein der zwei Gestalten das Zeitgefühl zur Auswirkung. Intuition! Traum! Intensität! Zeit, die kein äußerliches Nacheinander ist. May Sinclair, die Bergson ablehnt, macht sich doch gewisse seiner Anschauungen zu eigen. Sie, die über Bergsons Zeitdualismus spöttelt, hat mit künstlerischer Kraft die „schöpferische Zeit" in Mary Olivier dargestellt. Dorothy Richardson arbeitet eklektisch mit Zeit- und Raumvorstellungen, die in Bergsons Gedankengängen liegen, aber ebensooft sie durchkreuzen.

Raum- und Zeitkunst ist letzten Endes Bewußtseinskunst[2]) und hängt mit der modernen Seelenneugierde aufs engste zusammen. Daß aber der Hauptanstoß hier nicht von der Psychoanalyse, sondern von der seit den 1890er Jahren immer emsiger betriebenen psychologischen Forschung[3]), von Bergson und z. T. von Russell kam, dürfte aus allem Bisherigen ersichtlich sein. Wie harmonisch der wiederentdeckte Samuel Butler in den neuen Ton einklingt, haben wir oben (S. 9) gesehen. Die Bewußtseinskunst bringt, wie zu erwarten, gelungene und mißlungene Versuche, die psychoanalytischen Erkenntnisse auszubeuten. Dafür haben uns Rebecca West in *The Return of the Soldier* 1918 und May Sinclair in *Ann Severn and the Fieldings* 1922 eigentliche Schulbeispiele geliefert. Dieselbe Neugierde befriedigt May Sinclair in ihren *Uncanny Stornies* 1923 und z. T. schon in ihrem Buch *The Life and*

[1] Vgl. meinen Artikel *James Joyces Ulysses*, Engl. Stud. 60 (1925).

[2] Ein Zeichen der Zeit ist das Werk von R. T. Browne, *The Mystery of Space*, London, Kegan Paul, 1919. Ein Gemisch von Mathematik, Seelenneugierde und Theosophie. Auf S. 274 werden sieben Bewußtseinsmöglichkeiten angenommen, zu innerst kathekotic conscience, dann divine c., space c. macrocosmic c., microcosmic c., communal c., und zu äußerst self c.

[3] Auch in England dürfte auf Jahre hinaus William James' *Textbook of Psychology* die Prosaschriftsteller angeregt haben, was für Amerika erwiesen ist (Walther Fischer, Amerikanische Prosa, Teubner 1926, S. 27).

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Death of Harriet Frean 1922. Sogar der Psychorealist Beresford macht mit *(The Revolution* 1921). D. H. Lawrence setzt sich in seinem Buch *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* (1923) mit der neuen Wissenschaft auseinander. Seine Erotisierung alles Stofflichen ist aber wie bei Robert Hichens, der zur älteren Spiritistengeneration gehört, von Anfang an da und findet Verständnis bei einer Menschheit, die zugesehen hat, wie der Krieg im Leben der Geschlechter bisher verschlossene Türen aufriß. Lawrence kommt zu einer glatten Ablehnung der Freudschen und Jungschen Ergebnisse, an deren Stelle er eine ganz andere, eine von ihm selber erdachte esoterische Lehre vom Unbewußten vorschiebt. Verlacht wird die Psychoanalyse von Rose Macaulay in *Dangerous Ages* und von Swinnerton in seinem *September*. Dorothy Richardsons Bewußtseinsregistrierungen haben mit Freudscher Psychoanalyse ebenso wenig gemein, wie Joyces endlose Bewußtseinsspiele, die nur auf Vertrautheit mit der modernen Psychologie des Unbewußten schließen lassen. Joyce weiß wohl, welche hohe Bedeutung den ins Unbewußte hinabgestoßenen erotischen Kräften für das menschliche Innenleben zukommt. Deshalb läßt er sie mit den an der sensorisch motorischen Oberfläche aufsprießenden Assoziationen immer wieder erotische Bündnisse eingehen. Nur so sieht er die Möglichkeit, den ganzen wirklichen Menschen vor uns hinzustellen, nicht den von der Kultur säuberlich korrigierten Bürger, der bloße Erscheinung, bloße Fassade ist. (Es ist übrigens bezeichnend, daß Marcel Proust, der mit Joyce in vielen Punkten zusammenfühlt, von Freud nichts wußte. Die Psychoanalyse, diese „allmählich peinliche, zu frühe Fixierung der neuen Erkenntnisse", ist eben nicht Ursache der neuen künstlerischen Bewußtseinsschau, sondern bestenfalls ihre Durchkreuzung. Dem bloßen Talent ersetzt sie die schöpferische Kraft, dem Genie liefert sie Bausteine. Daß es aber besser fährt, wenn es die Hände davon wegläßt, wird an dem Beispiel der May Sinclair klar, die ihr Schönstes schrieb, bevor sie die Freudsche Lehre in ihre Kunst einführte.)

Die All-Einheitslehre ist formdurchglühender Lichtspender in den Naturrhapsodien eines Richard Jefferies, die ungefähr 1880 anheben, in den „Exfoliations"gesängen eines Edward Carpenter und den auf strengster Beobachtung fußenden Naturgemälden eines W. H. Hudson, die uns hinter aller Farbenpracht den Puls einer warmen Erregung fühlen lassen. Bei diesem mit Spencer vertrauten Forscher!

Die Mystik, die wir als ständige Begleiterscheinung abnormer Seelenzustände kennengelernt haben, wirkt als zentrale Gestaltungsidee in dem Roman *John Inglesant* (1881) des J. H. Shorthouse, der uns ein inneres Licht platonisch mystisch erschauen läßt, kontrastierend von allerlei okkulten Phänomenen umgaukelt. Sie hat in Irland die Lyrik mächtig ergriffen und in

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der pseudomorphen Theosophie eine ganze literarische Bewegung, die keltische Renaissance, ausgelöst. Logischerweise sollte sie in der allerneuesten Literatur, in der die Seele Mode ist, wieder auftreten. Wir finden sie hauptsächlich als Gegenstand der Kritik und Forschung. Man denke an William James' *Varieties of Religious Experience* (1902), dann an die auffallende, seit Arthur Symons nie unterbrochene Beschäftigung mit William Blake[1]), die in der modernen Geistesrichtung begründet liegt. Chestertons geistige Purzelbäume sind mehr Irratio als Mystik. Der Roman aber zeigt davon nur einen gelegentlichen Anflug. Nirgends spielt in ihm die Mystik eine wesentliche Rolle. Vielleicht wagt sich noch ein Moderner an den großen Stoff heran und gestaltet vor uns das ekstasen- und kontemplationsreiche Leben eines Mystikers.

Man spricht gerne vom englischen Weltanschauungsroman. Aber was hier an Weltanschauung hineinverarbeitet wird, ist oft eine billige Durchknetung aller möglichen Dinge, etwas Darwin, Huxley, Spencer — so etwa in Marie Correllis *Sorrows of Satan* und *The Mighty Atom* — und wenn es zu einem Kampf der Weltanschauungen kommt, so dreht er sich meistens um die Wahl zwischen Wissenschaft und Religion, Zweifel und Glauben. Das Schulbeispiel dazu hat 1888 Mrs. Humphry Ward in ihrem *Robert Elsmere* geliefert. Der ganz ungefährliche Neuhegelianismus des frommen T. H. Green zerstört im Herzen des anglikanischen Geistlichen Robert Elsmere den Buchstabenglauben. Zu diesem in England so dankbarem Motiv haben die Romandichter in der Folge immer wieder gegriffen. Hugh Walpole hat es 1922 in der geschickten Abwandlung des Modernismus als Kirchengespenst in seiner *Cathedral* verwendet, ein Widerschein der Ahnungen, die wir oben (S. 9) andeuteten, wonach die Kirche allen Anlaß zum Pessimismus hätte.

Was bedeutet demgegenüber ein Buch, das Jesus Christus zum Romanhelden macht, wie es der vom Naturalisten zum Träumer gewordene George Moore 1916 in seinem *The Brook Kerith* wagt, wo Joseph von Arimathia, Jesus, Nicodemus, Pontius Pilatus und Paulus in natürlichsten Reden und Gebärden auf syrischem Boden sich bewegen? Das Experiment weist auf eine Zeit religiösen Insichgehens, bevor der wilde Totentanztaumel die Seelen ergriff.

VI. GESTALTUNGSTYPEN UND KATEGORIEN ENGLISCHER PROSA

Wir haben oben (S. 10) Roman, Kurzgeschichte — wir können hinzufügen: Drama, Epos, Essay — als die überlieferten literarischen Kategorien, die geschmeidigen, aber toten Hüllen kennengelernt, welche die lebendigen Gestaltungen sich umwerfen:

[1] S. meine Besprechungen Anglia Beiblatt 1926.

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Romantik, Naturalismus, Psychologismus. Sie sind selbstverständlich nicht an diese begrenzte Zahl von Gewändern gebunden. Sie können sich neue schaffen. Sie können die alten beiseitewerfen oder auch sprengen. Wie beide, Romantik und Naturalismus, im neuen Jahrhundert dem Psychologismus zustreben, kommt langsam die Entfabelung. Das Kleid zerreißt. Sie ist bei Virginia Woolf und Dorothy Richardson so weit gediehen, daß von einem Roman längst nicht mehr gesprochen werden kann. Bei James Joyces *Ulysses* sehen wir nur noch Kleiderfetzen herunterhängen. Damit verglichen, erscheinen uns Compton-Mackenzies *Sinister Street*, Hugh Walpoles *Secret City* und May Sinclairs *Mary Olivier* als formgerechteste Romane. Was würde aber wohl ein Walter Scott dazu gesagt haben?

Viel behaglicher fühlt sich der immer kräftiger werdende Psychologismus in dem lockereren Gewand der Kurzgeschichte, wo die fabulistische Linie durch eine fabulistische Pointe ersetzt wird, oder wo die Figuren mit einem Male symbolische Bedeutung annehmen und eine gewöhnliche Raumfüllung im Augenblick sinnbildlich zu strahlen beginnt. Katherine Mansfield hat hierfür in The Doll's House[1]) das klassische Beispiel geliefert. Alle Nachbarskinder haben die Puppenstube der Mädchen Burnell sehen dürfen, nur die verachteten Kinder der Familie Kelvey nicht. Das Kleinod der Stube ist eine kleine Lampe aus Bernstein mit weißem Kugelglas, gefüllt mit einer ölähnlichen Flüssigkeit. Alle Kinder bewundern das Zauberlämpchen. Schließlich werden die armen Mädchen durch ein Versehen doch hereingelassen und der herrlichen Schau teilhaftig. Eine böse Tante treibt sie mit Schimpf und Schande wieder hinaus. Da gehen sie beschämt ihre Straße, setzen sich auf eine Zementröhre am Wegrand nieder und blicken träumerisch in die Welt. Lächelnd rückt Else näher zu ihrem Schwesterchen heran. *"I seen the little lamp", she said softly. Then both were silent once more.* Der rosige Augenblick in grauer Umwelt, wo wir das ganze elende Leben dieser Kinder und ihr so erdennahes Himmelreich plötzlich verklärt erschauen.

Romantik und Naturalismus stehen als Gegenkräfte einander gegenüber. Die Psychologie tritt hinzu und umfaßt schließlich beide. Dazwischen zahllose Spielarten. Die romantische Reihe versichtbart in R. L. Stevenson, Anthony Hope, Stanley Weyman, Hewlett, Quiller-Couch, Conan Doyle, Chesterton. Der Naturalismus in George Moore, Arthur Morrison, Somerset Maugham, und viel später in Arnold Bennett. Vorausgeht Hardys große Kunst. Sie entspringt einer anderen Zeitlage. Dem äußeren Schein nach naturalistisch — vielleicht aus weiter Ferne von Zola beschattet —, ist sie ihrem Wesen nach wie Merediths mehr morgenrötliche

[1] In dem Bande *Bliss*.

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Welt kosmisch — mit Abendstimmungen darin. „Bei ihm empfängt der engere Erdenwinkel im kreativen Gesamtblick des Poeten Weltsinn und die Charaktere innere, bestimmungsgemäße Natur- und Schicksalsbeziehung, eine mit dem Urwillen verknüpfte Autochthonie höheren Grades."[1]) Diese viktorianische Kosmoskunst hat später wohl Nachahmung, aber nicht Fortführung gefunden. Der reine Naturalismus aber der 1880er und 1890er Jahre vermag das englische Gemüt nicht zu erwärmen. George Moores bemerkenswerte Zolasche Schöpfungen: *A Mummer's Wife*, 1884, *A Drama in Muslin*, 1886, *Esther Waters*, 1894, sagen den Zeitgenossen nichts, weil hier ein Wirklichkeitsbild — entgegen der bekannten Zolaschen Definition — eben nicht durch ein Temperament hindurch erschaut ist, sondern durch die Überfülle seiner neutralen Sachlichkeit wirken will.[2]) Deshalb ist Gissing, der viel größere Realist, nicht imstande, den auf dem Dokument fußenden kalten Naturalismus — *The Unclassed*, 1884, *Demos*, 1886 — beizubehalten. Er stellt ihm sein Seelenaristokratentum entgegen. Deshalb sind auch Morrisons und Maughams Graumalereien eine bloße Episode der englischen Literatur. Die Ironie will, daß es ausgerechnet der antizolasche Engländer sein muß, der das Zolasche Gebot, einen „Lebenswinkel durch ein Temperament hindurchzusehen" am natürlichsten erfüllt. Sein Temperament ist der Humor, der bei Barry Paine, Pett Ridge und Edwin Pugh das *document humain*, diesen „ergreifenden Ausdruck menschlicher Gebrechlichkeit", mildert. Bei dieser Einstellung des Durchschnittsengländers ist die Leistung eines Arnold Bennett nur um so höher zu werten. Durch den Milieubau der Staffordshire-Töpfereien in George Moores *Mummer's Wife* angeregt, hat er Jahre später das alte Thema — in *The Old Wives' Tale* (1909) und *Clayhanger* (1910) — wieder angefaßt und zu einem monumentalen Naturalismus aufgetürmt — allerdings in der künstlerischen Verfeinerung, die ihm Flaubert und de Maupassant zu geben gewußt hatten. Kein Humor, keine Ironie stellt sich zwischen Bild und Leser — den Humor verspart sich Bennett für seine Komödien —, hier wird Stoff greifbar gestaltet zu einem Naturalismus, der dem englischen Leser annehmbar, ja genußreich ist — weil sich Seelennaturalismus dazu gesellt. In solch relativer Reinheit kommt der Naturalismus in England nirgends mehr vor. Die Heimatkünstler, die wie Eden Phillpotts Thomas Hardys Spuren folgen, sind Kulissenmaler, die Natur und Geschehen nicht miteinander zu verschmelzen vermögen. Wells durchwärmt seine Welt, wenn er die biologische und soziologische Brille abgelegt hat, mit Humor. Galsworthy wertet sie an dem Temperament eines erfundenen Be-

[1] E. L. 367.

[2] Vgl. zum Ganzen W. C. *Frierson, L'Influence du Naturalisme français sur les Romanciers anglais de 1885 à 1900.* Paris 1925.

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obachters, der für ihn das Maß der Dinge ist — so in *The Island Pharisees* —; in den späteren Romanen dialogisiert und psychologisiert er immer mehr das Geschaute. Greift er etwa auf Merediths wenig beachtete Seelenepik zurück und macht sie uns verständlicher? Auf alle Fälle stehen wir vor einer Wendung. Der Psychologismus durchdringt immer tiefer den Naturalismus und verleiht ihm die dritte Dimension. Über ihn ein paar Worte!

Bei Joseph Conrad spricht man von romantischem Realismus. Man will damit besagen, daß der Stoff, das Fernbild — die Südsee, die Tropen — romantisch, die Darbietung aber naturalistisch sei. Die Formel berücksichtigt nicht das hinzutretende dynamische Element, die in die Sinne dringende farbenprächtige Theatralität — *this is a purely spectacular universe*, so sagt er — und die psychologische Tiefdimension, die uns an einen psychologischen Realismus denken lassen könnte, wenn der Realismus, richtig verstanden, nicht auch die Seele umfaßte. Wie ein leiser Schatten begleitet die psychische Dimension den Kleinrealismus eines Swinnerton. Aber sie ist auch dem seit etwa 1910 in breiten Reihen aufmarschierenden Lebensroman — der *Life-Novel*, (s. oben S. 13) — nicht fremd. Allerdings wird der Lebensstrom, in dem Natur und Mensch sich bewegen, so verbreitert und verdichtet, daß er zu stocken beginnt. Das Motiv wird zum Schema. Wir durchrutschen nacheinander so und so viele Dezennien des Viktorianismus, des Edwardismus, des Georgismus — wenn es überhaupt soweit kommt. Der Andrang der Dinge ist so mächtig, daß die Seele nichts anderes als gleich einer empfindlichen Platte die Eindrücke nacheinander getreulich empfangen kann. Ein Film, vielleicht auch nur eine Sammlung prächtiger Aufnahmen, aber kein Anstoß von innen heraus! Zu dieser Form hat 1923 Rose Macaulay unbewußt die Parodie geschrieben, in *Told by an Idiot*. In ironischer Absicht veräußerlicht sie das historische Geschehen der Jahre 1879—1918 zum sinnlosen Maskenzug, den eine Pfarrersfamilie spöttelnd, bekrittelnd, seufzend und weinend miterlebt. Am Schluß werden die 40 vorbeiirrenden Jahre englischen Kollektivlebens rasch in Weltperspektiven geworfen, damit wir sie als das erkennen, was sie sind, als *a tale told by an Idiot, full of sound and fury, Signifying nothing* (Macbeth).

Nicht jeder Lebensroman leidet an Veräußerlichung, ist doch gerade der Bios dazu angetan, den Darsteller einzuladen, in die Untergründe des Bewußtseins hinabzusteigen, um das äußere Geschehen als Reizwiderspiel auch dort unten zu finden: Henry James hatte Jahre vorher diese dunklen Gegenden abgetastet, bis er darüber die Oberfläche vergaß und schließlich so weit kam, den Zweck seiner Darstellung nur noch darin zu sehen, das Bewußtseinsdrama aus der Rede seiner Gestalten erkennen zu lassen. Diese innere Art rief allmählich einer neuen Technik. Jamessche Art und Technik haben den englischen psychologischen Realis-

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mus befruchtet. Die Technik hat bei Joseph Conrad, bei Hugh Walpole und einer Reihe Modernster dazu geführt, den allwissenden Epiker auszuschalten, und, wie es im wirklichen Leben geschieht, die Erzählung, das zu gestaltende Erlebnis, der Findigkeit, Anschauungs- und Gestaltungsfähigkeit einer fiktiven Person, eines mithandelnden Konstrukteurs, zu überbinden. Wir sehen, wie das Erlebnis eines anderen durch einen anderen oder durch mehrere andere vor unseren Augen entdeckt, erforscht und gestaltet wird. Standpunktdichtung! Conrad macht uns — zumal in *Chance* — die Erfassung des Schauspiels nicht leicht. Man sollte deshalb meinen, diese Technik würde bei einem weiteren Leserkreis nie Gnade finden. Um so erstaunter wird man sein, wenn man sieht, wie Michael Arlen die Kühnheit hat, sie auf seinen Roman *The Green Hat* anzuwenden, und daß dieser ein *best seller* geworden ist! Ein Konstrukteur sammelt mit drei Mithelfern und gestaltet die Lebensatome der Dame mit dem grünen Hut, deren Bios erst fertig wird, wenn das letzte Blatt gewendet ist.

Je tiefer nun der Romancier das Lot ins Bewußtsein senkt, desto mehr wandelt sich die Gestaltungsart. Der psychologische Realismus wird zum realistischen Psychologismus. Ein typischer Vertreter des Übergangs ist D. H. Lawrence. Bei ihm hat man oft das Empfinden, er wandle auf dem Grenzland zwischen Denken und Fühlen, wo ein rasender Eros haust. Aber nur bisweilen; denn er bemalt die Flächen weiter und gibt auch die äußere Bewegungslinie nicht auf, die — wie wir sahen — Kolportageallüren hat. Wo aber wie bei Virginia Woolf, May Sinclair, Dorothy Richardson, Joyce die Fläche zeitweise oder gar durchgehends schwindet, da führt eine extreme Bewußtseinskunst zu der schon angedeuteten Entfabelung. In May Sinclairs *Mary Olivier* ist das Äußere in punktierter Linie noch erkennbar. Dazwischen spannungsträchtige Zeitintensitäten, die von starken Eindruckserinnerungen umwobenen Großmomente des Lebens, deren Leuchten uns in ungezügelten, den Augenblickseindrücken entspringenden Rufen zugeworfen wird. Bei Dorothy Richardson schwindet sogar die punktierte Linie, und wir schweben mit Miriam aus dem Gewirr der Umwelt auf die Seligkeitsinseln der Vergessenheit und des Gelöstseins von allen Bindungen und wieder zurück. Bei Joyces *Ulysses* ist alles zerbrochen: der Rahmen der Erzählung, ihre Substanz, ja selbst die Sprache, die in allen Stilparodien schillert und schließlich in ein lallendes Raunen, ein Gemurmel übergeht, das dunstartig dem Wogengang des Wollens und Denkens zu entsteigen scheint. Und wiederum hat Michael Arlen den Mut gehabt, mit der Entfabelung, wie ein Joyce sie vorgemacht, einen durchgängigen Versuch zu machen. Wie Joyce faltet er das Leben nicht in der gewöhnlichen Zeitfolge aus, sondern nach einer Skala von Beziehungswerten, die bedingt sind durch die Wichtigkeit, die ein entdeckter Lebensteil

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nach dem andern in den Augen des Konstrukteurs hat. Die Jugendgeschichte erscheint zuletzt. Daß man, wie bei Joyce, die Lebensbilder aus der Seele heraufholt, nicht chronologisch, sondern nach Werten und Intensitäten geordnet, reizt zur Nachahmung. Aldous Huxley verfährt in dieser Weise in *Antic Hay*, 1923, um uns in die Eindrucksflut der Lebensunordnung hineinzuwerfen. Wie in Joyces Bloom verbindet sich in Gumbril Selde die Vergangenheit im inneren Schmelztiegel des Bewußtseins mit der Gegenwart. Er macht Simultanbewußtseinsaufnahmen von plötzlich belichteten Vergangenheitsflächen und schnell geworfenen Zukunftsperspektiven und erlebt so sich selber.

VII. GESTALTUNGSTYPEN IN ZEITLICHER FOLGE

Wie steht es mit dem zeitlichen Verlauf der behandelten Gestaltungstypen und ihren zahlreichen Abwandlungen? Wann taucht eine Erscheinung auf, wann unter? Wann verdrängt ein Typus den anderen? Wann übernimmt er die Führerschaft? Die Beantwortung dieser und ähnlicher Fragen ist deshalb schwierig, weil der Forscher jedes Literaturwerk nach mindestens zwei Maßstäben in zwei ganz verschiedene Ordnungen einreihen kann[1]), entweder nach dem Maßstab künstlerischer Wertgeltung oder dem des gesellschaftlichen Erfolges. Es ziehen sich deshalb zweierlei Höchst- und Tiefstlinien hin, die wir durch die beiden Fragen fixieren können: wo ist überwältigendste, wo erbärmlichste Kunst, wo höchste Massenwirkung, wo ihr völliges Ausbleiben? Wir haben schon festgestellt, daß die Wertgeltungs- und die Erfolgslinie nicht zusammengehen, und daß, wo Anstrengungen gemacht werden, Höchstgeltung mit Höchsterfolg zu verbinden, die künstlerische Leistung auf eine Mittellinie abgedrängt wird.

Die Erfolgskurve führt von Walter Besants *All Sorts and Conditions of Men* (1882) zu Stevensons *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (1886), Rider Haggards *She* (1887), dann zu Mrs. Humphry Wards *Robert Elsmere (1888)* und fernerhin zu Conan Doyles *Sherlock* Holmes (1893), Hall Caines *Manxman* (1894), Du Mauriers *Trilby* (1894) und Miss Marie Corellis *Sorrows of Satan* (1895). Im neuen Jahrhundert sind die Erfolgsspitzen bezeichnet durch Robert Hichens' *Garden of Allah*, 1904, Eden Phillpotts' Heimatromane (etwa seit 1908) und durch H. G. Wells' Phantasien (die schon 1895 beginnen), in der Nachkriegszeit immer mehr durch die Kolportageromane und die Best Sellers (s. oben S. 17). Nur eine in die Breite gehende Statistik könnte es uns ermöglichen, eine genaue Kurve zu ziehen.

Anders sieht die künstlerische Wertgeltungskurve aus. Der Sinn für die Okkulta lockt hervorragende Talente wie J. H. Short-

[1] Wenn er nicht, wie so oft, die beiden Ordnungen irrtümlich als eine einzige sieht.

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house (*John Inglesant*, 1881) und R. L. Stevenson (*Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, 1886). Sie gestalten den übersinnlichen Roman zum Kunstwerk. Daneben gedeiht durch zwei Dezennien hindurch (1880—1900) die ganz anders bedingte naturalistische Richtung eines George Moore (*A Mummer's Wife*, 1884 usw.), George Gissing (*Workers in the Dawn*, 1880, *The Unclassed*, 1884, *Demos*, 1886, *In the Year of Jubilee*, 1894) und anderer. Stevenson feiert neue Erfolge im Abenteuerroman (*The Master of Ballantrae*, 1889, *Catriona*, 1892), den seine Schüler weiterpflegen (s. oben S. 15). Diese Linie zieht sich von den späten 1880er Jahren bis ungefähr zur Jahrhundertwende. Der angemessenste künstlerische Ausdruck der neunziger Jahre ist Kiplings impressionistische Epik. Im neuen Jahrhundert macht der Naturalismus eine Wandlung zum Psychologismus durch — der sich schon an Joseph Conrad, noch deutlicher an Galsworthy erkennen läßt. Im „Lebensroman", bei Wells und vollends bei A. Bennett liegt der Akzent zunächst noch auf der realen Seite. Dann kommt langsam die psychologische Verschiebung, die bei gewissen Talenten, bei May Sinclair, Virginia Woolf, Dorothy Richardson, James Joyce zu einer Bewußtseinskunst führt, die alle möglichen Fragenkomplexe wie Psychoanalyse und Raum- und Zeitprobleme in sich einbezieht.

Die Bewußtseinskunst bedeutet ein Extrem und eine Kuriosität zugleich, kaum stark genug, um sich auf die Länge zu halten.[1]) Das englische Schrifttum der Zukunft dürfte auf der Mittellinie des psychologischen Realismus zu finden sein.

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[1] Es fällt schon jetzt auf, daß z. B. die beliebte Psychoanalyse kein einzig wahrhaft großes Kunstwerk und nicht einmal einen zugkräftigen Kolportageroman oder einen *best seller* zu erzeugen imstande gewesen ist.

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Zweiter Teil:

DER ENGLISCHE PROSASTIL

Überblicken wir die neuenglische Prosa in ihrer Buntscheckigkeit, so möchte uns scheinen, es gäbe so viele Stilarten als Dichter, es sei kein einheitlicher Zeitstil vorhanden, höchstens eine Vielheit von Stilähnlichkeiten und bestenfalls eine beschränkte Zahl von Stilidealen, die an bestimmte Träger gebunden sind. England ist ja die Heimat des Individualismus. Jeder schafft sich die ihm angemessene Form. Daher die auffallende Vielheit. England ist aber auch das Land der Überlieferung, wovon der einzelne sich nicht loslösen kann. Die Stilüberlieferung bedingt die Eigengesetzlichkeit der englischen Prosa, eine Stileinheit im weiteren Sinne. Aber eine Überlieferung, die so weit geht, daß sie Gebräuche beibehält, deren ursprünglicher Sinn längst erstorben ist, tyrannisiert nicht nur den einzelnen und die Allgemeinheit, sondern auch ganze Zeitverläufe. Deshalb ist der Zeitstil in England schwerer nach oben und nach unten abzugrenzen als etwa in Frankreich. Wann endigt der viktorianische, wann beginnt der georgische Stil? Unmöglich, darauf eine bestimmte Antwort zu geben.

Daß es aber englische Zeitstile gibt, wird uns klar, wenn wir chronologisch weit auseinanderliegende Texte miteinander vergleichen. Wir halten zunächst der Einfachheit halber das Stilbild des 18. dem des 19. und 20. Jahrhunderts gegenüber und versuchen, aus den gewonnenen Ergebnissen die Hauptgesetze der englischen Stilentwicklung abzuleiten.

EINST UND JETZT

1. Man betrachte folgenden Text:

He then led me to the highest Pinnacle of the Rock, and placing me on the Top of it, Cast thy Eyes Eastward, said he, and tell me what thou seest. I see, said I, a huge Valley and a prodigious Tide of Water rolling through it. The Valley that thou seest, said he, is the Vale of Misery, and the Tide of Water that thou seest is part of the great Tide of Eternity. What is the Reason, said I, that the Tide I see rises out of a thick Mist at one End, and again loses itself in a thick Mist at the other? What thou seest, said he, is that Portion of Eternity which is called Time, measured out by the Sun, and reaching from the Beginning of the World to its Consummation. Examine now, said he, this Sea that is thus bounded with Darkness at both Ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it. I see a Bridge, said I, standing in the Midst of the Tide. The Bridge thou seest, said he, is humane Life ... (Addison, *Spectator* Nr. 159.)

Eine Vision, ein Bild dessen, was ein Mensch mit Augen sieht. Der Stil ist von schlichter Schönheit. Und doch geht ihm unserem Empfinden nach etwas ab. Die Zeichnung gibt nur die unbe-

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stimmten Umrisse des Typischen: Tal, Wasserflut, Brücke. Das Ganze ist Schema: eine Vision mit ihren blassen Elementen, die eines nach dem anderen gedeutet werden. Man mag einwenden, das Gesetz künstlerischer Ökonomie sei hier glänzend erfüllt. Und doch wäre dieser Stil heute undenkbar. Es fehlt das Malerische und der sinnlich gesättigte Ausdruck. Man beachte die Beiwörter in *huge valley, prodigious tide, great tide, thick mist.* Ein paar unbestimmte Intensitäten! Auf das scharf umreißende Beiwort wird verzichtet. Addison schreibt in dem vornehmen, aber blassen Stil des Pseudoklassizisten. Man halte daneben eine moderne Zeichnung von Gesehenem:

I was drowsy. I saw Polchester High Street, Garth in Roselands, Clinton, Truxe, best of all Rafiel. I went down the high white hill, deep into the valley, then along the road beside the stream where the houses begin, the hideous Wesleyan Chapel on my right, "Ebenezer Villa" on my left, then the cottages with the gardens, then the little street, the post-office, the butcher's, the turn of the road and, suddenly, the bay with the fishing-boats riding at anchor and beyond the sea . . . England and Russia! to their strong confident union I thought that I would give every drop of my blood, every beat of my heart, and as I lay there I seemed to see on one side the deep green lanes at Rafiel and on the other the shining canals, the little wooden houses, the cobbles and the tufted trees of Petrograd, the sea coast beyond Truxe and the wide snow-covered plains beyond Moscow, the cathedral at Polchester and the Kremlin, breeding their children, to the hundredth generation, for the same hopes, the same beliefs, the same desires.

I slept in the sun and had happy dreams. (Hugh Walpole, The Dark Forest, chap. V.)

Es sollen hastige Tagebucheintragungen sein. Der Stil ist demnach auch hier schlicht. Doch wie hat hier alles und jedes Farbe erhalten, wie wendet es sich an unsere Sinne! Die Epitheta, so einfach und selten sie sind, so schlagend halten sie den Haupteindruck fest, der dem jeweiligen Gegenstand entfließt: *the high white hill, the deep green lanes, the shining canals, the tufted trees, the snow covered plains beyond Moscow.* Einmal wird ein teils ästhetisierendes teils moralisierendes Beiwort hingeworfen: *the hideous Wesleyan Chapel.* Und wie das Bestreben nach sachlicher Genauigkeit überwiegt, durch einfache Nenner wie *cottages, cobbles, fishing-boats* und Eigennamen wie *Polchester High Street, Rafiel, Truxe.*

2. Der hierin zu erkennende Unterschied zeigt sich überall. Zunächst in der Geschichtschreibung. Des Constantius Einzug in Rom schildert Gibbon in folgenden Worten:

He was received by the magistrates and senate of Rome; and the emperor surveyed with attention the civil honours of the republic and the consular images of the noble families. The streets were lined with an innumerable multitude . . . His short visit of thirty days was employed in viewing the monuments of art and power, which were scattered over the seven hills and the interjacent valleys. He admired the awful majesty of the capital, the vast extent of the baths of

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Caracalla and Diocletian, the severe simplicity of the Pantheon, the massy greatness of the amphitheatre of Titus, the elegant architecture of the theatre of Pompey and the temple of peace, and, above all, the stately structure of the forum and column of Trajan.

Ein Stil von erhabener Würde, Ausgeglichenheit und Harmonie! Aber auch hier fallen auf die Zurückhaltung in der Farbengebung und die behutsame Verwendung des Beiwortes. Die Sehenswürdigkeiten Roms werden gekennzeichnet nicht durch pittoreske Akzente, sondern durch moralisierende Beiwörter, die einem unbegrenzten Abstraktum vorangeschickt werden. Also: *the awful majesty, the severe simplicity, the elegant architecture, the stately structure* (die beiden letztern zugleich ästhetisierend). Dazu wieder die unbestimmten Intensitäten *vast* und *massy*. Ein einziges malerisches Adjektiv findet sich in einem Satz, der dem von uns gedruckten Passus vorausgeht: *the glittering arms of the numerous squadrons*. Im übrigen fällt auch hier neben einer gewissen Steifheit die Unbestimmtheit der Umrisse auf. Damit vergleiche man:

a) Strachey, *Queen Victoria* 266. Siehe hinten Texte S. 97 oben. *But, at chosen moments . . .* bis *May God bless them!*

b) R. H. Gretton, *A Modern History of the English People* II, 160. Camps sprang up in the parks, and alien regiments dwelt in the tents. Thus at Hampton Court were gathered soldiers of the Indian Empire—Sikhs, Goorkhas, Rajputs, with sentries on duty over cooking places lest the shadow of an infidel should defile the meat of the faithful. At Alexandra Park Colonial troops camped in their expert fashion, covering the slopes with their khaki and slouch hats. In Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park the turf was scored with the lines of the British regulars and volunteers; and Londoners never wearied of gazing at the streets of tents, the long rows of picketed horses, the parked waggons and guns.

Das erste Beispiel zeigt uns hinter der körperlichen eine seelische Bewegtheit, die malerische Verben wach halten: *blazed out, the tears welled, the multitude roared round her, her message flew*. Der zweite Abschnitt steht da als ein Beispiel graphischer Schärfe in der Geschichtschreibung. Nicht nur werden die Einzelheiten in der Knappheit des technischen Ausdrucks wiedergegeben: *picketed horses, parked waggons, khaki;* eine untrügliche Nennung stellt die Dinge hin und gibt ihnen eine Atmosphäre: *Sikhs, Goorkhas, Rajputs.*

3. Wir begegnen demselben Gegensatz in der literarischen Kritik. Hier ein paar Zeilen aus Dr. Johnsons *Lives of the Poets:*

If the flights of Dryden therefore are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment and Pope with perpetual delight.

Was zuerst in die Augen springt, ist Johnsons bekannte Gabelung. Sie wird hier noch mäßig gehandhabt gegenüber den Stellen, wo sie in jedem Periodenteilstück ein- bis zweimal aus-

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sprießt in einer Weise, die von Euphuismus nicht weit entfernt ist.[1]) Die Gabelung verkörpert — wie bei Pope — eine natürliche oder gekünstelte Antithese. Sie drängte sich Johnson beim Vergleich zweier Dichter geradezu auf. Drydens und Popes geistige Gebärde stellt er einander gegenüber, und zwar in Bildfiguren, die aber unserem modernen Empfinden konventionell korrekt, blaß und abgebraucht erscheinen: *the flights are higher, on the wing, heat regular* usw. und — *surpasses expectation!*

Daneben halte man, was Oliver Elton in seinem bekannten zweiten *Survey* I, 397, über Browning zu sagen hat:

And as to his whole body of performance, we may look on it as on some metal-worker's or lapidary's store, stocked with rubies and chrysolites of the best, and with rings and armlets 'justifiably golden', and also with the same things half-wrought and ill set, and again with 'cradles' of the unwashed, gold-containing rubble; one and all being paraded, as if they were the regalia, with a queer unconsciousness of difference.

Auch hier muß der Kritiker bei der Gesamtbeurteilung eines Dichterwerks die ästhetischen Bewertungen in sichtbare Lebensbilder umsetzen. Aber die Bilder, die er schafft, sind der Kritik neu, erstmalig; sie sind scharf und deutlich gesehen und lassen uns die Browningsche Kunst von verschiedenen Seiten betrachten. Die Antithese fehlt. Sie lebt als geistiges Spiel weiter in einem Kritiker wie Chesterton:

He (Stevenson) pursued pirates as Defoe would have fled from them ... He did for the penny dreadful what Coleridge hat done for the penny ballad ... If Thackeray is our youth, Stevenson is our boyhood: and though this is not the most artistic thing in him, it is the most important thing in the history of Victorian art. *(The Victorian Age of Literature* 244.)

Auch hier werden Dichter einander gegenübergestellt, einmal wie bei Johnson in einer if-Parallele; auch hier gabelt sich jeder Satz in der oben beleuchteten Weise. Aber überraschende Geistessprünge lassen uns die euphuistische Anordnung vergessen; denn Chestertons Parallelen sind das Spiel eines Schalks, der uns verblüffen will.

4. Wir haben bis jetzt unsere Aufmerksamkeit der Farbe, Linie und Bildlichkeit geschenkt und nur einmal, bei Strachey, einen raschen Blick auf die Bewegungsschilderung geworfen. Diese soll jetzt Gegenstand unserer vergleichenden Untersuchung sein. Was berichtet Smollett von Commodore Trunnion, dessen Pferde am Hochzeitstage durch das Bellen der Jagdhunde auf und davon getrieben werden?

[1] Man vgl. unter den Stellen, die Saintsbury in seiner *History of English Prose Rhythm* 268 abgedruckt hat, etwa: men must not only be *persuaded by their errors,* but *reconciled by their guide;* they *must not only confess their ignorance,* but, what is still less pleasing, *must allow that he from whom they are to learn is more knowing than themselves.*

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These fleet animals no sooner heard the enlivening sound, than eager for the chase, they sprung away all of a sudden, and straining every nerve to partake of the sport, flew across the fields with incredible speed, overleaped hedges and ditches, and everything in their way, without the least regard to their unfortunate riders. The lieutenant, whose steed had got the heels of the other, finding it would be great folly and presumption in him to pretend to keep the saddle with his wooden leg, very wisely took the opportunity of throwing himself off in his passage through a field of rich clover, among which he lay at his ease; and seeing his captain advancing at full gallop, hailed him with the salutation of 'What cheer? ho!'.

Kein Mensch wird leugnen können, daß hier alles in lebendiger Bewegung gesehen ist. Die Zeitwörter *sprung away, flew across, overleaped, throwing himself off, advancing at full gallop* erfüllen glänzend die Forderungen der Anschaulichkeit. Aber niemandem könnte es einfallen, sie malerisch oder empfindungsgesättigt zu nennen. Sie kommen uns konventionell vor, wenn wir sie mit einem modernen Bewegungsbild vergleichen:

Knots of men ran headlong; others made a stand; and the irregular rattle of firearms came rippling to his ears in the fiery, still air. Single figures on foot raced desparately. Horse men galloped towards each other, wheeled round together, separated at speed. (Conrad, *Nostromo* I, Kap. 4.)

Die hier verwendeten Nenner sind nicht neu. Neu ist nur, daß alles in den Dienst der Anschaulichkeit gestellt wird. Die Verben sind durch Ergänzungen so scharf abgestuft, daß der Ausdruck zwingend, nicht anders denkbar wird. Gegenüber Smollett zeigt Conrads malerischer Realismus eine gewaltige Steigerung der Intensität, die auf der geschickten Einsetzung reichlich differenzierter Verben beruht. Die Feintechnik des Verbs ist die Erfindung des 19. Jahrhunderts, wobei die Versdichtung als kühne Neuerin vorangegangen sein dürfte.[1]) Dieses neu gehandhabte Verb dient der Betonung von Bewegung, aber auch ebensosehr von Farbe, Licht und Schatten, wie aus der folgenden Beschreibung hervorgeht, die einem verregneten Winkel Bewegungs-, Farb- und Lichtreize abzugewinnen weiß:

On the platform at Leicester, reached towards five o'clock, so many muddied feet had passed and repassed that, even under cover, not a clean or dry spot was left. And still the rain f e l l, h i s s i n g and s p i t t i n g off the edges of the roof, lying as chocolate-coloured puddles between the rails. In the station-yard the wet cabs and omnibuses g l i s t e n e d in the dusk; and every hollow of their leather aprons held its pool of water. The drivers, climbing down from their boxes, s h o o k t h e m s e l v e s like dogs; the patient horses d r o o p e d their heads and stood weak-kneed, their coats dark and shiny with moisture. (H. H. R i c h a r d s o n, *The Way Home* 32.)

[1] So gebraucht z. B. Byron als erster *to knit one's brows* 1815 in Parisiana (N. E. D.). — Im folgenden Jahre setzt Scott den Ausdruck in seinem *Antiquary* ein (in Oxford Book of English Prose 525) — *to shrug one's shoulders* kennt schon Shakespeare. Sehr oft wird die Volkssprache die früheste Prägerin gewesen sein.

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Darüber hinaus liebt es der moderne Künstler, die Bewegung in das Verbalsubstantiv einzusperren (in bekannten Formen wie *rattle, yell, shudder).* Dadurch kann er sie bequem mit einer Vielheit anderer Eindrücke auf einer einzigen Vertikalfläche benachbaren, ein Nebeneinander malen:

The subdued crash of irregular volleys fired in the distance was answered by faint yells far away. (Conrad, Nostromo 18.) A hoarse shriek. It was simultaneous with the bang of a violent blow struck on the outside of the shutters. (Ebenda 21.) The rapt surprise of the first lords-and-ladies, the rustle of a field mouse, the splash of a frog; while (hier räumlich als Bindung eines malerischen Nebeneinander gebraucht) cool noses of brother-beasts were pushed at you through gate or gap (Kenneth Grahame, *The Golden Age,* Oxford Book of E. P. 974).

Auch das Verbalsubstantiv als künstlerisches Stilmittel tritt erst im 19. Jahrhundert deutlicher in die Erscheinung.

5. Wie steht es mit dem Stilwandel auf dem weiten Gebiet des Romans? Hier müßte man endlos zitieren. Zwei große Unterschiede dürften schon bei oberflächlichem Vergleichen sich aufdrängen. Man halte einen alten neben einen neuen Roman. Hier wimmelt es von Anführungszeichen. Es erscheint alles in Dialog zerbrochen. Dort tritt er gleichfalls auf, aber spärlicher. Die indirekte Rede durchquert ihn, und umständliche Schilderungen von bloß Gedachtem, nicht Ausgesprochenem machen sich breit. In diesen Dingen hat sich der moderne Roman Ellbogenfreiheit gesichert. Aber wie? Man lese in Walpoles *Green Mirror* 450:

1. But now he could no longer hold aloof — he was in the middle of something, as surely as though he had been plunged into a deep tub of tossing, foaming water. 2. Katherine . . . Katie . . . dear, devoted Katie . . . who had always loved him and done as he wished; Katie, nearest of all human beings to his heart, and nearest because he had always known that she cared for him more than for any other human being. 3. And now it was obvious that that was not so, it was obvious that she cared more for that young man, that abominable young man . . . 4. Oh, damn it! damn it! *damn it!* Katherine was gone, and for no reason, for nothing at all except pride and impatience. 5. Already, as he sat there, he was wondering how soon, by any means whatever, he could establish pleasant relations with her, and so make his life comfortable once more. 6. But, beyond Katherine, there was his wife. 7. What was he to do about Harriet?

Hier läßt sich sehr hübsch erkennen, wie der Dichter, wenn er seiner Romangestalt gegenübersteht, aus der bloß berichtenden Darstellung ihrer Worte und Gedanken frei hinüberschreiten kann in deren eigentliche Wiedergabe, ohne dem Sprecher das Wort zu erteilen. Denn wir ahnen ganz leise den Dichter immer noch, wenn er auch nur Wortspiegelhalter ist. Der Weg, auf dem dies geschieht, ist der *style indirect libre*[1]), der vom bloßen Bericht

[1] Ch. Bally, G. R. M. IV und VI. — Vgl. auch E. Lorck, *Die erlebte Rede,* Heidelberg 1921; O. Jesperson, *The Philosophy of Grammar,* London (Allen and Unwin) 1924. — Marguerite Lips, *Le Style In-*

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durch zwielichternde Schattierungen getrennt ist. Man beachte oben: 1 ist Bericht. Was ist 2? Wohl auch noch Bericht, nur daß eine Korrektur wie *Katie* als augenblickliches Spiegelbild glänzt. 3 ist das, was Bally *figure par substitution de sujet* nennt (keine Fingerzeige sind da, die andeuten, daß die Gestalt spricht). 4 aber ist S.I.L., das *damn it* läßt keinen Zweifel darüber. 5 ist indirekter Redestil *(he was wondering how).* 6 und 7 sind *figures par substitution de sujet.*

Der S.I.L. ist ein wertvolles Instrument, das dem lebendigen Leben entnommen worden ist, und auf das der neueste Roman nicht mehr verzichten kann.

6. Der zweite große Stilwandel, der sich im Roman und entsprechend auch in den anderen Gattungen vollzogen hat, betrifft den Satzaufbau. In Fieldings *Tom Jones* lesen wir:

She therefore no sooner opened the Door, and saw her Master standing by the Bed-side in his Shirt, with a Candle in his Hand, than she started back in a most terrible Fright, and might perhaps have swooned away, had he not now recollected his being undrest, and put an End to her Terrors, by desiring her to stay without the Door, till he had thrown some Cloaths over his Back, and was become incapable of shocking the pure Eyes of Mrs. Deborah Wilkins, who, tho' in the 52d Year of her Age, vowed she had never beheld a Man without his Coat.[1])

Bei dem Historiker Conyers Middleton finden wir folgenden Satz:

But should the priests of such a religion, for the sake of their authority and power, labour to impose their own failures for divine truths; to possess the people with an enthusiastic zeal for them, manageable only by themselves and to be played against the government, as oft as it served their separate interests; in such a case, 'tis the duty of every man who loves his country and his fellow-creatures, to oppose all such attempts; to confine religion to its proper bounds; to the use for which it was instituted; of inspiring benevolence, modesty, submission into the people; nor suffer the credit of it to grow too strong for that of the State; the authority of the priest, for that of the magistrate (bei Saintsbury, *History of English Prose Rhythm* 262).

Beide Male, beim Erzähler und beim Historiker, weitet sich eine Periode von großem Ausschwung aus, die durch Über- und Unterordnung verstaffelt ist. Es ist der hypotaktische Bau der lateinischen Periode. Sie wird heute noch gepflegt. Aber sie ist längst nicht mehr die Norm. Man vergegenwärtige sich folgende Gruppe von Sätzen aus H. G. Wells, Kipps, Part I, chap. 6:

He was awakened by a thrush singing in the fresh dawn. The whole room was flooded with warm golden sunshine. "I say!" said the thrush: "I say! I say! Twelve 'UNDRED a Year! I say! I say! I say!"

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direct Libre, Paris, Payot 1927. Wichtige, unter Ballys Leitung entstandene Gesamtdarstellung, konnte nicht mehr eingesehen werden.

[1] Daß natürlich die Ironie den umständlichen Satz mitgezimmert hat, sei nicht geleugnet. Die Satzlänge ist insofern künstlerisch funktionell.

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He sat up in bed and rubbed the sleep from his eyes with his Knuckles. Then he jumped out of bed and began dressing very eagerly.

Fieldings umständliche Buchungen des Kleideranziehens sind aufgegeben. Die lange rhetorische Periode und mit ihr der große rhythmische Einheitskomplex ist verschwunden. Die Mitteilung ist in eingliedrige Sätze zerbrochen. Und gelegentlich klingt es wie Musik. Entsprechend verfährt heute auch der erörternde (hier rednerisch veranlagte) Historiker:

With man, it is different. If the climate changes, he modifies his clothes and his habitation. He finds out many inventions first of all to defy nature and then to exploit her. In common with some other animals he protects himself by forming groups, and these groups carry on the war of nature u. s. w. (Ramsay Macdonald, *The Socialist Movement*, 246).

Middletons langgestreckter, auf der *if*-Kante spielender Wagebalken, an den er beidseitig alle möglichen Gewichte anhängen konnte, ist auf bequeme Armeslänge zurückgebracht. Nichts wird angehängt, alles Hinzukommende wird auf eigene Füße gestellt. Kurz ausschwingende Rhythmen laufen hintereinander ab.

Wir fassen die gewonnenen Vergleichsergebnisse zusammen: Die alte Prosa ist schematisch geschlossen, die neue ist offen und frei. Die alte Prosa begnügt sich mit der Nennung des Dinges und des Bewegungsbegriffes an sich, die neue will den Dingseindruck und die Bewegungsempfindung wiedergeben. Jene bedient sich des schwach umrissenen und des moralisierenden Adjektivs, diese des eng umgrenzenden technischen Ausdrucks, des malerischen Beiworts und einer neu erdachten Zeitworttechnik. Die alte Rhetorik gebraucht stereotype Stilfiguren und strebt antithetische Symmetrie an, die neue individualisiert die Stilfiguren und wandelt die Antithese durch Witz und Paradoxon ab. Der alte Roman ist berichtend und dialogisch in mäßigem Umfang. Der neue erweitert den Dialog ins Ungemessene und unterbricht den Dauerlauf des Berichts durch den übergangsreichen *style indirect libre*. Die alte Prosa pflegt die hypotaktische Periode, die neue zerschneidet sie in selbständige kurzatmige Schallgruppen.

ÜBERGÄNGE

So weit der Abstand zwischen damals und jetzt. Was aber liegt dazwischen? Nun, zwischen Addison, Fielding und Sterne und Conrad, Wells und Walpole, zwischen dem Ideen- und dem Eindrucksstil liegen Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Ruskin und Walter Pater, zwischen Gibbon und Strachey und Gretton liegen Macaulay und Froude, zwischen Dr. Johnson und Oliver Elton schiebt sich M. Arnold ein, zwischen die Langatmigkeit und den oft spröden Klang des 18. Jahrhunderts und die Leichtfüßigkeit und Melodie der heutigen Prosa baut sich die Symphonik De Quinceys

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und Landors. An diesen Zwischengestaltungen erkennen wir das Werden des neuen Stils. Wir lenken den Blick auf drei wichtige Punkte, Style indirect libre, Farbigkeit, Bildhaftigkeit und Bewegung, Rhythmus.

STYLE INDIRECT LIBRE

Hier können wir uns kurz fassen: Wann der englische S. I. L. vereinzelt zuerst auftritt, ob im 16., 17. oder 18. Jahrhundert, wird erst nach eingehenden Untersuchungen festgestellt werden können. Sicher ist, daß das Schrifttum des 18. Jahrhunderts ihn als verbreitetes künstlerisches Instrument noch nicht kennt. Scott aber kommt dieser Stilfigur schon ziemlich nahe. Man lese folgende Stelle aus Guy Mannering (1815):

His sensations were bitter enough. The race, it is true, which he had thus summarily dismissed from their ancient place of refuge, was idle and vicious; but had he endeavoured to render them otherwise? ... Some means of reformation ought at least to have been tried, before sending seven families at once upon the wide world ... (Oxford BK of E. P. 522).

Sind das die gedachten Worte Godfrey Bertrams? Oder sind es seine bloß beschriebenen „Sensationen"? Nimmt der Dichter ihm das Wort von den Lippen? Auf alle Fälle sind wir nicht mehr weit entfernt von der *figure par substitution de sujet.*

Öffnen wir einen Roman von Dickens, so sehen wir, daß er im S. I. L. schon ganz zu Hause ist. Wie ein Moderner geht er aus der einen in die andere Form über. So etwa in Nicholas Nickleby (1838), Kap. 27:

... the sanguine mother pictured to her imagination a long train of honours and distinctions which could not fail to accompany Kate in her new and brilliant sphere. She would be present at court, of course. On the anniversary of her birthday, which was upon the nineteenth of July ("at ten minutes past three o'clock in the morning", thought Mrs. Nickleby in a parenthesis, "for I recollect asking what o'clock it was"), Sir Mulberry would give a great feast to all his tenants, ... Kate's picture, too, would be in at least half-a-dozen of the annuals ... More unlikely things had come to pass. Less interesting portraits had appeared usw.

Auch Thackeray handhabt diese Stilform mit der größten Selbstverständlichkeit. Er spiegelt in ihr den direkten Bericht in seiner ganzen Lebendigkeit wider, wenn er 1857 in *The Virginians* (Kap. 12) plötzlich vom Imperfekt ins Präsens hinübergleitet:

The Colonel ... could not but think with amazement of the position in which he found himself ... How had this strange series of quarrels been brought about? He had ridden away ... A shower of rain sends them into a tavern ... and they are not seated for half-an-hour ... but he has quarelled with the whole company ...

Seitdem hat sich der S. I. L. in immer feinere Schattierungen abgestuft, deren Spiel, wie Thibaudet in seinem Flaubertbuch sagt,

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Gestalt, Dichter und Leser in eine einzige Bewegung hineinzieht. Dorothy Richardsons Miriamromane lassen uns unendlich viele Male in diese Bewegung hineinschauen, von der einen Spitze des Dreiecks aus eine Zweiheit sehen, deren Endpunkte sich einander unbemerkt nähern, zur Einheit werden und sich wieder langsam in die Zweiheit verschieben. Reflexionen und Glossen werden so nicht mehr wie bei Thackeray als dichterische Aufdringlichkeiten empfunden. Sie sind dem Bewußtsein der Gestalt zugespiegelt.

FARBIGKEIT, BILDHAFTIGKEIT UND BEWEGUNG

Der malerische Stil! Hier haben Gilpin und Mrs. Radcliffe einem Walter Scott den Weg geebnet. Gilpin erfindet ein ästhetisches System des Pittoresken, die Radcliffe trägt reichlich Farben auf, die sie mit gewissen Gefühlswerten zu verbinden weiß. Scotts Farbenfreude ist bekannt. Aber das Epitheton, das er zum wichtigsten Farbenträger macht, ist oft noch schemenhaft. Modern mutet er uns an in der genauen Bezeichnung der Dinge durch den unzweideutigen technischen Ausdruck. Aber nur in der Enge eines bestimmten Lebenswinkels! Trachten, Waffen, Burgen, Abteien zeichnet er mit dem Stift des Kenners. *(The castle moat divided this species of barbican from the rest of the fortress. In the outwork was a sallyport corresponding to the postern of the castle.)* Verläßt er diesen Winkel, so verfällt er in Konventionalität. *(Her dark eyes flashed with uncommon lustre.)* Auch seine Bilder sind noch recht formelhaft. Er greift zum langgesponnenen homerischen Vergleich oder begnügt sich mit einer Verschiebung in die Überwelt der Mythologie, des Aberglaubens und der Bibel. *(Her attitude was that of a sybil in frenzy... who nevertheless gazed on him as on the angel of destruction... the Queen... demanded in a voice that sounded to the ears of the astounded statesman like the last dread trumpet-call.)* Ganz blaß und flach ist z. B. folgende Verbildlichung eines inneren Vorgangs: *Leicester's better angel called his pride to his aid to take shelter under the queen's interposition of his wife* (Kenilworth, Kap. 34). Viel kühner gebärdet er sich in der Bewegungsmalerei, die, wenn sie auch dem vibrierenden Sensualismus moderner Wortkunst noch fernesteht, gelegentlich an die Lebendigkeit eines Dickens denken läßt. Gerne schleudert er auch mehrere Bewegungen auf einmal in zuckenden Verbalsubstantiven zum malerischen Nebeneinander auf die Leinwand.

Dickens und Thackeray schlagen Richtungen ein, die wohl für ihre künstlerische Eigenart, nicht so sehr für die englische Stilentwicklung im allgemeinen bestimmend gewesen sind. So verteilt Dickens auf alle Form- und Bewegungselemente bald den sentimental-weichen, bald den grotesk-harten Akzent. Im *Old Curiosity Shop* laufen beide Reihen nebeneinander her. Es läßt

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sich feststellen, wie die Großvater- und Nellgestalten und -umgebungen durch sentimentalisierende Adjektiva und Verben, die Quilpwelten aber durch verstreckende Kennworte betont sind. Dort heißt es: *good, mild, poor, honest, pale, frail, weak, failing, drooping, sinking, strange, dreamy, silent, pensively, softly, peacefully, faded, lingered, drooped* usw., hier marschieren auf: *rusty, cracked, clenched, leaky, uproarious, reckless, stifled, chuckling, rocking, twisting, dodging, squeezing, staring, gasping, wagging, smacking, plashing, wink, blink, clutch* usw. Die Hysterie versetzt substantivische Hammerschläge in *scream, shriek, snarl, leer, yell, jerk, howl.* Einfache Dinge werden bei Dickens zu kraftvollen Vergleichsvermittlern (in Oliver Twist: *Tight as a bowstring and swift as an arrow it speeds)* und, was für die Weiterentwicklung ein Geschenk ist, in der Verbildlichung tun sich, wie bei Victor Hugo, gigantische Welten auf. In dem berühmten Sturmgemälde in David Copperfield arbeiten alle Einzelbilder, Metaphern und Vergleiche auf das zweite Gesicht eines überhöhten dämonischen Kolossalwesens hin. Das Meer bläht sich auf zum Ungeheuer, das die ganze Welt erfüllen und verschlingen will. Der Zug ins Unendliche!

Auch Thackeray zeigt überraschende Linien kühner Eigenentwicklung. Karikierende Verzeichnungen in den Crawley-Kapiteln *(a leering red face, a pair of twinkling grey eyes, and a mouth perpetually on the grin),* plötzlich in die Ironie verschobene Landschaftsperspektiven im Pendennis *(The sickle moon was blazing bright in the heavens then, the stars were glittering, the bell of the cathedral tolling nine, the Dean's guests... were partaking of tea and buttered cakes in Mrs. Dean's drawing-room — when Pen took leave of Miss Costigan,* Kap. 6). Aber auch Thackeray hat Geschenke gemacht. Wenn er die Gegenstände durch hellstes Licht hindurch pfeilschnell in unsere Sinne sendet: *rustling silks, tapering lantern, carved chimneys, grey turrets, quaint gables, the creaking old stair* (ebenda Kap. 16). Wenn er mit dem adjektivischen Partizipialkompositum, das er der Versdichtung entnimmt, Profil und Farbe andeutet: *cherry-cheeked boys, snuff-coloured suit, black-coated pensioners, low-gabled house.* Wenn er mit dem Verb malt: *and founders' Tomb .... darkles and shines with the most wonderful shadows and lights.* (The Newcomes, Kap. 75.) Wenn er schließlich die Erscheinungswelt in metallharten Umrissen glänzen läßt: *The moon was up by this time, glittering keen in the frosty sky* (Esmond).

Die allerfernsten Seitenwege schlägt Meredith ein. Daß sein Stil eine Erscheinung für sich ist, dürfte das unumstößliche Ergebnis einer soeben abgeschlossenen, tiefschürfenden Untersuchung sein.[1]) Ein paar kühne Neuprägungen sind in die eng-

[1] Frieda Gamper, Die Sprache Merediths, Diss. Zürich 1927.

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lische Sprachüberlieferung übergegangen. Alles andere, soweit es nicht übernommene Konvention ist, bleibt Merediths unveräußerliches Eigengut: seine gespannten Parataxen und Perioden als Ausdruck des falschen Pathos einer bestimmten Romangestalt, seine Konstruktionssprengungen, sein Tempuswechsel bei sich wandelnden Bewußtseinslagen, sein Hineinflechten von Reflexionen in den S. I. L. und — über allem anderen — seine schlagende Verbildlichung seelischer Vorgänge wie hier etwa: *the butterfly of a guess — my round-the-corner wishes — Carlyle has a wind-in-the-orchard style — his unstressed observation hit a bell in her head and set it reverberating — Redworth had a dungeon-vault for feelings that should not be suffered to cry abroad.*

Also: nicht bei Meredith hat die spätere Bewußtseinskunst ihr Stilhandwerk gelernt und nicht über Dickens und Thackeray hat der Weg von Scott zum Eindrucksstil, zu Stevenson, Kipling und Conrad, geführt, sondern an anderen Gestalten vorbei, an Ruskin und Pater. Erst bei Ruskin wird beides erreicht, das Mitschwingen einer Empfindung bei der Form- und Farbennennung und die fast technische Genauigkeit in der sprachlichen Zeichnung. Ruskin ist der Meister des Adjektivs. Überall tritt bei ihm diese Meisterschaft zutage, in seiner Erörterung der Kunstwerke und der Natur. Man öffne an irgendeiner Stelle der Stones of Venice: *The hills of-Arqua rose in a dark cluster of purple pyramids, balanced on the bright mirage of the lagoon... The Ducal Palace, flushed with its sanguine veins, looks to the snowy dome of Our Lady of Salvation.* Wie das farbig glänzt und schön klingt! Oder: *an inextricable confusion of rugged shutters and iron balconies and chimney flues.* Oder: *the dark-green water melons are heaped upon the counter like cannon-balls.* Wie einfach und doch wie treffend! Ein Einblick zugleich in seine Bilderwerkstatt. *Like cannon-balls!* Emersons Forderung gemäß zieht Ruskin das Einfache und Naheliegende zum Vergleich heran. Die Schatten, die St. Marcus' Säulen entfallen, lassen blaue Wellungen hinter sich, *as a receding tide leaves the waved sand.* Wohlklang weilt in Ruskins technischem Sprachgehäuse: *pillars of variegated stones, jasper, and porphyry, and deep-green serpentine.* Auch sein Verb zeichnet und malt und gibt den Rhythmus der Linie wieder: *a multitude of pillars and white domes, clustered into a long low pyramid..., birds clinging and fluttering..., the endless canal bends at last and then breaks into intricate angles, a fig-tree branch escapes over a lower wall from some inner cortile.* Und wie reizvoll er uns durch das adjektivische Partizipialkompositum auf eine erstarrte Bewegung zurückblicken lassen kann: *when first its gates were angel-guarded long ago* — oder: *the restless crowd, hoarse-voiced and sable-winged.*

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Auch Walter Pater kann, wenn nötig, Ruskinsche Präzisionsarbeit leisten. *The silver-gray stone, if it came from this neighbourhood at all, from some now forgotten quarry, has the fine, close-grained texture of antique marble* (Apollo in Picardy). Auch er macht die Worte zu Empfindungen: *the marble-rimmed pool, the cool sound (of water) as it falls* (The School of Giorgione). Die Hauptsache aber für ihn ist, die Substantive und Adjektive zu Alleinträgern der Eindrücke zu machen und sie im regelmäßigen Fluß des Satzes intervallisch aufleuchten zu lassen. Man denke an Edelsteinworte wie *lyres, flutes, wine*, an Bildungen wie *flame-like*, an das *gem-like*, das er dem *flame*, an das *flickering*, das er dem *impressions* beigesellt, an sein *variegated dramatic life*, sein häufiges *gold thread* und *gold dust*, dann an jene eigenartigen Mischungen stolzer ästhetischer Bewertung und geheimnisvoller Verdunkelung, wie das bei ihm häufige *exquisite passions* oder *high passions*, wie sein Lieblingswort *strange*, das er mit allem möglichen verbindet, mit *dyes, webs, colours*, sein *curious (curious odours)*, sein *choice (choice grass)* und sein *fantastic reveries*. Nur selten malt er mit Verb und Vergleich *(The planet Mars ... hanging in the low sky like a fiery red lamp. The cliff-side cottage, nestling actually beneath the vineyards)*. Fast immer nur benutzt er blasse Verben wie *to be, to have* usw. gleich Versatzstücken, die zwischen malerischem Ding, farbiger Eigenschaft und reizvoller Bewegung die Verbindung herstellen.[1]) Man lese die beschreibenden Teile von *Denys L'Auxerrois*. Die dort vorkommenden Verben sind tote Maschinenteile wie *may be noticed, is still to be seen, to present* (dies mit Vorliebe), *is, has, might pass for, you might fancy, dealt with, prevails, was abroad* (auch dies sehr häufig). Erst die Klimax bringt verbale Lebendigkeiten *(scratch, brought out, tossed, stuck* usw.). Die von bewegungskräftigen Verben beherrschten Sätze spiegeln das Nacheinander, sie sind zeitbetont; die durch bloße Verbalfäden zusammengebundenen Reihen farbiger Substantive und Adjektive stellen ein malerisches Nebeneinander dar, sie sind raumbetont. *You might fancy something querulous or plaintive in that rustling movement of the vine-leaves, as blue-frocked Jaques Bonhomme finishes his day's labour among them.* (Ein Nebeneinander, auf der Fläche rieselnde Bewegung. Die Anschauungsakzente liegen auf *rustling, vine-leaves, blue-frocked*, die Gefühlsakzente auf *querulous* und *plaintive.)*

Blasse Verben zwischen farbigen Worten ist eine weitverbreitete Stilform modernster Prosa. Oft wird das Verb ganz unterdrückt.

[1] Diese Manier eignet schon dem ebenso wie Pater bewußten Stilkünstler Pindar, der nur insofern von jenem abweicht, als er für das blasse Verbum „sein" inhaltlose „pompöse Ersatzverben" hinstellt. (F. Dornseiff, Pindars Stil, S. 94 u. ff. Berlin 1921.)

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Man lese hinten den Abschnitt aus Walpole und beachte, wie mit dem Übergang von Erscheinungsflucht zu Erscheinungsfläche die Stilart in der eben erklärten Weise wechselt (S. 178).

Von Pater führt der Weg über Stevenson, Kipling und Conrad zu den Modernsten. Dazwischen liegt eine dekadenzstrebige Abwandlung des Paterschen Stils. In Oscar Wildes bekannter Stelle aus *The Critic as Artist*, die mit den Worten anhebt: *On the mouldering citadel of Troy lies the lizard like a thing of green bronze* (s. Texte S. 100), scheint jedes Wort Träger einer Farbempfindung zu sein. Ein vollkommenerer Einklang von Empfindung, Farbe, Ton, Rhythmus und Sinn ist kaum mehr denkbar. Aber wie gefährlich nahe Wilde gerade damals der bloßen Manier stand, zeigt ein Blick in das berühmte 11. Kapitel seines Dorian Gray. *And, as Caligula, had caroused with the green-shirted jockeys in their stables, and supped in an ivory manger with a jewel-frontleted horse; and, as Domitian, had wandered through a corridor lined with marble-mirrors* . . . Die Edelsteinworte sind Selbstzweck geworden. Die 1890er Jahre durchzieht eine Schar von Künstlern, die *purple patches and phrases* auf die Leinwand werfen. Sie erzielen z. T. schöne Effekte. Man durchblättere die Bände des *Yellow Book*, man betrachte Francis Thompsons Aufsatz über Shelley. Aber Manier oder Überschwang verdirbt so oft die Reinheit der Wirkung.

Wildes Zeitgenosse R. L. Stevenson hat wieder den richtigen Weg gesucht und gefunden. Sein Schauen entnimmt dem Gegenstand Farbentöne, die unseren Blicken entgehen. *His face had the beery, bruised appearance of the continual drinker's; it was covered with a network of congested veins, purple in ordinary circumstances, but now pale violet* (a Lodging for the Night). Unerschöpflich ist seine Technik des Verbs, wenn es gilt, Bewegungen zu malen. Man lese zur Erläuterung die Schilderung des gefährlichen Sprunges in *Kidnapped* oder die Schlachtenbeschreibung im *Black Arrow*, immer ist das fein differenzierte Verb ein mot inévitable. Aber selbst da, wo er im Wortgemälde einen Landschaftsausschnitt festhalten will, verläßt er sich stets auf die malerische Wirkung gewisser Verben: *The stream was a break-neck, boiling Highland river. Hard by the farm it leaped a little precipice in a thick grey-mare's tail of twisted filaments, and then lay and worked and bubbled in a lynn. Into the middle of this quaking pool a rock protruded, shelving to a cape* (Prince Otto, Kap. 3). Stevenson ist so bewegungsfreudig, daß er das blasse Verb (s. o.) selten begünstigt. Nur im zweiten Abschnitt des *Lodging for the Night*, wo er uns das Schlafen der Stadt unter der Schneedecke fühlbar machen will, greift er zum einfachsten Satzbindfaden, dem Verbum „sein". *(The air was raw . . ., the flakes were large . . ., the whole city was sheeted up . . ., many a niche was drifted full* usw.) Meisterhaft hand-

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habt er die stilistische und ideelle Spannung.[1]) Gleich Signalen, die zum Aufhorchen oder Hinschauen mahnen, pflanzt er die Orts-, Zeit- und Umstandsangaben an den Anfang des Satzes und bringt das spannunglösende Wort möglichst spät: *When we were about halfway through, I suddenly put my hand upon her arm; for I had heard in the silent, frosty air, a sound that brought my heart into my mouth — the tap-tapping of the blind man's stick upon the frozen road*[2]) (Treasure-Island).

Kipling führt Scotts und Ruskins Bestrebungen weiter. Er sucht engste und schärfste Umgrenzung im technischen Ausdruck. Mit Flaubert teilt er den Glauben, daß für jedes Gedachte nur ein treffender Ausdruck möglich sei. Ihn sucht er in der Sprache der Überlieferung und dem weiten Grenzland ihrer Metaphorie. Findet er ihn dort nicht, so erlauscht er ihn in der Unterwelt des Slangs, der Cockney- oder Soldatenrede oder prägt ihn — oft onomatopisch — neu. Die Folge ist ein schlagkräftiger bodenständiger Impressionismus von blitzheller Anschauung, reich an energiegeladenen Verben, demonstrierenden Metaphern, eindrucksstarken Verbalsubstantiven, intensiven Vergleichen. *One half of the sea seemed to shoulder itself above the other half. A sprinkling of the wave fell on my face, and it was so cold that it stung as boiling water stings. White, in sockets as white as scraped bone.* (Alle 3 Beispiele aus A Matter of Fact.)

In Joseph Conrads Prosa erreicht der farbige Stil seinen Höhepunkt. Sein Künstlertum ist überwältigend. Wie geschickt er Farbenkomplexe durch die Bindung des blassen Verbes im Nebeneinander ordnet — das Geschehen auf die Fläche zwingt —, erinnert an Walter Pater, dessen Kunst aber, sollte sie den Vergleich aushalten, als gewaltig gesteigert gedacht werden müßte. *(There were hoarse mutters and footsteps,* Nostromo 19. *There were bronze glints in the clusters of her hair,* ebenda 28. *There was a rush of running feet along the front,* ebenda 20.) Seine Meisterschaft im Verb haben wir schon kennengelernt (s. o. S. 33). Abwechselnd mit der scharfen Zeichnung und Malung der Dinge auf weißer begrenzter Fläche wandelt bei ihm die entgegengesetzte Form endloser Ausweitung. Aus wechselnden visionären Gefühlslagen heraus sucht er Vorstellungen des Unbegrenzten, Fließenden, Unendlichen in uns zu erwecken durch den künstlerischen Gebrauch des Form-, Farb-, Licht- und Gefühlsabstraktums. Dies läßt an Victor Hugo denken:

Two small lights in the dark immensity (Nostromo 354). *The plain had resumed its shadowy immobility* (422). *He descended the ridge and found himself in the open solitude between the*

[1] Zum Prinzipiellen siehe: G. Hübener, Die stilistische Spannung bei Milton, Diss. Göttingen 1913.

[2] Zur stilistischen gesellt sich hier die ideelle Spannung. Die Hauptidee wird verschoben.

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harbour and the town. Its spaciousness, extended indefinitely by an effect of obscurity, rendered more terrible his profound isolation ... The great length of the custom house loomed up at once (422).

Durch Bewegungsabstrakta erzielt er verwandte Wirkungen — *He stood knee deep amongst the whispering undulations of the green blades.* (Das Unbegrenzte, Ozeanartige!) Selbstverständlich dient das substantivierte Adjektiv demselben Zwecke. *His eyes...made out the high colouring of the face, the red of the shirt, the outlines of the sqare shoulders* (im Halbdunkel suchen die Blicke ein Bildnis an der Wand und gelangen vom Unbestimmten zum Bestimmten). Conrad geht weiter und schreitet zur Synthese von Ausweitung und Begrenzung. Sonne, Licht, Schatten, Himmel, Land, Gras, Mensch liegen in der Welt verteilt gleich Schönheitsstoffen, in die der Dichter die Formen seines Schauens und Erkennens einsticht. *His house threw off a black long rectangular of shade.* Neugeformt nach alten Sprachmustern wie *a draught of air,* die heute ihre Eindruckskraft verloren haben, erreicht diese Stilfigur in Conrads Händen höhere künstlerische Bedeutung. Gelegentlich wird sie zur Manier, wenn er immer wieder *square* als Modell verwendet: *in a square of sunlight,* 27, *in the square pool of water,* 68, *the square block of darkness,* 279, *the square of grey,* 347. Wirkungsvoll aber sind Synthesen wie: *tall trails of dust subsided here and there,* 26, *the soft cushions of dust,* 357, *pools of light,* 31, *a tangle of slender bamboo stems,* 68. Man beachte auch Kombinationen wie *knots of men ran headlong,* 357, *a compact, piebald, tossing mob of bay, brown, grey backs,* 27, *a brown cloud with vague forms of necks and cruppers rolled by,* 27. Dies sind nicht bloße Kollektiva, sondern neu geprägte Plastiken. Selbst die Bilder Conrads stehen oft im Zeichen dieser Synthese: *even the sail came out of the night like a square block of dense snow,* 276.

Conrads lebendige Farbigkeit wird womöglich noch überboten von Katherine Mansfields Kleingemälden. Der Eingang zu den Momentbildern, die sie *At the Bay* genannt hat (in *The Garden* Party), ist grell leuchtender impressionistischer Fleckenwurf.

GEDANKENGÄNGE UND RHYTHMEN

Prosa und Poesie zeigen zwei Gänge, einen äußeren und einen inneren. Der äußere ist der Prosa- oder der Versrhythmus. Der innere ist der in einen inneren Raum hineingedachte Verlauf einer logischen Richtlinie, die sich bald durch andere Linien unterbrechen läßt, bald sich selber wieder fortsetzt. Die beiden Gänge decken sich nur zeitweise; im übrigen kreuzen sie sich und verlaufen selbständig. Die Wesensverschiedenheit zwischen Prosa und Versdichtung ist weniger im inneren Gang als im Rhyth-

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mus begründet in einer Weise, die nachher aufgezeigt werden soll. Man spreche den folgenden Satz aus Thomas Hardy: *And passing the graveyard they observed as they talked a motionless figure standing by the gate.* Der äußere Rhythmus wird uns erkennbar in dem Verhältnis von vielerlei Senkungen zu acht Hauptheben gen. Der innere Gang aber ist folgender:

And passing the graveyard they observed as they talked a motion- less figure standing by the gate.

Also: Eine Richtlinie, ein sich Abbiegen von ihr an mehreren Verlaufspunkten in verschiedenen Winkeln, ein sich-Fortsetzen der alten Linie (wobei natürlich auch ein neues Abbiegen von einer Abbiegungslinie denkbar ist). Eine neue Richtlinie kann nachher einsetzen. Sie mag die alte fortführen. Sie kann aber auch ebensogut sich neben sie stellen und ganz oder teilweise mit ihr parallellaufen. Mehrere Linien sind in diesem oder jenem Verlauf denkbar. Von alledem spiegelt der äußere Rhythmus nur den Richtlinienendpunkt und den Abbiegungspunkt durch größere oder kleinere Pausen wider. Ob Vorwärtsschreiten, ob Reihenaufstellung, ob Ausbiegung in diesem oder jenem Winkel, der Rhythmus drückt dies nicht aus. Nur der Tonfall gibt Winke über Abschluß oder Weitergehen. Der innere Gang ist ein ausschließlich räumliches, der Rhythmus ein zeitlich intensives Erlebnis, das allerdings durch (räumliche) Ordnung dem Verstand zugänglich gemacht wird.

Es besteht also bei aller Verschiedenheit kein wesenhafter rhythmischer Unterschied zwischen den drei folgenden Sätzen, die drei Typen vertreten, den gesprächsmäßigen Bericht, die rednerische Demonstration und die elegante Darstellung, deren Verschiedenheit nun aber gerade im inneren Gang zum Ausdruck kommt. (Bei 1 vorwärtsschreitende Linien ohne Ausbiegung, bei 2 Reihenaufmarsch, bei 3 starke Verwinkelung.)

1. One Sunday we determined upon a holiday. It was a bold adventure for us but we had made up our minds. There was an excursion train to Hastings and accordingly Ellen, Marie, and myself were at London Bridge Station early in the morning. (Bei Q.-C. 841.)
2. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down provinces. (Bei Q.-C. 647.)
3. But it seldom failed to excite the curiosity of those wayfarers who, under the third George, already sought reverently along the pleasant riverside, for that house in Mawson's Buildings where the great Pope wrote part of his 'Iliad'. (Bei Q.-C. 677.)

Wenn sich im einzelnen rhythmische Verschiedenheiten ergeben, so sind sie nicht durch die Verschiedenheit der inneren

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Gangesart bedingt, was natürlich nicht verhindert, daß der Prosarhythmus gelegentlich in künstlerischer Handhabung die syntaktische Innenräumlichkeit vertiefen kann. Wir betrachten deshalb die beiden Bewegungsarten getrennt.

DER INNERE GANG

Um die Mitte des 19. Jahrhunderts schafft Macaulay — z. T. auf Edmund Burke fußend — zwei besondere Typen syntaktischer Verräumlichung, die er nebeneinander verwendet: Reihenaufstellung gleichwertiger oder sich steigernder Einheiten und — kurze schlagartige Sätze. Die Reihen werden zusammengeklammert durch Wortechos, die gelegentlich Zwillingselemente einer Anthithese werden können:

It was the great *hall* of William Rufus,
the *hall which* had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings,
the *hall which* had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers,
the *hall where* the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment,
the *hall where* Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has redeemed his fame.
(Saintsbury, Prose Rhythm 372.)

Mit Antithese:

The *war between wit and* Puritanism soon became a *war between wit and* morality.[1])

Demgegenüber haben Macaulays kurze Sätze vorwärtsstoßende Kraft:

The Chancellor fell down with a great ruin. The seal was taken from him: the Commons impeached him: his head was not safe: he fled from the country: an Act was passed which doomed him to perpetual exile: and those who had assailed and undermined him began to struggle for the fragments of his power.[1])

Der erste Typus eignet im besonderen Maße dem Redner, und wir können ihn deshalb bei allen schreibenden Sprechern wiederfinden, also bei M. Arnold, gelegentlich bei Oscar Wilde, vorübergehend bei Swinburne, bei dem alternden Ruskin, wenn er sich an das Volk wendet, bei wortgewaltigen Staatsmännern (Roseberry, Sidney Webb). Dieser einst so beliebte Typus mußte überwunden werden und ist auch überwunden worden.

Der zweite Typus — die Zerschneidung der Periode, *la coupe* — ist zum Kennzeichen des modernsten Stils geworden.

Zunächst ein paar Worte über den ersten Typus, die rhetorische Formel mit ihren Abwandlungen. Matthew Arnold hat sie

[1] Bei Oliver Elton, A Survey of E. L. 1830—1880, I 129.

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in seinen kritischen Essays und noch mehr in seinem *Culture and Anarchy* zu Tode geritten:

What is freedom but machinery? what is population but machinery? what is coal but machinery? what is wealth but machinery? what are religious organisations but machinery? *(Culture and Anarchy.)*

Arnold stellt die ganze rhetorische Wirkung auf die Wiederholung. Sechs gleichgliedrige Sätze mit nur je einer variablen Größe! Die variablen Größen können sich zu Antithesen vereinigen wie in dem folgenden Satz:

Pompeii was a sign that for humanity at large the measure of sensualism had been overpassed; St. Francis's doubt was a sign that for humanity at large the measure of spiritualism had been overpassed. *(Essays in Criticism.)*

Oscar Wilde hat Arnolds wiederholende Reihenanordnung übernommen, aber einem künstlerischen Gesetz unterworfen. In dem folgenden Passus marschieren zwei dreigliedrige Reihen nacheinander auf. Die zweite ist eine Abwandlung der ersten, deren Ordnung sie getreulich befolgt. Das dritte Glied der zweiten Reihe tritt anfänglich als eine Scheinparallele hinzu, dann kehrt es sich plötzlich seiner Bedeutung nach in eine kontrastierende Steigerung der zwei vorangehenden Glieder um:

The past is of no importance. The present is of no importance. It is with the future that we have to deal. For the past is what man should not have been. The present is what man ought not to be. The future is what artists are[1] *(The Soul of Man under Socialism).*

Wilde verwendet diesen Stil aber nur in seiner Tendenzschrift *The Soul of Man.* Er mußte ihm seinem ganzen Wesen nach fernliegen.

Swinburne flicht um seine Parallelreihen umständliche Verhältnisformeln mit positivem oder negativem Vorzeichen:

That great genius is liable to great error the world has ever been willing, if not more than willing, to admit; that great genius not equally balanced by great intellect is not one half as liable to go one half as wrong as intellectually counterpoised by genius, is a truth less popular and less familiar, but neither less important nor less indisputable[2] *(Charlotte Bronte,* 20—1).

Im großen und ganzen erinnert Swinburnes Prosastil, auch wenn er solche Umstandstänze vermeidet, an die regelmäßigen Anordnungen des 18. Jahrhunderts (Dr. Johnson usw.):

There is, in all these straying songs, the freshness of clear wind, and purity of blowing rain (a + bb, a + bb); here a perfume as of dew or grass against the sun (a+b, a+b), there a keener smell of sprinkled shingle and brine-bleached sand (aa + bbccc), some growth or breath

[1] Die 3 Beispiele sind entnommen E. Bendz, The Influence of Pater and Matthew Arnold in the Prose-Writings of Oscar Wilde, Gothenburg 1914, 103, 91, 104.

[2] Bei Reul, L'œuvre de S. (Bruxelles 1922), S. 475.

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everywhere of blade or herb leaping into life under the green wet light of spring (a, a + b, b . . . a a a + b); some colour of shapely cloud or mound of moulded wave (a + bb, a + bb) (Bei Saintsbury 428).

Es wäre überflüssig, den Reih- und Gliedstil weiter zu verfolgen. Der schreibende Sprecher gebraucht ihn immer, sobald er sich erhitzt. Man lese in Lord Roseberrys Buch über Pitt (Q.-C. 913):

Not merely are they father and son; not merely are they the most conspicuous Ministers of the eighteenth century . . . He was a political mystic; sometimes sublime, sometimes impossible, and sometimes insane . . . It was that fitful and undefinable inspiration . . . that made him the idol of his countrymen, though they could scarcely be said to have seen his face or heard his voice or read his speeches; that made him a watchword among those distant insurgents . . ., that made each remotest soldier and bluejacket feel . . . that there was a man in Downing Street, and a man whose eye penetrated everywhere; that made his name at once an inspiration and a dread.

Oder man betrachte Shaws Vorrede zu *Man and Superman*.

Diesen Reih- und Gliedstil hat Anthony Trollope zu dem ihm eigentümlichen erzählenden Echostil vereinfacht. Der erste Satz wirft ein bis zwei bis drei Echosamen aus, die im späteren Verlauf alle zu neuen Sätzen aufkeimen, von denen wieder der eine oder der andere neue satzbildende Echos weiterschleudern kann. Es ist die ins Schrifttum übertragene Satzverknüpfung des primitiven Stegreifredners. In *Framley Parsonage* (Tauchn. I, 187) steht:

In these days, Mr. Sowerby [came] down to [his own house] — for ostensibly it was still [his own house]: but he [came] very quietly, and his [arrival] was hardly known in his own village. Though his placard was stuck so widely, he himself [took] no electioneering [steps], at least, as yet. The protection against [arrest] which he derived from Parliament would soon be over, and those who were bitter against the duke averred that [steps] would be [taken] to [arrest] him, should he give sufficient opportunity to the myrmidons of the law. That he would, in such case, be [arrested] [was very likely]; but it [was] not [very likely] that this would be done in any way at the duke's instance. Mr. Fothergill declared indignantly that this insinuation made him [very angry]; but he was to prudent a man to be [very angry] at anything.

LA COUPE

Deutlich läßt sich in der französischen Prosaentwicklung der Übergang von der Periode zum zurückgestutzten Satz erkennen. Auch die englische Prosa erlebt ihn. Nur gleitet neben der neuen Ansatzlinie die alte weiter. Man wird also bei Bennett, Galsworthy, Conrad und Strachey beiden Entwicklungen begegnen. Stark zurückgedrängt aber ist überall die nackte rhetorische Demonstration. Die Annäherung an die französische *coupe* macht

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sich seit den 1880er Jahren bemerkbar.[1]) Sie scheint schon vollendet bei George Moore in seiner naturalistischen Frühzeit, als er Zola nachahmte: *It was too cold for standing still. They turned and walked a few steps towards the house, and then looked round. A tall soldier came through the gate. He wore a long red coat, and a small cap jauntily set on the side of his close-clipped head. (Q.-C. 968.)*

So schreibt Moore in der 1880er Jahren. So schreiben neben ihm Kipling und schon vorher R. L. Stevenson. Kipling pflegt den Stutzsatz am folgerichtigsten in den *Plain Tales.* Ein gutes Beispiel dafür ist *Muhammed Din,* wo sich die Gliederung, wenn sie überhaupt vorkommt, eines einfachen *and* als Bandes bedient. Später sucht Kipling einen Ausgleich zwischen Abbruch und Periode. Stevenson schwankt zunächst zwischen beiden Arten. Der *Suicide Club* zeigt zahlreiche Ausbiegungen, während *A Lodging for the Night* im zweiten und dritten Abschnitt jene Kurzsätze aufweist, die er auch später begünstigt. Das schonungslose In-Stücke-Brechen hat erst Kiplings Schüler John Masefield durchgeführt. In *The Street of To-Day* (1911) und *The Tarpaulin Muster* (1913) ist es ihm zur Manier geworden. *They met a few days later. All four lunched together in Lionel's room. London was at its best that day. The sun shone. A cold blue sky sparkled aloft.* (Street of To-Day, 79). Man denke sich einen ganzen Roman in diesem Stile geschrieben! Weiter kann man wohl nicht mehr gehen. In seinen späteren Romanen sehen wir ihn etwas weiter hinten Stellung nehmen.

Der Kurzsatz hat in neuester Zeit in dem Maße an Boden gewonnen, wie der S. I. L. sich durchgesetzt hat. Er will ja wie dieser Gesprächsbild sein und muß deshalb der Eingliedrigkeit zustreben. Dies führt zu den eigenartigen atomischen Stilarten einer May Sinclair und einer Dorothy Richardson und schließlich zu der *parole intérieure* eines Joyce. Aber auch auf Massenwirkung zielende Romanciers wie Hutchinson gebrauchen das neue Instrument in ausgiebigster Weise. (Vgl. Texte Nr. 48.)

A tall iron gate between brown brick pillars, topped by stone balls. A flagged path to the front door. Crocuses, yellow, white, white and purple, growing in the border of the grass plot. She saw them for the first time. (M. Sinclair, *Mary Olivier,* 48.)

Turning just in time to be caught by the sun dipping behind the cliff. Perfect sudden moment. No sunset effects. No radiance. Clean dull colours. Mealy grey-blue sky, dull gold ball, half hidden, tilted by the slope of the green cliff. (D. Richardson, *Revolving Lights* 190.)

Brewery barge with export stout. England. Sea air sours it, I heard. Be interesting some day get a pass through Hancock to see the brewery. Regular world in itself. Vats of porter, wonderful. Rats get in too. (Joyce, *Ulysses* 145.)

[1] Hazlitt, der schon zur Zeit der Romantik diesen abgebrochenen Kurzsatz pflegt, lassen wir aus dem Spiel.

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DER ÄUSZERE GANG. PROSARHYTHMUS

Sowohl Vers als Prosa sind vom Rhythmus getragen. Der Versrhythmus beugt sich unter das Joch des Metrums, der strengen Anordnung der Schalle nach festen Zeitmaßen. Die Prosa wandert jenseits des metrischen Rahmenwerks. Zum Versrhythmus kann Takt geschlagen werden, zum Prosarhythmus nur auf Strecken, die der Dichter zu künstlerischen Zwecken harmonisch profiliert hat, meistens am Satzende, aber auch an lautlich erhöhten Stellen in der Mitte. Doch nicht nur Takt schlagen kann man; man erkennt beim Vers zu regelmäßigen Einheiten verbundene Taktgruppen, die sich wieder zu Taktgruppeneinheiten — Strophen — erweitern können wie die einander folgenden Sätze zur Melodie. Übergänge von der taktfreien zur taktgebundenen Art sind in allen möglichen Schattierungen denkbar. Die bekanntesten sind der alte Psalmton und der neue *vers libre*. Auch hier können wir Takt schlagen, wenn wir auch wie in der modernsten Musik die Taktart immer wieder wechseln müssen. Die Taktgruppen, die Melodiesätze sind ungleich oder frei geworden. Hier Beispiele:

1. Der Psalmton sei am 23. Psalm veranschaulicht:[1])

The Lórd is my shépherd,
I shàll not wánt.
He máketh mé to liè dówn in gréen pástures.
He léadeth mé beside the still wáters.
He restóreth my soúl.
He leádeth mé in the páths of rìghteousness
For his náme's sáke.
Yéa, though I wálk through the válley of the
[shádow of déath,
I will féar no évil;
For thoú art with me;
Thy ród and thy stáff they cómfort mé.
Thou prepáredst a táble befóre me in the présence
of mìne énemies:
Thou anoíntest my héad with oíl;
My cúp runneth óver.
Súrely góodness and mércy shall fóllow me
All the dáys of my life:
And I shall dwéll in the hóuse of the Lórd for éver.

2. *Vers libre* (aus Gibson, *The Night Shift*):

Will nó one stóp that tápping?
I cánnot sléep for it.
I think that sómeone ís shut ín somewhére,
And tryíng tò gét oút.

[1] Ich bin der Auffassung, daß man bei der Ermittlung der jeweiligen Hebungszahl als Satzlängenmaß von der durchaus natürlichen, nicht von einer übertrieben langsamen, deshalb unmaßgebenden unnatürlichen Sprechweise (wie sie z. B. Saintsbury seinen Messungen zugrunde legt) ausgehen muß. Bei der letzten kommt man natürlich zu größeren Hebungszahlen. Variantenmöglichkeit ist selbstverständlich.

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Die Taktfreiheit ist dieselbe wie im Psalm. Der einzige Unterschied ist, daß der *vers libre* auf jede Hebung nur eine Senkung folgen läßt.

3. Starre, taktgebundene Rhythmen:

I ópened window wíde and léaned
Out óf that pígstye óf the fiend,
And félt a cóol wind gó like gráce
Aboút the sléeping márket-pláce
(Masefield, Everlasting Mercy).

Die Hebungen sind taktisch oder „metrisch" geworden, d. h. von Zeit zu Zeit der Sprechhebung widerstrebend, die sich nicht unterdrücken lassen will. So entsteht die rhythmisch-taktische Spannung. Der Takt: je 4 Zweiviertel auf einen Satz. (Der letzte könnte zur Not im Viervierteltakt gelesen werden.)

I cóme to búry Cáesar nót to práise him
The évil thát men dó lives áfter thém,
The góod is óft intérred with their bónes.
(Julius Caesar.)

Das vorhin Gesagte gilt in erhöhtem Maße von dieser Stelle, wo sich die Sprechakzentierung noch empfindlicher dem regelmäßig durch Akzente angedeuteten Taktschlag entgegenstemmt. Je fünf Zweivierteltakte mit Viertelpause am Satzende (die dritte Zeile könnte im Viervierteltakt gesprochen werden).

The Ássyrian came dówn like the wólf on the fóld
And his cóhorts were shíning like púrple and góld. (Byron.)

Dreivierteltakt mit 4 Takten auf die Zeile.

Táke her up ténderly, líft her with cáre,
Fáshioned so slénderly, yóung and so fáir.
(Thomas Hood, Bridge of Sighs.)

Dasselbe mit 2 Viertelpausen am Versende.

Da der psalmierende Ton und das Wellenspiel des *vers libre* dem Prosarhythmus sehr nahe stehen, ist es nicht verwunderlich, wenn wir ihnen in der neuenglischen Prosa streckenweise immer wieder begegnen. Ein schlimmes Zeichen aber ist es, wenn der Jamben- oder Trochäentrab einsetzt. Denn auf ihnen reitet das falsche Pathos:[1])

Quáking, réeling, álmost fálling
Shé came tóttering dówn the pátio.

Zwei regelrechte Verse im Zweiviertel-Takt mit regelmäßigen Senkungen. So schreibt Hall Caine in seinem *Scapegoat* (1891), S. 253 (Brockhaus). Wir wenden das Blatt und lesen weiter: *Méantime, Ben Áboo was quáking with féar.* | *He, tóo, saw*

[1] Bekannt sind Dickens' Blankverse (Dibelius, C. D. 403) und seine unbewußten Longfellowstrophen (G. Gissing, C. D. 223). Merediths metrische Einschüsse im 29. Kap. seines Richard Feverel (Sonnenhymnus) sind natürlich künstlerisch zweckmäßig.

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the finger of Gód | In the wóndrous thing that had cóme to páss. | And fálling báck on his máudlin móod, he múttered práyers benéath his bréath, | as hé had dóne befóre, | when the húman májesty, | the Súltan Ábd-er-Ráhman, | wás the óbject óf his térror. | "O gíver of góod to áll! | whát ís thís? | Állah sáve us! | Bismillàh! | Ís it Állah ór the Zínoon? | Mércifúl! Compássionáte! | Cúrses ón them bóth! | Állah! Állah!

Ein Stück *vers libre* vom reinsten Wasser! Bei fast regelmäßigen Senkungen wechseln Zwei-, Drei- und Vierheber miteinander ab. Man kann den $^2/_4$-Takt dazu schlagen. Das ganze ein Beispiel des falschen Pathos im Rahmen der Prosa.

Nun ist es aber auffallend, wie Hand in Hand mit der Zurückstutzung des Satzes die taktgebundene Rhythmisierung der neuesten englischen Prosa geht. Zwei-, Drei- und Vierheber marschieren auf als gewollte Kunst, als Schallplastik! Am häufigsten bei Kipling und Masefield. Wir lassen zuerst Kipling reden: *till his móod chánged, | and hé shót dównward | in a lóng, léafy cúrve | to the lévels agáin. | There were still, hót hóllows | surróunded by the wét rócks | where he could hárdly breáthe | for the héavy scénts of the night flówers | and the blóom alóng the créeper búds.* (The Second Jungle Book, bei Q.-C. 1009.) Seine Vorliebe für den Dreiheber kommt nicht überraschend, wenn man bedenkt, daß dieser fast alle seine Verse beherrscht *(we have drúnk to the quéen, God bléss her).*

Ganz ähnlich taktiert Masefield: *She was rólling slightly, | trácing an árc agáinst the héaven, | and ás I wátched her | the glów upón her déepened, | till évery sáil she wóre | búrned rósily | like an ópal túrned to the sún, | like a fíery jéwel* (A Tarpaulin Muster, bei Q.-C. 1046).

Perioden lassen sich nicht so sprechen. Bei ihnen herrscht das freie Wellenspiel, und eine Formelfestigkeit läßt sich erst beim Zerplätschern der Welle erkennen. (Das, was im mittelalterlichen Latein der *cursus* war.) Man lese hinten den Abschnitt aus Mrs. H. Wards *Robert Elsmere*, der mit den Worten anhebt *Elsmere was attending Grey's philosophical lectures*, so zeigen die dortigen Perioden folgende Kadenzen: (Wir lassen den beliebigen Auftakt weg.)[1])

[1] An eine Übernahme der Füße der klassischen Sprachen ist hier nicht zu denken. Die Prosasätze in Kola einzuteilen und jedes Kolon mit irgendeinem Artnamen der klassischen Füße zu etikettieren, in der Meinung, auf diese Weise den Prosarhythmus fixieren zu können — wie es Saintsbury *(Rhythm in English Prose)* und O. Elton *(English Prose Numbers in Essays and Studies by Members of the English Association,* IV, 1913) tun — halte ich für Selbsttäuschung. Damit ist

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1. ⏑ – ⏑ –; ⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑; ⏑ – ⏑ –; ⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑; ⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑
2. ⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑ –; ⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑ –; ⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑
3. ⏑ – ⏑ –; ⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑ –

Es sind dies die typischen Kadenzen des nüchternen englischen Satzes, die der Künstler seiner Wesensart gemäß kombiniert. Die dritte Art, etwas seltener als 1 und 2, tritt als Abwechslungsmotiv hinzu.

Harmonische Takthaltigkeit kann jede beliebige Satzstrecke erhöhen, sobald der Dichter den Takt als ein sinngestaltendes Instrument der Tonplastik, und die davon berührte Stelle zu einer *construction imitative* macht. Bekannt ist der schöne, von Lanson angeführte Satz aus Flauberts Salammbô, der, ständig sich verkürzend, so endigt:

et les Celtes | tróis piérres brútes.

Die Verkürzung errichtet in unserer inneren Vorstellung ein Monument,

——— brutes
——————— pierres
——————————— trois

in dem die drei rauhen Steine sich versinnbildlichen und erst noch durch die drei Schläge *(tróis piérres brútes)* Tiefengliederung erhalten.

So etwa wirkt Masefield in der Beschreibung des brennenden Schiffes. Indem er im folgenden die Glieder steigernd dehnt, weckt er in uns die Empfindung einer immer weiter ausholenden Freude:

She was rádiant, 1
She was of an immórtal béauty, 2
that swáying, délicate clipper. 3

oder

Her húll glówed, her ráils glówed; 2,2
there was cólour upon the bóats and táckling. 3
(A. Tarpaulin Muster, Q.-C. 1046.)

Noch plastischer kommt bei Kipling Mowglis expansives Entzücken beim Durcheilen des Raumes durch graduelle Ausweitung der Glieder rhythmisch zum Ausdruck. [Q.-C. 1010.] (Man beachte die tonale Breite des längsten und letzten Gliedes):

nichts gesagt gegen das feine Empfinden beider Gelehrten für die Schönheiten englischer Prosa, das mit solcher Fixierung nichts zu tun hat. Es liegt in der Natur der Füße, daß sie Takte, nicht Atemgruppen füllen. Das Saintsburysche Schema zerschneidet bei seinem unnatürlich langsamen Lesen die natürlichen Wellungen in Stücke. Am Ende des Bandes überblicken wir ein wimmelndes Mosaik von Füßen ohne jegliche Orientierung. Elton aber hat trefflich die beiden Elemente auseinander gehalten, die A. Heusler, Deutsche Versgeschichte I, 11, „Kunstrhythmus" und „Sprachbehandlung" nennt und durch vorzügliche Beispiele erläutert.

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Só he rán, 2 (1)
sómetimes shóuting, 2
sómetimes sínging to himsélf 3
the háppiest thíng in áll the Júngle that níght, 5
till the sméll of the flówers warned him that he was néar the márshes 5
And thóse lay fár beyónd his fárthest húnting-gróund. 6 (7)

Auch bei R. L. Stevenson arbeitet der Rhythmus an der Anschauung gestaltend mit. In *Kidnapped* führt die Schilderung des gefährlichen Sprunges den zwischen drei Felsen hindurchschäumenden, sich entzweispaltenden Fluß rhythmisch vor:

Where the river was | split in twó (2) | amóng thrée rócks (3).

Zahlenbegriffe sind hier Intensitäten, bewegt, plastisch, malerisch. Man beachte auch, wie da, wo Mackeller im *Master of Ballantrae* berichtet, wie sie ihre geheimnisvollen Schritte dem winternächtlichen Walde zuwenden, die Takte immer wieder zu schlagen beginnen: *I took up the candlesticks and* wént befóre *them, steps that I would give my hand to recall; but a coward is a slave at the best: and* éven ás I wént, *my* téeth smóte eăch ŏther ĭn mў mōūth (Klappern mit Schlag am Schluß). *It was as he said; there was no breath stirring:* a wíndless strícture of fróst had boúnd the aír (die Regelmäßigkeit eines Zauberspruches); ănd ās wĕ wĕnt fōrth ĭn thĕ shīne ŏf thĕ cāndlĕs (beschleunigter Gang der Schritte im $^6/_8$-Takt).

Das ist Prosatakt im Dienste der Plastik. Kein Wunder, daß die größten englischen Prosakünstler De Quincey und Landor sein Geheimnis schon längst erkannt haben. *One fair fémale hánd with the fórefinger pointing* (bei Saintsbury 314). Fühlt man hier nicht bei De Quincey in den fünf ununterbrochenen Schlägen das emphatische Deuten des ausgestreckten Zeigefingers? Und spielt nicht der Rhythmus bei Landor das sanfte Schwingen als passende Begleitung zu dem wiegenden Sinn der Worte? *Sóft as the feáthers in the wings of sléep* (ebenda 332).

Ist der Takt nicht sinnerfüllend, dann singsangen und klappern die Worte. *Thén some dáy, some dáy long hénce, jog hóme here if you will* (ein Septenarius), *whĕn thĕ cāp hās bĕen drāined ănd thĕ plāy hās bĕen plāyed* ($^6/_8$-Takt), [Kenneth Graham, Q.-C. 978].

Das Beispiel aus De Quincey zeigt, welch wichtige Rolle der senkungslose Rhythmus in der neuenglischen Prosa spielt. Hier in der Freiheit kann er sich ungehindert tummeln, wogegen die Versdichtung ihm eine Zwangsjacke anlegt. Wunderbare Wirkungen werden gerade durch diesen frei gehenden Schwebeton erreicht, der dem Vers der Angelsachsen längst geläufig war (Typus C, D, E). Die Verstummung des Endungs-e im 15. Jahrhundert schuf ihm neue Daseinsmöglichkeiten. Man vergleiche etwa bei Kipling:

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the lóng dòwnward slópe (E-artig), *to climb ùp into the thín bránches* (C-artig), *very faint and fár òff.*[1])

Ein eingehendes Studium der neuesten englischen Prosa würde zeigen, wie endlos die Möglichkeiten der takthaltigen Gebilde sind, und wie geschickt der moderne Künstler sie auszubeuten weiß.

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[1] Dieser Gedanke wird weiter verfolgt von Routh, *Modern Language Association* 38, 685 ff. (1923).

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TEXTE

I. ZEITKRITIK: INDIVIDUALISMUS, IMPERIALISMUS, SOZIALISMUS

1. MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822—1888) [Einführung S. 12, 13]

BARBARIANS, PHILISTINES, POPULACE (1869)[1])

Die gesellschaftliche Dreiteilung bildet bei Arnold den Gegenstand des ganzen dritten Kapitels seines *Culture and Anarchy,* wo besonders der Zeichnung der Mittelklassen breiter Raum gegönnt ist. Die seelische Unterlage aller drei Klassen ist das *Doing as One Likes.* Unter dieser Überschrift hat Arnold im zweiten Kapitel den Individualismus gegeißelt, nachdem er im ersten unter der Bezeichnung *Sweetness and Light* das Gesellschaftsideal der εὐφυΐα, der Kultur im weitesten Sinne, aufgestellt hat.

Der dritte große Leitgedanke in Arnolds *Culture and Anarchy* ist die Polarität von Hebraismus und Hellenismus. „Wir haben zu viel hebraisiert, laßt uns wieder hellenisieren." Arnold hat ganz eklektisch den wichtigen Bezug von Religion und Kapital, Puritanismus und Wirtschaft, erkannt[2]), der durch Max Webers glänzende Entdeckung ins hellste Licht gerückt worden ist. (Max Weber, *Die protestantische Ethik und der Geist des Kapitalismus,* jetzt bequem nachzulesen: Ges. Aufsätze zur Religionssoziologie 1920; Troeltsch, *Die Soziallehren der christlichen Kirchen.)* Ein anderes Kausalverhältnis des Bezugs arbeitet scharfsinnig und unter Heranziehung neuer Quellen heraus R. H. Tawney, *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism,* 1926. Der wirtschaftliche bzw. kapitalistische Geist ist das Primäre. Der Puritanismus sieht ihn und spannt ihn in seinen Dienst ein.

Arnolds geistigen Anschluß dürfen wir also nicht bei J. S. Mill, sondern bei Carlyle suchen. Der Humanist Arnold, Feind aller Nonkonformität, macht seiner Empörung gegen das liberale Manchestertum Luft und stellt wie in seiner literarischen Kritik den Grundsatz der Autorität auf.

Zur Vertiefung und anderseitigen Beleuchtung des unten folgenden Textes lese man das Gedicht von George Meredith, *Aneurin's Harp* 1868. (Die Gleichung *barbarians = aristocracy* ähnlich.) Das ganze Meredithwerk, besonders Harry Richmond betont den Mangel an brain wie Arnold unten. Eine klare Sichtung in die drei

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[1]) *Culture and Anarchy* (1869), Kap. III.

[2]) Auch der Ausdruck Philistine schließt den Bezug in sich. Arnold sagt an einer Stelle: The people who believe most that our greatness and welfare are proved by our being very rich, and who most give their lives and thoughts to becoming rich, are just the very people whom we call the Philistines. Man setze statt greatness and welfare etwa virtue and piety und die Verbindung ist hergestellt.

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viktorianischen Gesellschaftsklassen, jede in ironischer Beleuchtung gesehen, findet der Leser in dem Brief Dr. Shrapnells in Merediths Roman *Beauchamp's Career* (1875), das ganze ein politisches Bekenntnis zu Mazzinis Humanitätsglauben, nicht „Hebraismus" und nicht „Hellenismus" wie bei Arnold, sondern ein neues liberales Ideal, in dem der alternde Individualismus Verjüngung sucht, damals auch von anderen bedeutenden Engländern vertreten, in der Politik von John Morley, in der Dichtung, voll Begeisterung, von Swinburne *(Songs before Sunrise* usw.). Die Arnoldsche Dreiteilung ist später unter der Bezeichnung Conquerors, Suburbans, Multitude in Mastermans Buch *Condition of England* übergegangen, aus dem S. 64 eine Probe folgt.

Die Barbarians in Kensington werden von Galsworthy in seinen *Island Pharisees* 1904 mit scharfem Stift gezeichnet, und zwar so, wie wenn Arnolds Formulierung Ausgangspunkt gewesen wäre. Man vgl. im besonderen Kap. 25. In seinem *Country House* 1907 tritt an Stelle der Kritik die Psychologie an denselben Stoff heran.

Der Leser stelle sich folgende Fragen: Wären Arnolds Worte heute möglich? Wären sie etwa 1885 möglich? Inwiefern streben sie aus der Zeitlage (1885) heraus?

Zum Ganzen vgl. E. L. 173—5. Zum Stil Einleitung S. 46—7.

The Barbarians brought with them that staunch individualism, as the modern phrase is, and that passion for doing as one likes, for the assertion of personal liberty, which appears to Mr. Bright the central idea of English life, and of which we have, at any rate, a very rich supply. The stronghold and natural seat of this passion was in the nobles of whom our aristocratic class are the inheritors; — — —

The Barbarians, again, had the passion for fieldsports; and they have handed it on to our aristocratic class, who of this passion too, as of the passion for asserting one's personal liberty, are the great natural stronghold. The care of the Barbarians for the body, and for all manly exercises; the vigour, good looks and fine complexion which they acquired and perpetuated in their families by these means, — all this may be observed still in our aristocratic class. The chivalry of the Barbarians, with its characteristics of high spirit, choice manners, and distinguished bearing, — what is this but the attractive commencement of the politeness of our aristocratic class? — — —

Only, all this culture (to call it by that name) of the Barbarians was an exterior culture mainly. It consisted principally in outward gifts and graces, in looks, manners, accomplishments, prowess. The chief inward gifts which had part in it were the most exterior, so to speak, of inward gifts, those which come nearest to outward ones; they were courage, a high spirit, self-confidence. Far within, and unawakened, lay a whole range of powers of thought and feeling, to which these interesting productions of nature had, from the circumstances of their life, no access. Making allowances for the difference of the times, surely we can observe precisely the same thing now in our aristocratic class. In general its culture is exterior chiefly; — — —

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— — It is obvious that that part of the working class which, working diligently by the light of Mrs. Gooch's Golden Rule, looks forward to the happy day when it will sit on thrones with commercial members of Parliament and other middle-class potentates, to survey, as Mr. Bright beautifully says, 'the cities it has built, the railroads it has made, the manufactures it has produced, the cargoes which freight the ships of the greatest mercantile navy the world has ever seen,' — it is obvious, I say, that this part of the working class is, or is in a fair way to be, one in spirit with the industrial middle class.[1]) It is notorious that our middle-class Liberals have long looked forward to this consummation, when the working class shall join forces with them, aid them heartily to carry forward their great works, go in a body to their tea-meetings, and, in short, enable them to bring about their millennium. That part of the working class, therefore, which does really seem to lend itself to these great aims, may, with propriety, be numbered by us among the Philistines[2]). That part of it, again, which so much occupies the attention of philanthropists at present, — the part which gives all its energies to organising itself, through trades' unions and other means, so as to constitute, first, a great working-class power independent of the middle and aristocratic classes, and then, by dint of numbers, give the law to them and itself reign absolutely, — this lively and promising part must also, according to our definition go with the Philistines[3]); because it is its class and its class instinct which it seeks to affirm, its ordinary self, not its best self; and it is a machinery, an industrial machinery, and power and pre-eminence and other external goods, which fill its thoughts, and not an inward perfection. It is wholly occupied, according to Plato's subtle expression, with the things of itself and not its real self, with the things of the State and not the real State. But that vast portion, lastly, of the working class which, raw and half-developed, has long lain half-hidden amidst its poverty and squalor, and is now issuing from its hiding-place to assert an Englishman's heavenborn privilege of doing as he likes, and is beginning to perplex us by marching where it likes, meeting where it likes, bawling what it likes, breaking what it likes, — to this vast residuum we may with great propriety give the name of Populace.

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[1] Der Philistinismus der Mittelklassen ist in einem anderen Teil des 3. Kapitels geschildert worden.

[2] Arnold hat den Ausdruck Philistines in diesem Sinne schon in seinem Essay über Heine (1865) verwendet.

[3] Arnold spricht in einer Zeit, als die Arbeiter den Triumph des Liberalismus (1850—1880) noch mitmachten, Karl Marx bei sich wohnen hatten und ihm nicht lauschten.

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2. SIDNEY WEBB [Einführung S. 3]

A NEW ENGLAND (1901) [1])

Zur Entwicklung des doktrinären Sozialismus in England ist zu vergleichen der immer noch vorzügliche Aufsatz desselben Verfassers *The Basis of Socialism, Historic,* in den *Fabian Essays in Socialism* 1889 (seitdem oft wieder gedruckt). Zur Entwicklung der *Fabian Society* lese man E. Pease, *History of the Fabian Society* 1916. Ferner E. L.: 301—4. — Über Webbs Stil vgl. oben S. 46. Der Ton ist der des Fabianschen Traktats. Die Hauptangriffspunkte sind die Politik der zwei großen Parteien, der damals regierenden konservativen und der in der Opposition stehenden liberalen Partei. Man ahnt nach der Khakiwahl (1900) schon den kommenden Wahlkampf (Januar 1906).

A new England. — During the last thirty years we have become a new people. "Early Victorian" England now lies, in effect, centuries behind us. Such things do happen. The processes which make one generation differ from another operate sometimes slowly and imperceptibly, sometimes quickly and even suddenly. At one period centuries may pass without any discoverable difference in the mind or character of a nation. At another new ideas are precipitated and new parties cristallized almost before the old parlimentary hands have time to prove their visionariness. Such an epoch of transformation we now recognize, to cite only one instance, in the reign of Elizabeth. We note, within a single generation, a distinct change in the content of men's minds. Their standpoints are shifted. Their horizons are suddenly enlarged. Their whole way of considering things is altered, and lo! a new England. In the same sense the historian of the future will recognize, in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, the birth of another new England. Elizabethan England changed because Englishmen became aware of new relationships. They saw themselves linked on, almost suddenly, with the past in classic antiquity, and with the future in America. The England of this generation is changing because Englishmen have had revealed to them another new world of relationships, of which they were before unconscious. This time it is not a new continent that the ordinary man has discovered, but a new category. We have become aware, almost in a flash, that we are not merely individuals, but members of a community, nay, citizens of the world. This new self-consciousness is no mere intellectual fancy, but a hard fact that comes home to us in our daily life. The labourer in the slum tenement, competing for employment at the factory gate, has become conscious that his comfort and progress depend, not wholly or mainly on himself, or on any other individual, but upon the proper organization of his Trade Union

[1] *Twentieth Century Politics* in *The Basis and Policy of Socialism* (Fabian Socialist Series No. 4, 2nd ed. 1909), 76—77.

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and the activity of the factory inspector. The shopkeeper or the manufacturer sees his prosperity wax or wane, his own industry and sagacity remaining the same, according to the good government of his city, the efficiency with which his nation is organized, and the influence which his Empire is able to exercise in the councils, and consequently in the commerce of the world.

"Thinking in communities." — Hence the ordinary elector, be he worker or manufacturer, shopkeeper or merchant, has lost his interest in individual "rights", or abstract "equality", political or religious. The freedom that he now wants is not individual but corporate freedom — freedom for his Trade Union to bargain collectively, freedom for his co-operative society to buy and sell and manufacture, freedom for his municipality to supply all the common needs of the town, freedom, above all, from the narrow insularity which keeps his nation backing, "on principle", out of its proper place in the comity of the world. In short, the opening of the twentieth century finds us all, to the dismay of the old-fashioned Individualist, "thinking in communities".

Now the trouble with what I venture to call nineteenth century Liberalism is that, by instinct, by tradition, and by the positive precepts of its past exponents, it "thinks in individuals". It visualizes the world as a world of independent Roundheads, with separate ends, and abstract rights to persue those ends.

3. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN (1836—1914) [Einführung S. 5, 6]

TRUSTEES OF A FEDERATION (1900) [1]

Der Burenkrieg ist in vollem Gang. Die „schwarze Woche" (11. bis 16. Dezember 1899), die den Engländern eine Hiobsbotschaft nach der anderen gebracht hat, steht noch in frischer Erinnerung. Ladysmith, Mafeking und Kimberley sind immer noch belagert. Die Unzufriedenheit mit der unionistischen Regierung wächst. Im Unterhaus stellt am 5. Februar 1900 Lord E. Fitzmaurice einen Antrag, der der Regierung das Mißtrauen des Hauses aussprechen soll. Da erhebt sich der schlagfertige [2]) Kolonialminister, verteidigt in geschickter Rede die Politik der Regierung und greift am Schluß seinen imperialistischen Lieblingsgedanken eines britischen Reichsverbandes auf. Wir geben den Schluß der Rede wieder. Vgl. auch die Texte Nr. 4, 40.

I say, speaking for the Government, that in so far as in us lies there shall be no second Majuba. Never again, with our consent, while we have the power, shall the Boers be able to erect in the heart of South Africa a citadel from whence proceed disaffection and race animosities. Never again shall they be able to endanger

[1] *Mr. Chamberlain's Speeches*, edited by C. W. Boyd, London Constable and Co., 1914, Bd. II, 66—67.

[2] *To him, as to Chatham, speech was a form of action* (Austen Chamberlain im Vorwort XIII zu der obengenannten Ausgabe).

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the paramountcy of Great Britain. Never again shall they be able to treat an Englishman as if he belonged to an inferior race.[1])

I have said I do not come forward as an apologist for the Government. If the House thinks that our mistakes are unpardonable, we submit ourselves to their judgment. But, although I will not apologise for the Government, I should like to say one or two words on behalf of this nation. We were asked the other day to dispel the gloom which it was said had settled upon the nation. I do not accept the phrase. I know of no such feeling. I know, as I have said, of anxiety, of regret, and even of a certain perfectly natural irritation, but I know of no hesitation, no vacillation; I know of nothing which approaches to fear or to gloom. Reverses try the temper of a nation, and our people have borne the test; and every reverse has only been the signal for new offers of patriotic assistance from this country and new offers from our fellow-subjects across the seas. That, indeed, is a fact of the situation which I hope we can never forget. Never before in the history of our Empire has it so realised its strength and its unity. The splendid and, above all, the spontaneous rally of the colonies to the mother country affords no slight compensation even for the sufferings of war. What has brought them to your side? What has brought these younger nations to Great Britain, induced them to spring to arms even before you called upon them? It is that Imperial instinct which you deride and scorn. Our colonies, repelled in the past by indifference and apathy, have responded to the sympathy which has recently been shown to them. A sense of common interest, of common duty, and assurance of mutual support and pride in the great edifice in which they are all members have combined to consolidate and establish the unity of the Empire; and these peoples, shortly — very shortly as time is measured in history — about to become great and populous nations, now for the first time claim their share in the duties and responsibilities as well as in the privileges of Empire. Accordingly you have the opportunity, now that you are the trustees, not merely of a kingdom, but of a federation, which may not, indeed, be distinctly outlined, but which exists already in spirit at any rate. You are the trustees: they look to you as holding the headship of your race; and we owe to them an infinite debt of gratitude for the moral as well as material support that they have given us. This is a question in which their interest is indirect. They see it with clearer vision than we do. Their eyes are not distored by party politics. Sir, I will never believe that these free communities would have given their support and approval to any cause which was not just and righteous and which was not based on the prin-

[1] Der oratorische Reih- und Gliedstil, s. oben S. 46.

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ciples on which their own institutions have been founded. Whatever may be the future, I say that we shall have to congratulate ourselves on the compensations as well as upon the evils of war. In Africa, these two races, so interesting, so admirable each of them in their own way, so different in some things, will now, at any rate, have learned to respect one another. I hear a great deal about the animosities which will remain after the war. I hope I am not too sanguine when I say I do not believe in them. When matters have settled down, when equal rights are assured to both the white races, I believe that both will enjoy the land together in settled peace and prosperity.[1] Meanwhile, we are finding out the weak spots in our armour and trying to remedy them; we are finding out the infinite potential resources of the Empire; and we are advancing steadily, if slowly, to the realisation of that great federation of our race which will inevitably make for peace and liberty and justice.

4. JOHN DAVIDSON (1857—1909) [Einführung S. 2, 5—6]

THE ENGLISHMAN IS THE OVERMAN[2] (1908)

Davidson baut seine Gedankenwelten auf materialistisch-kosmisch-evolutionistischer Basis auf. Die Spitze der Evolution des Weltstoffes, der Gedächtnis und Leidenschaft besitzt, sieht er im Engländer erreicht. Frauenrechtlertum und Sozialismus als ausgleichende Kräfte liegen ihm im Wege. Er deutet sie fort mit der Kraft des dichterischen Genies, das der Welt seine Phantasie aufzwingt. Über John Davidson: Hayim Fineman, John Davidson, *A study of the relation of his ideas to his poetry,* Thesis, Philadelphia, PA 1916.

"For you, our Working-men, we have a profound regard; but we are somewhat tired of your Labour Question. Already one of your demands is being attended to: your Old Age Pension is assured. But, men, we beg you to note that your Old Age Pension[3] is your heaviest handicap in the competition for power and wealth. In the failures and defeats of life, which none escape, even the gallantest among you will be tempted to give in: *will,* sometimes, give in, now that dens of starvation or the horror of the poorhouse no longer await poverty at the journey's end. We question very much if it would not be more humane, as it would certainly be greater, to inflict a dire penalty on failure instead of awarding it a pension. *But you want to have done with competition? You want everything socialised?* We decline to listen to a word of that. The members of this House[4] are proprietors of much of the soil, much of the means of production, much of the capital of these

[1] Chamberlain hat richtig prognostiziert.
[2] Aus der *Dedication* von *The Testament of John Davidson,* London 1908, Grant Richardson, 16—19.
[3] Der *Old Age Pensions Act* 1908. Vgl. E. L. 334.
[4] Die *Dedication* ist nämlich gerichtet an die Lords des Vereinigten Königreichs.

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kingdoms. They are not going to sit with folded hands and see their lands and factories voted away. Civil War lies across the path of that attempt. *But what are you to do?* If there is no scope for your energies at home, do as your fathers did in all ages, Hive off: acquire lands and factories of your own. We have made room for you, ample room. *But you want to be great: you have heard of the Overman, and you would transcend humanity?*

Do not be misled by any speciousness of that kind. Let us understand this of the Overman. *Uebermensch,* a word of Goethe's, of the young Goethe's, having a pre-Darwinian half-meaning, was interpreted in an evolutionary sense by Nietzsche, and received its European vogue from him. When the misapprehension of Ibsen in England gave place to a misapprehension of Nietzsche: — Celtic panics, both of these; not English at all; the English care nothing for either Ibsen or Nietzsche: — your absurd neologism, Overman, was accepted by the panic-stricken as an index of evolution in humanity; but not by the English. You must remember that Nietzsche, the fugleman in this business, was a Pole. The Poles being the Celts of Eastern Europe, an inferior race, unable to conquer and unable to be conquered, the idea of a higher type of man than they is natural to them. But such an idea could never occur to an Englishman. The Englishman is the Overman; and the history of England is the history of his evolution. *You think we are unjust to Nietzsche, the most powerful mind of recent times?* We admit the power: a shattering mind that never spared itself. But an extraordinary individual may spring from any source. Napoleon was a Corsican: the smallness, the much meanness of Napoleon was racial: the blood of the pigmies ran in the veins of the giant; and thus it is that Napoleon appears monstrous rather than great. Nietzsche's notion of Beyond-man was not of the individual; it came of the inferiority of the stock. But why should the English Workingman trouble himself about Nietzsche? Have you never heard of Burns? Go to! Sharpen your tools: square your shoulders to the work; eat and drink lustily; love your wives and children; and read *The Jolly Beggars.*"

5. CHARLES F. G. MASTERMAN

a) THE MULTITUDE (1909) [1])

C. F. G. Masterman war in Asquiths Ministerium nacheinander Parlamentssekretär des Local Government Board, Unterstaatssekretär im Ministerium des Innern, Finanzsekretär des Schatzamtes und schließlich als Kanzler des Herzogtums von Lancaster Kabinettsmitglied. Im Februar 1915 demissionierte er, weil er nicht wieder ins Unterhaus gewählt worden war. Masterman ist ein typischer Vertreter des sozialistisch abgewandelten Liberalismus (Einleitung 2).

[1] Aus *The Condition of England* (London 1908, Methuen), Kap. IV.

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Zur weiteren Kennzeichnung der von ihm hier geschilderten englischen Arbeiterklasse sei an die fast uferlose Sozialliteratur erinnert, an die zahllosen „Blaubücher", an Charles Booth, *Life and Labour in London* 1889 u. ff., William Booth, *In Darkest England* 1890, an G. R. Sims, *How the Poor Live* 1889, *Living London*, 3 Bde. 1904—06, an Walter Besant, *East London* 1901. (Eine nützliche Wegleitung zu Besants sozialem Werk mit reichlichen bibliographischen Hinweisen gibt Otto Vollenweider, *Sir Walter Besants soziales Fühlen und Denken, ein Beitrag zur englischen Sittengeschichte des späteren 19. Jahrhunderts*, Diss. Zürich 1927.) Mächtig ist seit den 1880er Jahren der Niederschlag in der schönen Literatur (s. Texte Nr. 28, 51). Zum Ganzen vgl. Texte Nr. 1 und 14, sowie E. L. 297—300.

The Multitude is the People of England: that 80 per cent. (say) of the present inhabitants of these islands who never express their own grievances, who rarely become articulate, who can only be observed from outside and very far away. It is a people which, all unnoticed and without clamour or protest, has passed through the largest secular change of a thousand years: from the life of the fields to the life of the city. Nine out of ten families have migrated within three generations: they are still only, as it were, commencing to settle down in their new quarters, with the paint scarcely dry on them, and the little garden still untilled. How has the migration affected them? How will they expand or degenerate in the new town existence, each in the perpetual presence of all? That is a question of as profound interest in answering as it is difficult to answer. The nineteenth century— in the life of the wage-earning multitudes — was a century of disturbance. The twentieth promises to be a century of consolidation. What completed product will emerge from its city aggregation, the children of the crowd? You must learn of them to-day, as I have said, from outside: from the few observers who have lived amongst them and recorded their experience; from the very few representative men, with articulate utterance, which they have flung up from amongst themselves. You must examine masses of documents and statistics embodied in Governments publications, or tentative efforts towards a sociology: recording how they live, and eat and drink, and obtain shelter, and marry and are given in marriage; the particulars of their upbringing, how they seek or elude religions and charity, and escape from the laws which are passed for their protection, and enjoy and suffer, and live and die. The mass of this chaotic and undigested evidence waits for the observer who will create from it some general picture of the life of the English people. And when all these statistics and cold facts are assimilated, there yet remains the further inquiry of the temper and spirit of the race subjected to such forces; hampered and limited by the narrow walls between which they labour and endure.

The tangible things come first, in some such evidence as that provided by Government investigation, in the Blue Book bearing

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a forbidding title, the "Cost of Living of the Working Classes." It shows them, gathered into astonishing cities, working for variable wage. It reveals the dwellings which they seek to transform into homes. It follows their wages from production to distribution, in the cost of their daily economy, the manner in which they divide up their exiguous incomes, the amounts they think it worth while to allot to shelter, to food, and to pleasure. It analyses over a thousand "family budgets," each giving details of how much is spent weekly on butter, tapioca, or treacle. It shows the rate of birth and the rate of death: varying from city to city, both materially changing. It gives, in fact, in outline only, that blurred image of a huge and industrial population whose complete apprehension would furnish the key to many of the pressing problems of to-day.

Here are the houses in which for a season they abide; in part the product of their own volition, in part the creation of external changes which they can but little control. They have had no choice in these constructions. Their demands and desires have scarcely counted in the provision made for them. Their impetuous need was shelter: shelter "on the spot" around the sites of the new factories which had sucked them up from the deserted countryside.[1]) And they were thankful to take what was offered them by those men who foresaw the changes which were coming, and could accumulate fortunes in the rapid provision of immediate necessities. Swept into aggregations by the demand of the newest industries, the clay and stone has been hastily fashioned into place for human habitation. And now these stand to-day, made by, and yet making, the temper and characteristic of the people. Here the normal standard is a four-roomed cottage; there, "back to back" houses ravage the health of their inhabitants; here again huge piles of tenements encompass the bewildered occupants in a kind of human ant-heap; there the ancient dwelling of the wealthy or comfortable classes have been "swarmed out" by the busy people.[2]) Carlyle pictured mankind flowing, as it were, through the visible arena of material things. A wave of humanity beats through these solid constructions; it vanishes, another succeeds. "Orpheus built the walls of Thebes by the mere sound of his lyre. Who built these walls of Weissnichtwo, summoning out all the sandstone rocks to dance and shape themselves into Doric and Ionic pillars, squared ashlar

[1] Vgl. damit die psychologische Erklärung: Text Nr. 14.

[2] Wie früher elegante Londoner Straßen durch die oben angedeutete Verschiebung der Einwohnerschaft sozial herunter sinken, hat H. G. Wells geschildert in *Tono Bungay*, Book I, chap. 3, § 5, als eine Auswirkung des Systems Bladesover (s. Text 24) z. B. Camden Town, Pentonville usw. und Arnold Bennett in *Riceyman Steps*, Kap. X., wo der Niedergang von Clerkenwell erklärt wird.

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houses, and noble streets?" All cities are thus built "to music." What discordant melody to-day is responsible for the creation of Jarrow, or Salford, or Canning Town?

b) ENGLAND AFTER WAR (1922) [1]: THE PLIGHT OF THE MIDDLE CLASS [Einführung S. 8]

Man beachte den zeitlichen Standpunkt. — Über den Stil s. Einführung 46.

A complete upset has occurred in the very structure of society. The Municipality pays its scavengers and street cleaners substantially higher salaries than it pays to its elementary school teachers.[2]) No unskilled Trade Unionist would be allowed for a day to accept the salary of an average clergyman or minister of religion. In the great newspaper offices, the linotype compositor who prints the paper can afford to despise the income of the journalist who writes the paper. The general decrease in the real income of the Middle Class has been accompanied by such a complete substitution of another class as to make the double indignity even harder to endure. "I go in the gallery to the cinema," said a country doctor's wife. "My charwoman goes in the stalls."

Nor must the considerations be neglected of the present psychological condition of those of this class who have returned from the war. A far larger proportion of the Middle Class had direct experience of that war than any other section of the community. At the beginning they were the class who most readily volunteered. At the end they were the class most easily dispensed with. They offered none of the passive resistance to "dilution" which caused continual unrest in the Labour world. They went in mass. They fought magnificently. They lost heavily. But most of them have returned. They have returned new men.[3]) The London clerks formed some of the best fighting regiments of the world. They learnt in that enterprise a self-confidence, a pride and an energy which they had hitherto not recognised. These returned soldiers from the Middle Class are not going to be crushed between the millstones of defiant profiteering and defiant Labour. They are not going to acquiesce in the present lowering of the standard of their conditions. They may struggle against that lowering. They may fail. They will not accept their failure. They will disappear. The individual will seek another world for his ambitions. The class itself, for lack of recruitment, may perish in a generation. — — — —

The Middle Class, like Issachar of old, is crouching down be-

[1] London 1922, Hodder and Stoughton, Kap. III, Teil IV.
[2] Dies gilt schon nicht mehr.
[3] Geschildert von A. S. M. Hutchinson, *If Winter Comes* (vgl. Text Nr. 49).

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tween two burdens.[1]) The one is the demand of the proletariat. The other is the demand of the profiteer. Behind these two is the unsatiable demand of the tax-collector for money[2]), to be sunk in the sands of Assyria, or for the re-establishment of the Jews in Palestine, or the building of "Super-Dreadnoughts" at nine million apiece.

It gazes at the programmes of miners' unions and railway workers with something of the emotions with which primitive peoples, during an eclipse, watch the shadow slowly creeping over the sun. These emotions are compounded of fear and wonder, with a sense of helplessness in face of calamity difficult to endure. And while it is gazing at these portents, its roof is being sold over its head, or its rates are being raised, or impossible demands are made on it for renewal of onerous "repairing leases", under the most accursed system by which any great and growing city like London has ever been held up to ransom.[3])

6. WILLIAM RALPH INGE

EUGENICS (1919) [Einführung S. 2, 8]

Der Abschnitt ist der *Galton Lecture* für 1919 entnommen (gedruckt in W. R. Inge, *Outspoken Essays*, First Series, Longmans 1922, 98 u. ff.). Der Sprecher steht den Kriegsereignissen und den unmittelbaren Kriegswirkungen noch zu nahe und sieht vielleicht zu schwarz. (Nicht vergeblich hat man den Dekan von St. Paul *the gloomy Dean* genannt.) Die „Galton-Vorlesung" steht natürlich im Zeichen der Rassenhygiene, *"Eugenics"*, einer Lehre, die Darwins Vetter, Sir Francis Galton, 1904 zum ersten Male verkündigte, und die bald darauf auch in Bernard Shaw einen Anhänger fand, der sie 1903 in *Man and Superman* schon halbwegs vorweggenommen hatte. Dean Inge behandelt das Problem im besondern in dem letzten Aufsatz seiner zweiten Serie und berührt es auch sonst immer wieder. Zum Vergleich ziehe man heran das Buch von Hans Günther, Rassenkunde des deutschen Volkes, München 1923, ferner Austin Freeman, *Social Decay and Regeneration.* 1921.

Even more interesting to most of us is the future of our race at home. As regards quality, the outlook for the present is bad. We have seen that the destruction of the upper and professional classes by taxation directed expressly against them has already begun, and this victimisation is certain to become more and more

[1] 1. Moses 49, 14—15.

[2] Die schreckliche Steuerlast! Beispiel für 1920: Bei einem Einkommen von 14000 Mark bezahlte der Unverheiratete 2295 Mark, der Verheiratete 1755 Mark, der Verheiratete mit 3 Kindern 1215 Mark Einkommen-, d. h. Staatssteuer. Dazu kamen die Gemeindesteuern *(Rates)*, die, nach dem Wert des bewohnten Hauses erhoben, in London eine phantastische Höhe erreichen, z. B. 1920 in Southwark 18 s. $8^1/_2$ d auf ein Pfund, was für ein Haus von 4000 Mark Pacht fast noch einmal so viel an Gemeindesteuer bedeutet.

[3] Dadurch, daß ein Haus immer höher eingeschätzt wird. Vgl. Dibelius a. a. O. I 326.

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acute, till these classes are practically extinguished. The old aristocracy showed a tendency to decay even when they were unduly favoured by legislation, and a little more pressure will drive them to voluntary sterility and extermination. Even more to be regretted is the doom of the professional aristocracy, a caste almost peculiar to our country. These families can often show longer, and usually much better pedigrees than the peerage: the persistence of marked ability in many of them, for several generations, is the delight of the eugenist. They are perhaps the best specimens of humanity to be found in any country of the world. Yet they have no prospects except to be gradually harassed out of existence, like the curiales of the later Roman Empire. The power will apparently be grasped by a new highly privileged class, the aristocracy of labour. This class, being intelligent, energetic and intensely selfish, may retain its domination for a considerable time. It is a matter of course that, having won its privilege of exploiting the community, it will use all its efforts to preserve that privilege and to prevent others from sharing it. In other words, it will become an exclusive and strongly conservative class, on a broader basis than the territorial and commercial aristocracies which preceded it. It will probably be strong enough to discontinue the system of State doles which encourages the wastrel to multiply, as he does multiply, much faster than the valuable part of the population. We are at present breeding a large parasitic class subsisting on the taxes[1]) and hampering the government. The comparative fertility of the lowest class as compared with the better stocks has greatly increased, and is still increasing. — — — —

England being now a paradise for human refuse, the offscourings of Europe (170 000 in 1908) take the place of the stocks, whose position is made artificially unfavourable. These doles are at present paid by the minority, and this method may be expected to continue until the looting of the propertied classes comes to an enforced end. This will not take long, for it is certain that the amount of wealth available for plunder is very much smaller than is usually supposed. It is easy to destroy capital values, but very difficult to distribute them. The time will soon arrive when the patient sheep will be found to have lost not only his fleece but his skin, and the privileged workman will then have to choose between taxing himself and abandoning socialism. There is little doubt which he will prefer. The result will be that the festering sore of our slum-population will dry up, and

[1] Über die hohen Steuern s. S. 67[2]. Man bedenke des weitern, daß alles Einkommen unter £ 250 steuerfrei ist. Die *doles* für Arbeitslose und Arme haben ungeheuere Summen verschlungen. Seit dem Waffenstillstand bezahlte der Staat bis zum 19. Mai 1922 258 Millionen Pfund für Arbeitslose (Daily Mail Year Book 1923, 53).

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the gradual disappearance of this element will be some compensation, from the eugenic point of view, for the destruction of the intellectual class. This process will considerably, and beneficially, diminish the population: and there are several other factors which will operate in the same direction. High wage industry can only maintain itself against the competition of cheaper labour abroad by introducing every kind of labour-saving device. The number of hands employed in a factory must progressively diminish. And as, in spite of all that ingenuity can do, the competition of the cheaper races is certain to cripple our foreign trade, the trade unions will be obliged to provide for a shrinkage in their numbers. We may expect that every unionist will be allowed to place one son, and only one, in the privileged corporation. A man will become a miner or a railwayman 'by patrimony', and it will be difficulty to gain admission to a union in any other way. The position of those who cannot find a place within the privileged circle will be so unhappy that most unionists will take care to have one son only. — — — — We are witnessing the decline and fall of the social order which began with the industrial revolution 160 years ago. The cancer of industrialism has begun to mortify, and the end is in sight. Within 200 years, it may be — for we must allow for backwashes and cross-currents which will retard the flow of the stream — the hideous new towns which disfigure our landscape may have disappeared, and their sites may have been reclaimed for the plough. Humanitarian legislation, so far from arresting this movement, is more likely to accelerate it, and the same may be said of the insatiate greed of our new masters. It is indeed instructive to observe how cupidity and sentiment, which (with pugnacity) are the only passions which the practical politician needs to consider, usually defeat their own ends. The working man is sawing at the branch on which he is seated. He may benefit for a time a minority of his own class, but only by sealing the doom of the rest. A densely populated country, which is unable to feed itself, can never be a working-man's paradise, a land of short hours and high wages. And the sentimentalist, kind only to be cruel, unwittingly promotes precisely the results which he most deprecates, though they are often much more beneficial than his own aims. The evil that he would he does not; and the good that he would not, that he sometimes does.

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II. WELTANSCHAUUNG UND RELIGION

7. EDWARD CARPENTER (geboren 1844)

[Einführung S. 3, 5, 20]

a) TOWARDS DEMOCRACY: XLVII (1881—82)[1])

Aus Carpenters Worten spricht die Alleinheitssehnsucht, das Zeitgefühl der 1880er Jahre (vgl. E. L. 314—317). Im innigen Verkehr mit der Natur wird sich der Mensch der Doppelspurigkeit seines Wesens bewußt, des engen, hart bestimmten Endlichen und des weit wallenden Kosmisch-Unendlichen. Carpenter geht über dieses Doppelbewußtsein hinaus und verleiht dem Kosmischen unbedingte Herrschaft. Sein — übrigens geschlechtsloses — Ich löst sich auf und findet sich in allen Dingen des Alls wieder. — Vgl. Edward Lewis, *E. C., an exposition and an appreciation,* London 1915.

Lo! I touch you.

Softly yearningly I touch you, and pass on — dreaming the dream of the soul's slow disentanglement.

Sharp-cut, thin-lipped, sad, scholastic; plain-featured, unembarrassed, affectionate; and you, beautiful careless boy! and you, strange eternal anxious mother-face!

How shall I say what I have to say? How shall I speak the word which sums up all words that are spoken? How shall I speak that for which the moon and the stars and running waters and the universe itself subsist, to speak it? — which if it could be uttered in a word there were no need of all these things.

O Death, take me away.

Take me away, kindly Death; lead me forth, lead me through the entire universe.[2])

Let me pass; hold me back, I say, no longer; for I am tired, I am sick, of talking — and I forebode other ways.

For I would be the dust;

And I would be the silver rays of the moon and the stars, and the washing sound of the midnight sea;

And nourishing sweet air and running water, for the lips of them that I choose;

To pass, to put on the invisible cap, to run round about the world, unseen.

And I will be the plain ungarnished facts of life, with continual nearnesses;

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[1] Aus *Towards Democracy, Complete Edition in Four Parts,* G. Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London 1915, 71—73.

[2] Des Naturekstatikers Bekenntnis zur „Leere", zur „Barmherzigkeit des Nichtseins", zur „vollkommenen Abwesenheit", „damit auch ich so innig licht und leicht und so bewußtlos heil wie Raum und Weile, ohne Anfang, ohne Ende kreisend, ruhend durch die Ewigkeit währen könnte" (Arnold Masarey, Meerfahrt, Zürich 1927, Orell Füssli, S. 235 — wo ein strenger Naturbeobachter das Alleinheitsgefühl erlebt).

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The train arriving at the station shall not be nearer or more solid; nor the lifting and transporting of boxes and goods, nor the grasp of handles to them that open and shut the doors.

I will be the ground underfoot and the common clay;

The ploughman shall turn me up with his ploughshare among the roots of the twitch in the sweet-smelling furrow;

The potter shall mould me, running his finger along my whirling edge (we will be faithful to one another, he and I);[1])

The bricklayer shall lay me: he shall tap me into place with the handle of his trowel;

And to him I will utter the word which with my lips I have not spoken.

b) CIVILISATION: ITS CAUSE AND CURE (1889)[2])

Das Alleinheitsgefühl findet sich in diesem Buche Carpenters in einem überindividuellen, einem kosmischen Menschen verwirklicht, ähnlich dem *homo generalis* eines Swedenborg und Blake. In ihm finden sich alle Gegensätze, Gut und Böse, aufgehoben. Von hier aus gesehen war die Zivilisation nur ein Übergang, die Zeit der Schiedlichkeit und Schwäche, oder der Sünde.

The cosmical man, the instinctive elemental man accepting and crowning nature, necessarily fulfils the universal law of nature. As to External Government and Law, they will disappear; for they are only the travesties and transitory substitutes of Inward Government and Order. Society in its final state is neither a Monarchy, nor an Aristocracy, nor a Democracy, nor an Anarchy, and yet in another sense it is all of these. It is an Anarchy because there is no outward rule, but only an inward and invisible spirit of life; it is a Democracy because it is the rule of the Mass-man, or Demos, in each unit man; it is an Aristocracy because there are degrees and ranks of such inward power in all men; and it is a Monarchy because all these ranks and powers merge in a perfect unity and central control at last. And so it appears that the outer forms of government which belong to the Civilisation-period are only the expression in separate external symbols of the facts of the true inner life of society.

And just as thus the various external forms of government during the Civilisation-period find their justification and interpretation in the ensuing period, so will it be with the mechanical and other products of the present time; they will be taken up, and find their proper place and use in the time to come. They will not be refused; but they will have to be brought into subjection. Our locomotives, machinery, telegraphic and postal

[1] Ähnliche Gedanken äußert Baudelaire in seiner orientalischen Art im *Héautontimorouménos*. Vgl. auch meinen Aufsatz über W. Paters Beschreibung der Mona Lisa, Herrigs Archiv 135 (1917), S. 100. Danach imitativ bei Swinburne und O. Wilde. (Vgl. Verfassers Studien zu O. Wildes Gedichten. 131—132.)

[2] Bei George Allen & Co., Ltd., 11th edition 1910, S. 42—45.

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systems; our houses, furniture, clothes, books; our fearful and wonderful cookery, strong drinks, teas, tobaccos; our medical and surgical appliances; high-saluting sciences and philosophies, and all other engines hitherto of human bewilderment, have simply to be reduced to abject subjection to the real man. All these appliances, and a thousand others such as we hardly dream of, will come in to perfect his power and increase his freedom; but they will not be the objects of a mere fetish-worship as now. Man will use them, instead of their using him. His real life will lie in a region far beyond them. But in thus for a moment denying and "mastering" the products of Civilisation, will he for the first time discover their true value, and reap from them an enjoyment unknown before.

The same with the moral powers. As said before, the knowledge of good and evil at a certain point passes away, or becomes absorbed into a higher knowledge. The perception of Sin goes with a certain weakness in the man. As long as there is conflict and division within him, so long does he seem to perceive conflicting and opposing principles in the world without. As long as the objects of the outer world excite emotions in him which pass beyond his control, so long do those objects stand as the signals of evil — of disorder and sin. Not that the objects are bad in themselves, or even the emotions which they excite, but that all through this period these things serve to the man as indications of *his* weakness. But when the central power is restored in man and all things are reduced to his service, it is impossible for him to see badness in anything. The bodily is no longer antagonistic to the spiritual love, but is absorbed into it. All his passions take their places perfectly naturally, and become when the occasions arise the vehicles of his expression. Vices under existing conditions are vices simply because of the inordinate and disturbing influence they exercise, but will cease again to be vices when the man regains his proper command. Thus Socrates having a clean soul in a clean body could drink his boon companions under the table and then go out himself to take the morning air — what was a blemish and defect in them being simply an added power of enjoyment to himself!

The point of difference throughout (being the transference of the centre of gravity of life and consciousness from the partial to the universal man), is symbolized by the gradual resumption of more universal conditions. That is to say that during the civilisation-period, the body being systematically wrapped in clothes, the *head* alone represents man — the little finnikin, intellectual, self-conscious man in contra-distinction to the cosmical man represented by the entirety of the bodily organs. The body has to be delivered from its swathings in order that the cosmical consciousness may once more reside in the human

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breast. We have to become "all face" again — as the savage said of himself.

Where the cosmic self is, there is no more self-consciousness. The body and what is ordinarily called the self are felt to be only parts of the true self, and the ordinary distinctions of inner and outer, egotism and altruism, etc., lose a good deal of their value. Thought no longer returns upon the local self as the chief object of regard, but consciousness is continually radiant from it, filling the body and overflowing upon external Nature. Thus the Sun in the physical world is the allegory of the true self. The worshipper must adore the Sun, he must saturate himself with sunlight, and take the physical Sun into himself. Those who live by fire and candle-light are filled with phantoms; their thoughts are Will-o'-th'-wisp-like images of themselves, and they are tormented by a horrible self-consciousness.

And when the Civilisation-period has passed away, the old Nature-religion — perhaps greatly grown — will come back. This immense stream of religious life which beginning far beyond the horizon of earliest history has been deflected into various metaphysical and other channels — of Judaism, Christianity, Buddhism, and the like — during the historical period, will once more gather itself together to float on its bosom all the arks and sacred vessels of human progress. Man will once more *feel* his unity with his fellows, he will feel his unity with the animals, with the mountains and the streams, with the earth itself and the slow lapse of the constellations, not as an abstract dogma of Science or Theology, but as a living and ever-present fact.

8. THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY [Einführung S. 6]

EVOLUTION AND ETHICS (1893) [1])

Thomas Huxley (1825—1895), der beredte Vermittler der Darwinschen Lehre, hat daraus nicht, wie man erwarten möchte, ein System der Ethik abgeleitet. Das überließ er Herbert Spencer und Leslie Stephen. Er betont im Gegenteil den Widerstreit zwischen Darwinismus und ethischer Entwicklung. (Darüber s. oben S. 6.) Er kehrt als Ethiker in den englischen Psychologismus zurück. Schon Adam Smith kennt den Huxleyschen Dualismus. Seine *Theory of Moral Sentiment* 1759 zeigt die Kräfteverästelungen der Sympathie, seine *Wealth of Nations* 1776, das Werk des Egoismus, den wirtschaftlichen Kampf ums Dasein. W. R. Inge kommt mit der unausgesprochenen Befriedigung des Theologen auf Huxleys überraschende Stellungnahme in seinen *Outspoken Essays* mehrfach zurück (II 7, 8, 144). Man lese auch Shaws Vorrede zu *Back to Methuselah*. Zum Ganzen vgl. E. Barker, *Political Thought from Spencer to To-Day*, London 1915, 133—141.

There is another fallacy which appears to me to pervade the so-called "ethics of evolution". It is the notion that because, on the

[1]) *Evolution and Ethics and Other Essays*, Bd. IX der *Collected Essays*, London 1911, Macmillan 80—84.

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whole, animals and plants have advanced in perfection of organization by means of the struggle for existence and the consequent 'survival of the fittest'; therefore men in society, men as ethical beings, must look to the same process to help them towards perfection. I suspect that this fallacy has arisen out of the unfortunate ambiguity of the phrase 'survival of the fittest.' 'Fittest' has a connotation of 'best'; and about 'best' there hangs a moral flavour. In cosmic nature, however, what is 'fittest' depends upon the conditions. — — —

Men in society are undoubtedly subject to the cosmic process. As among other animals, multiplication goes on without cessation, and involves severe competition for the means of support. The struggle for existence tends to eliminate those less fitted to adapt themselves to the circumstances of their existence. The strongest, the most self-assertive, tend to tread down the weaker. But the influence of the cosmic process on the evolution of society is the greater the more rudimentary its civilization. Social progress means a checking of the cosmic process at every step and the substitution for it of another, which may be called the ethical process; the end of which is not the survival of those who may happen to be the fittest, in respect of the whole of the conditions which obtain, but of those who are ethically the best. — — —

As I have already urged, the practice of that which is ethically best — what we call goodness or virtue — involves a course of conduct which, in all respects, is opposed to that which leads to success in the cosmic struggle for existence. In place of ruthless self-assertion it demands self-restraint; in place of thrusting aside, or treading down, all competitors, it requires that the individual shall not merely respect, but shall help his fellows; its influence is directed, not so much to the survival of the fittest, as to the fitting of as many as possible to survive. It repudiates the gladiatorial theory of existence. — — —

It is from this neglect of these plain considerations that the fanatical individualism[1]) of our time attempts to apply the analogy of cosmic nature to society. — — —

Let us understand, once for all, that the ethical progress of society depends, not on imitating the cosmic process, still less in running away from it, but in combating it. — — —

The history of civilization details the steps by which men have succeeded in building up an artificial world within the cosmos. Fragile reed as he may be, man, as Pascal[2]) says, is a thinking

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[1] In Bd. I seiner *Collected Essays* nennt Huxley als Vertreter der hier genannten falschen Analogie: Stirner, *Der Einzige und sein Eigentum* 1845; Bakuonin, *Dieu et l'Etat* 1888; E. W. M. Auberon Herbert, *The Right and Wrong of Compulsion by the State* 1885; Donis Thorpe, *System of Politics* 1895.

[2] *Les Pensées.*

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reed: there lies within him a fund of energy, operating intelligently and so far akin to that which pervades the universe, that it is competent to influence and modify the cosmic process. In virtue of his intelligence, the dwarf bends the Titan to his will. In every family, in every polity that has been established, the cosmic process in man has been restrained and otherwise modified by law and custom; in surrounding nature, it has been similarly influenced by the art of the shepherd, the agriculturist, the artisan. As civilization has advanced, so has the extent of this interference increased; until the organized and highly developed sciences and arts of the present day have endowed man with a command over the course of non-human nature greater than that once attributed to the magicians. The most impressive, I might say startling, of these changes have been brought about in the course of the last two centuries; while a right comprehension of the process of life and of the means of influencing its manifestations is only just dawning upon us.[1]) We do not yet see our way beyond generalities; and we are befogged by the obtrusion of false analogies and crude anticipations. But Astronomy, Physics, Chemistry, have all had to pass through similar phases, before they reached the stage at which their influence became an important factor in human affairs. Physiology, Psychology, Ethics, Political Science, must submit to the same ordeal. Yet it seems to me irrational to doubt that, at no distant period, they will work as great a revolution in the sphere of practice.

9. SAMUEL BUTLER (1835—1902) [Einführung S. 4—5, 9, 19]

a) OUR PAST SELVES (1877)[2])

Samuel Butlers Weltanschauung, zur Zeit ihrer Entstehung (in den 1870er Jahren), von den Zeitgenossen nicht verstanden und kaum bemerkt, hat erst im neuen Jahrhundert Anerkennung gefunden. Bernard Shaw entdeckte in ihr die *Life-Force* als Zentralgedanken. Was aber bei der Mehrzahl der Leser zündete, war Butlers starke Betonung des Unbewußten als beständig wirkender Kraft im Einzelwesen. Butler nahm damit ein wichtiges Moment der Psychoanalyse vorweg (s. oben S. 9). Jedes Einzelwesen hat längst unbewußten Anteil am Gedächtnis seiner Art. Dieses im Unterbewußten gestaute Gedächtnis ist nur ein anderer Ausdruck der Erblichkeit. Ebenso ist alle Gewohnheit unbewußtes Gedächtnis. Hinter aller Gewohnheit demnach und hinter allem Unbewußten wirken versteckt Absicht und Wollen, die Kräfte, die auch an den Uranfängen des Lebens stehen. E. L. 176—7. Diese Gedanken finden sich niedergelegt

[1] Dieser Gedanke wird schon angetönt von J. S. Mill, der im letzten Kapitel seiner Logik *(Liberty and Necessity)* zeigt, wie der durch die Antezedenzien bedingte menschliche Wille doch wieder die Macht hat, die Umstände, Huxleys *non-human nature,* zu gestalten und so seine Gewohnheiten und seinen Charakter zu bilden. Siehe auch seine *Autobiography* 169.

[2] *Life and Habit* (1877), New Edition, with Author's Addenda, London 1916, A. C. Fifield, 52—3.

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in *Life and Habit* (1877), seinem Hauptwerk, dem seine anderen weltanschaulichen Darstellungen insgesamt entsprossen sind. *(Evolution Old and New* 1879, *Unconscious Memory* 1880, *Luck or Cunning* 1887 und die Abschnitte der postumen *Note-Books* sind bloße Erweiterungen.)

Unser Abschnitt schildert den Kampf der vorväterlichen Persönlichkeiten in der Seele des Einzelwesens, das mit ihnen allen identisch ist.

Über Butler vgl. die kompendiöse Biographie von H. F. Jones, *S. Butler, Author of Erewhon, A Memoir,* London 1919, 2 Bde. (Bd. 1 enthält, XXI—XXX eine wertvolle Bibliographie); G. Cannan, *S. B., a critical study,* London 1915; J. F. Harris, *S. B., Critic and Philosopher,* Zutphen 1925; W. G. Bekker, *An historal and critical review of S. B.'s literary works,* Rotterdam 1925.

It is one against legion when a creature tries to differ from his own past selves. He must yield or die if he wants to differ widely, so as to lack natural instincts, such as hunger or thirst, or not to gratify them. It is more righteous in a man that he should "eat strange food," and that his cheek should "so much as lank not," than that he should starve if the strange food be at his command. His past selves are living in him at this moment with the accumulated life of centuries. "Do this, this, this, which we too have done, and found our profit in it," cry the souls of his fore-fathers within him. Faint are the far ones, coming and going as the sound of bells wafted on to a high mountain; loud and clear are the near ones, urgent as an alarm of fire.[1]) "Withhold," cry some. "Go on boldly," cry others. "Me, me, me, revert hitherward, my descendant," shouts one as it were from some high vantage-ground over the heads of the clamorous multitude. "Nay, but me, me, me," echoes another; and our former selves fight within us and wrangle for our possession. Have we not here what is commonly called an *internal tuumlt,* when dead pleasures and pains tug within us hither and thither? Then may the battle be decided by what people are pleased to call our own experience. Our own indeed! What is our own save by mere courtesy of speech? A matter of fashion. Sanction sancti fieth and fashion fashioneth. And so with death — the most inexorable of all conventions.

However this may be, we may assume it as an axiom with regard to actions acquired after birth, that we never do them automatically save as the result of long practice, and after having thus acquired perfect mastery over the action in question.

[1] Butlers eigenem Zeugnis gemäß ist dieser Abschnitt bis hierher die erste Stelle, die er von *Life and Habit* niederschrieb. Er befand sich 1874 an einem Juniabend auf dem Montreal Mountain in Canada. Von unten herauf läuteten die Glocken von Notre Dame. Butler fing an, Notizen zu machen und vergaß dabei der Glocken nicht. (Festing Jones a. a. O. I, 212—213.)

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b) OUR EXTRA-CORPOREAL SYSTEM (1872) [1])

Zum Verständnis des Abschnittes über Maschinen sei folgendes beachtet. Wo Butler spottet, handelt es sich um Meinungen, die er früher für richtig hielt. So, wenn er eben vorher die Befürchtung äußert, die Maschinen könnten Bewußtsein erlangen. Die Erewhonians schafften sie deshalb ab. Über die Maschinen schrieb er in diesem scherzhaften Tone schon 1863 (jetzt nachzulesen *Note-Books* 42 u. ff.). Ernst ist es ihm mit dem Spatenbild. Er will damit zeigen, daß die wahre Evolution von der Absicht und Schlauheit getrieben wird. Die Entstehung der Maschinen ist für uns ein wertvoller Hinweis. Nicht durch Variation und Zuchtwahl entstanden Auge und Ohr, sondern wie der Spaten und die Dampfmaschine durch Erfindung und Willen. Vgl. auch Festing Jones, S. B. I 232.

A machine is merely a supplementary limb; this is the be all and end all of machinery. We do not use our own limbs other than as machines; and a leg is only a much better wooden leg than any one can manufacture.

"Observe a man digging with a spade; his right fore-arm has become artificially lengthened, and his hand has become a joint. The handle of the spade is like the knob at the end of the humerus; the shaft is the additional bone, and the oblong iron plate is the new form of the hand which enables its possessor to disturb the earth in a way to which his orginal hand was unequal. Having thus modified himself, not as other animals are modified, by circumstances over which they have had not even the appearance of control, but having, as it were, taken forethought and added a cubit to his stature, civilisation began to dawn upon the race, the social good offices, the genial companionship of friends, the art of unreason, and all those habits of mind which most elevate man above the lower animals, in the course of time ensued.

"Thus civilisation and mechanical progress advanced hand in hand, each developing and being developed by the other, the earliest accidental use of the stick having set the ball rolling, and the prospect of advantage keeping it in motion. In fact, machines are to be regarded as the mode of development by which human organism is now especially adancing, every past invention being an addition to the resources of the human body. Even community of limbs is thus rendered possible to those who have so much community of soul as to own money enough to pay a railway fare; for a train is only a seven-leagued foot that five hundred may own at once."

The one serious danger which this writer apprehended was that the machines would so equalise men's powers, and so lessen the severity of competition, that many persons of inferior physique would escape detection and transmit their inferiority to their

[1] *Erewhon or over the Range* (1872), new and revised edition, London 1910, A. C. Fifield, 271—274.

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descendants. He feared that the removal of the present pressure might cause a degeneracy of the human race, and indeed that the whole body might become purely rudimentary, the man himself being nothing but soul and mechanism, an intelligent but passionless principle of mechanical action.

"How greatly," he wrote, "do we not now live with our external limbs? We vary our physique with the seasons, with age, with advancing or decreasing wealth. If it is wet we are furnished with an organ commonly called an umbrella, and which is designed for the purpose of protecting our clothes or our skins from the injurious effects of rain. Man has now many extra-corporeal members, which are of more importance to him than a good deal of his hair, or at any rate than his whiskers. His memory goes in his pocket-book. He becomes more and more complex as he grows older; he will then be seen with see-engines, or perhaps with artificial teeth and hair: if he be a really well-developed specimen of his race, he will be furnished with a large box upon wheels, two horses, and a coachman."

It was this writer who originated the custom of classifying men by their horse-power, and who divided them into genera, species, varieties, and subvarieties, giving them names from the hypothetical language which expressed the number of limbs which they could command at any moment. He showed that men became more highly and delicately organised the more nearly they approached the summit of opulence, and that none but millionaires possessed the full complement of limbs with which mankind could become incorporate.

"Those mighty organisms," he continued, "our leading bankers and merchants, speak to their congeners through the length and breadth of the land in a second of time; their rich and subtle souls can defy all material impediment, whereas the souls of the poor are clogged and hampered by matter, which sticks fast about them as treacle to the wings of a fly, or as one struggling in a quicksand: their dull ears must take days or weeks to hear what another would tell them from a distance, instead of hearing it in a second as is done by the more highly organised classes. Who shall deny that one who can tack on a special train to his identity, and go wheresoever he will whensoever he pleases, is more highly organised than he who, should he wish for the same power, might wish for the wings of a bird with an equal chance of getting them; and whose legs are his only means of locomotion? That old philosophic enemy, matter, the inherently and essentially evil, still hangs about the neck of the poor and strangles him: but to the rich, matter is immaterial; the elaborate organisation of his extra-corporeal system has freed his soul."

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10. THOMAS HILL GREEN (1836—1882) [Einführung S. 4, 5, 21]

GOD IS FOR EVER REASON (1870)[1]

Die gewaltige Wirkung, die in Oxford von Thomas Hill Green ausging, ist nur durch seine Persönlichkeit zu erklären, in der Philosophie, Christentum und Lebenstat eine feste Einheit bildeten. Als Philosoph wies er auf Kant und besonders Hegel, der auch seine Religionsphilosophie befruchtet hat. Sein liberales Christentum ist — z. T. unter F. Chr. Baurs Einfluß — durch seine Auffassung von Christi Wesen bestimmt, das er als Selbstbewußtsein aller Naturgesetzlichkeit und Menschensehnsucht, als ewige Persönlichkeit erkannte, die von der Menschheit gelebt werden soll. Greens eigene große Persönlichkeit ist aber heute aus seinen philosophischen Schriften kaum herauszufühlen. In ihrem stark gedrängten Stil — noch gedrängter als bei J. S. Mill — ist alles zu Begriffen versteinert. Seine Hauptwerke, die *Prolegomena to Ethics* (1883) und die *Lectures on the Principles of Political Obligation* (gehalten 1879—80), sind in ihrer Trockenheit ungenießbar. Der Mensch tritt uns etwas näher in seinen Laienpredigten, die auf Mrs. Humphrey Ward so tiefen Eindruck machten. (Siehe Text S. 109.) Wir geben daraus eine kurze Stelle wieder, die mehrfach in Robert Elsmere nachklingt. — Zum Ganzen: Fairbrother, *The Philosophy of Green*, New York 1896; Coutan, *L'attitude religieuse de Hill Green*, Paris 1912; E. L. 311—3.

We are not on this account to assume, as hasty and passionate theologians would do, that God reveals himself to man in some other form than reason, or that he suddenly set up the christian church as a miraculous institution owing nothing to the other influences of the world, within which all is light, without it all darkness; within which he works unto salvation, without it not at all, or only to condemn and to destroy. Such an assumption is a short cut to conviction which finally leads, as we have daily proof, through a weary round of unbelief. Christianity is cheaply honoured, when it is made exceptional: [2]God is not wisely trusted when declared unintelligible. 'Such honour rooted in dishonour stands; such faith unfaithful makes us falsely true'.[2]

[3]God is for ever reason; and his communication, his revelation, is reason[3]; not, however, abstract reason, but reason as taking a body from, and giving life to, the whole system of experience which makes the history of man. The revelation, therefore, is not made in a day, or a generation, or a century. The divine mind touches, modifies, becomes the mind of man, through a process of which mere intellectual conception is only the beginning, but of which the gradual complement is an unexhausted series of spiritual discipline through all the agencies of social life. In the nations outside christendom, as a matter of history,

[1] Aus The Witness of God, zuerst veröffentlicht 1884, hier nachgedruckt aus Works of T. H. Green, vol. III 239—241.

[2-2] Wörtlich so in Mrs. H. Wards *Robert Elsmere*, Kap. 25. — Die metrische Stelle ist aus Tennyson, *Elaine*.

[3-3] In *Robert Elsmere*, Kap. 25.

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this complement has not been vouchsafed, or only in the most limited and elementary way. Hence the idea of death into life, which is the seed of the divine in man, has there lain barren. It has continued bare 'grain'. God in his wisdom has not yet given it a body. Yet is it the same seed which, as sown in Jewish prophecy and Greek philosophy, was the germ of the life of christendom. The shortcomings of Greek philosophy are, indeed, obvious enough. They distinguish it essentially from christian philosophy (though the advocates of a thoughtless religiosity would involve both in a common condemnation), inasmuch as the latter has a far higher form of practical spiritual life for its basis. But we must not confound the genuine philosophy of Greece with that wisdom of the world which St. Paul knew to be foolishness with God. It differed from this as much as nowadays the faithful quest after hidden truth differs from the dialectic with which the enlightened man of the world flatters his own conceit and confutes his neighbour's; and to include it under St. Paul's condemnation would be as unfair as to apply to the prophets his view of the carnality of Jewish religion. Greek philosophy, like Jewish prophecy, was essentially a struggle upwards from what seems to what is, from sense to reason, from the flesh to the spirit. One as much as the other issued from an active idea, which is not to be regarded as unchristian, but as an undeveloped christianity. Each too had its practical or social side. If St. Paul all over the Roman world, where he carried the gospel of Christ, had not found, by riversides or elsewhere, places 'where prayer was wont to be made,' — social prayer, prayer to God in spirit and truth, which is the true continuance of prophecy — where now would have been christian worship? If, again, there had not survived, under the organised selfishness of the empire, the idea of self-sacrificing citizenship, which the communities of Greece had originated and its philosophy expressed and expanded, where, now would be christian fellowship? The glory of christianity is not that it excludes, but that it comprehends; not that it came of a sudden into the world, or that it is given complete in a particular institution, or can be stated complete in a particular form of words; but that it is the expression of a common spirit, which is gathering together all things in one. We cannot say of it, lo, here it is, or lo, there; it is now, but was not then. We go backward, but we cannot reach its source; we look forward, but we cannot foresee its final power. We do it wrong in making it depend on a past event, and in identifying it with the creed of a certain age, or with a visible society established at a certain time. What we thus seem to gain in definiteness, we lose in permanence of conviction; for importunate inquiry will show us that the event can only be approached through a series of fluctuating interpre-

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tations of it, behind which its original nature cannot be clearly ascertained; that the 'visible church' of one age is never essentially the same as that of the next; that it is only in word, or to the intellectually dead, that the creed of the present is the same as the creed of the past.

11. F. C. S. SCHILLER (geboren 1864) [Einführung S. 7]

THE FINITENESS OF GOD (1891)[1]

Schillers *Riddles of the Sphinx* erschienen ursprünglich (1891) anonym mit dem Zusatz *by a Troglodyte.* Ihre kühnen Konstruktionen verblüfften. Die Leitgedanken waren: Pluralität der Weltelemente, Unbestimmtheit der Materie, die Welt als große Kollektivgesellschaft persönlicher βίοι gedacht, der ein persönlicher, endlicher Gott mit angehört, Kampf zwischen den guten und schlechten Elementen des Universums. Vgl. die Bibliographie oben S. 28, und über Schiller im besonderen Edwin E. Slosson, *Six Major Prophets,* Boston 1917.

Über seinen Einfluß auf Wells, siehe Texte S. 120.

§ 2. In theology we are wont to hear God called the infinite, omnipotent, Creator of all things, while in philosophy we hear of the all-embracing Absolute and Infinite, in which all things are and have their being. And as this conflict can be no longer dissembled or postponed, we must now either make good our defiance of the united forces of theology and philosophy, or be crushed by the overwhelming weight of their authority. In so unequal a contest our only hope lies in the divisions and hesitations of our adversaries. — — — — —

In dealing with philosophy we may appeal to reason, in dealing with religion to feeling, and in dealing with theology, which has not hitherto always shown itself very susceptible either to reason or to feeling, to its own interests. Thus we shall show to the first that the rational grounds for the assumption of an infinite existence are mistaken and absurd, to the second, that its emotional consequences are atrocious and destructive of all religious feeling, and to the third, that it is this doctrine which has been the fatal canker that produced the chronic debility of faith, and the real obstacle to the practical supremacy of religion.

§ 3. In pursuance of our practice of starting from the apparently simple and intelligible, but really so confused, conceptions of ordinary thought, we shall examine first the religious conception of God. In the course of this examination it will soon appear that it is a self-contradictory jumble of inconsistent elements, of which those which are practically the most important imply the finiteness of the Deity, and tend in the direction of the doctrine we have propounded, while the others, which are theoretically more prominent, but might be with great advantage dispensed

[1] Aus *Riddles of the Sphinx, A Study in the Philosophy of Humanism,* Book III, Chapter X: *Man and God.* New and Revised Edition, London, Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Ltd., 1910 (1st ed. 1891).

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with in practical religion, would, if carried out consistently, result in philosophic atheism. — — — — — —

It is easy to show that every one of the religious attributes must be excluded from an infinite Deity. Thus an infinite God can have neither personality nor consciousness, for they both depend on limitation. Personality rests on the distinction of one person from another, consciousness on the distinction of Self and Not-Self. An all-embracing person, therefore, is an utterly unmeaning phrase, and if it meant anything, it would mean something utterly subversive of all religion. For the infinite personality would equally embrace and impartially absorb the personalities of all finite individuals, and so Jesus and Barabbas would be revealed as *co-existent*, and *therefore* as co-equal, incarnations of an *infinite* God.

The phrase infinite power is — — — equally meaningless. Not only is power a finite conception, applicable only to a finite world in which force implies resistance, but when used out of its setting it becomes a contradiction. Power is power only if it overpowers what resists, and it is not infinite if anything resists it. Infinite power, therefore, is as unmeaning as a round square.

Neither can intelligence or wisdom be ascribed to an infinite God. For such a God could have neither personality nor consciousness; his intelligence would have to be impersonal and his wisdom unconscious, and to such terms our minds can give no meaning. And moreover, what we understand by wisdom or intelligence is an essentially finite quality, shown in the adaptation of means to ends. But the Infinite can neither have ends nor require means to attain them.

§ 4. Goodness, again, is doubly impossible as an attribute of an infinite God; because for him in the first place, all things must be good, and in the second, the distinction of good and evil must be entirely unmeaning. To put the difficulty in its homeliest form, God cannot be both all-good and all-powerful, in a world in which evil is a reality. For if God is all-powerful everything must be exactly what it should be, from God's point of view, else He would instantly alter it. If, then, evil things exist, it must be because God wills to have it so, i. e., because God is, from *our* point of view, *evil*. Or conversely, if God is good, He must put up with the continuance of evil because He cannot remove it. This is the 'terrible mystery of evil' which for 2,000 years has been a stumbling-block to all practical religion, tried the faith of all believers, and depressed and debased all thought on the ultimate questions of life, and is as 'insoluble a mystery' to theologians now as it was in the beginning.[1]) — — — — —

[1] Die Abschnitte 5—7 behandeln das Problem „Gut und Böse", 8—23 setzen sich mit dem Unendlichen in der Philosophie, d. h. mit dem Pantheismus auseinander, 24—30 deduzieren das Wesen Gottes.

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§ 24. The assertion, therefore, of the finiteness of God is primarily the assertion of the knowableness of the world, of the commensurateness of the Deity with our intelligence. — — — — The finiteness of God must be held to depend on the very attributes that make Him really God, on His personality, on His being, like all real beings, an individual existence. God is one among the Many, their supreme ruler and aim, if He is not the One *underlying* the Many. The latter theory makes the Many inexplicable and the One indifferent. God therefore must *not* be identified with Nature. For if by Nature we mean the All of things, then Nature is the possibility of the interaction of the ultimate existences, and of these God is one. If by Nature we mean the actual constitution of our world, then Nature is a product of the interaction of these ultimate existences. And the existence of these ultimate existences would explain also how God can be finite; He is limited by the co-existence of other individuals. From His relations moreover to these other existences, which we have called spiritis [1]), would arise all the features of our world which were so insoluble a puzzle to Monism — its Becoming, its process, and its Evil — and in them also must be sought the explanation of the arrangement of the world down to its minutest detail. For if the existence of these spirits is an ultimate fact, God need have no power to annihilate them; the most that can be done might be to bring them into harmony with the Divine Will. Now this might be just what the world-process was designed to effect, just *the reason why the world is in process.* For if the divine power were infinite, it would be unnecessary to produce the harmony with the divine will by a long and arduous process. If it is *not* infinite, occasion arises for the display of intelligence and economy, for that adaptation of means to ends which has always been justly esteemed the surest ground of a belief in God.

This same limitation further would contain also the general explanation of Evil; the world is evil because it is imperfectly harmonized with the divine will.[2])

[1] Die höheren Wesen, welche die materielle Organisation transzendieren. Sie sind keine Mitgötter, sondern ewige Geister, unsere in Präexistenzen und Metempsychosen lebenden unsterblichen Seelen.

[2] Es wird weiter ausgeführt, daß das Böse das Element ist, das die Evolution, den Weltgang zur Harmonie hin, hindert.

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12. BERNARD SHAW (geboren 1856) [Einführung S. 3, 5, 12]

MAXIMS FOR REVOLUTIONISTS (1903)[1])

Die shawesken Umdrehungen anerkannter Werte vollziehen sich meist nach einem Schema, das der Leser erkennen möge. Die hier folgenden Sprüche sind alle Prägungen des John Tanner, des Übermenschtheoretikers.

THE GOLDEN RULE

Do not do unto others as you would that they should do unto you. Their tastes may not be the same.

Never resist temptation: prove all things: hold fast that which is good.

Do not love your neighbor as yourself. If you are on good terms with yourself it is an impertinence: if on bad, an injury.

The golden rule is that there are no golden rules.

DEMOCRACY

If the lesser mind could measure the greater as a foot-rule can measure a pyramid, there would be finality in universal suffrage. As it is, the political problem remains unsolved.

Democracy substitutes election by the incompetent many for appointment by the corrupt few.

Democratic republics can no more dispense with national idols than monarchies with public functionaries.

Government presents only one problem: the discovery of a trustworthy anthropometric method. — — — —

LIBERTY AND EQUALITY

Liberty means responsibility. That is why most men dread it.

The notion that the colonel need be a better man than the private is as confused as the notion that the keystone need be stronger than the coping stone.

EDUCATION

When a man teaches something he does not know to somebody else who has no aptitude for it, and gives him a certificate of proficiency, the latter has completed the education of a gentleman.

At the University every great treatise is postponed until its author attains impartial judgment and perfect knowledge. If a horse could wait as long for its shoes and would pay for them in advance, our blacksmiths would all be college dons.

He who can, does. He who cannot, teaches.

A learned man is an idler who kills time with study. Beware of his false knowledge: it is more dangerous than ignorance.

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[1] Aus *Man and Superman*, Constable & Co., 1909, Ninth Impression, 227 u. ff.

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Activity is the only road to knowledge.

— — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —

Masters and servants are both tyrannical; but the masters are the more dependent of the two. — — — — —

Virtue consists, not in abstaining from vice, but in not desiring it.

Economy is the art of making the most of life. — — — —

The love of economy is the root of all virtue. — — — —

In an ugly and unhappy world the richest man can purchase nothing but ugliness and unhappiness.

In his efforts to escape from ugliness and unhappiness the rich man intensifies both. Every new yard of West End creates a new acre of East End. — — — —

A gentleman of our days is one who has money enough to do what every fool would do if he could afford it: that is, consume without producing. — — — —

A moderately honest man with a moderately faithful wife, moderate drinkers both, in a moderately healthy house: that is the true middle class unit. — — — — —

The unconscious self is the real genius. Your breathing goes wrong the moment your conscious self meddles with it.[1]) — — — — —

The reasonable man adapts himself to the world: the unreasonable one persists in trying to adapt the world to himself. Therefore all progress depends on the unreasonable man.

The man who listens to Reason is lost: Reason enslaves all whose minds are not strong enough to master her. — — — — —

Men are wise in proportion, not to their experience, but to their capacity for experience.

If we could learn from mere experience, the stones of London would be wiser than its wisest men. — — — — —

He who gives money he has not earned is generous with other people's labor. — — — — —

Life levels all men: death reveals the eminent. — — — — —

Those who admire modern civilization usually identify it with the steam engine and the electric telegraph. — — — — —

We are told that when Jehovah created the world he saw that it was good. What would he say now? — — — — —

The reformer for whom the world is not good enough finds himself shoulder to shoulder with him that is not good enough for the world. — — — — —

Take care to get what you like or you will be forced to like what you get. Where there is no ventilation fresh air is declared unwholesome. Where there is no religion hypocrisy becomes good taste. Where there is no knowledge ignorance calls itself science.

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[1] In aller Deutlichkeit ein Stück Butlerismus (s. o. S. 9).

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13. HILAIRE BELLOC (geboren 1870) [Einführung S. 9]

THE PATH TO ROME (1902)

Bei Hilaire Belloc ist der Zentralgedanke die allein seligmachende Kirche. Seine Staatslehre steht auf den drei Säulen: Katholizismus, Syndikalismus und gesichertem Eigentum für jeden einzelnen. *(The Servile State* 1912.) Seinem Vorkriegsstandpunkt gemäß haben die Verhältnisse, wonach die besitzende Klasse den Nichtbesitzenden den Lebensunterhalt gewährt oder verweigert, zum Sklavenstaat geführt. Die drei Säulen standen fest im mittelalterlichen Staat mit seinen selbstregierenden und kooperativen Zünften und seinem unerschütterlichen katholischen Glauben, der allein Europa von der bloßen Verstandesherrschaft und dem Sklavenstaat zu retten vermag. Vom Nachkriegsstandpunkt aus schrieb er 1920 sein rückblickendes Werk *Europe and the Faith.* Auch hier zeigt er, wie alles Unglück mit der Reformation kam. Über Belloc: Patrick Braybrooke, *Some Thoughts on H. B.,* London 1924; C. C. Mendell and E. Shanks, *H. B., the man and his work,* London 1916.

Unser Abschnitt ist eine der zahllos eingestreuten Nebenbetrachtungen in seinem eigenartigen Reisebuch: *The Path to Rome* (Volksausgabe by Thomas Nelson, London 51—53).

In the first village I came to I found that Mass was over, and this justly annoyed me; for what is a pilgrimage in which a man cannot hear Mass every morning? Of all the things I have read about St. Louis which make me wish I had known him to speak to, nothing seems to me more delightful than his habit of getting Mass daily whenever he marched down south, but why this should be so delightful I cannot tell. Of course there is a grace and influence belonging to such a custom, but it is not of that I am speaking but of the pleasing sensation of order and accomplishment which attaches to a day one has opened by Mass; a purely temporal, and, for all I know, what the monks back at the ironworks would have called a carnal feeling, but a source of continual comfort to me. Let them go their way and let me go mine.

This comfort I ascribe to four causes (just above you will find it written that I could not tell why this should be so, but what of that?), and these causes are:

1. That for half-an-hour just at the opening of the day you are silent and recollected, and have to put off cares, interests, and passions in the repetition of a fimiliar action. This must certainly be a great benefit to the body and give it tone.

2. That the Mass is a careful and rapid ritual. Now it is the function of all ritual (as we see in games, social arrangements and so forth) to relieve the mind by so much of responsibility and initiative and to catch you up (as it were) into itself, leading your life for you during the time it lasts. In this way you experience a singular repose, after which fallowness I am sure one is fitter for action and judgement.

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3. That the surroundings incline you to good and reasonable thoughts, and for the moment deaden the rasp and jar of that busy wickedness which both working in one's self and received from others is the true source of all human miseries. Thus the time spent at Mass is like a short repose in a deep and well-built library, into which no sounds come and where you feel yourself secure against the outer world.

4. And the most important cause of this feeling of satisfaction is that you are doing what the human race has done for thousands upon thousands of years. This is a matter of such moment that I am astonished people hear of it so little. Whatever is buried right into our blood from immemorial habit that we must be certain to do if we are to be fairly happy (of course no grown man or woman can really be very happy for long — but I mean reasonably happy), and, what is more important, decent and secure of our souls. Thus one should from time to time hunt animals, or at the very least shoot at a mark; one should always drink some kind of fermented liquor with one's food — and especially deeply upon great feast-days; one should go on the water from time to time; and one should dance on occasions; and should sing in chorus. For all these things man has done since God put him into a garden and his eyes first became troubled with a soul. Similarly some teacher or ranter or other, whose name I forget, said lately one very wise thing at least, which was that everyman should do a little work with his hands.

Oh! what good philosophy this is, and how much better it would be if rich people, instead of raining the influence of their rank and spending their money on leagues for this or that exceptional thing, were to spend it in converting the middle-class to ordinary living and to the tradition of the race. Indeed if I had power for some thirty years I would see to it that people should be allowed to follow their inbred instincts in these matters, and should hunt, drink, sing, dance, sail, and dig; and those that would not should be compelled by force.

Now in the morning Mass you do all that the race needs to do and has done for all these ages where religion was concerned; there you have the sacred and separate Enclosure, the Altar, the Priest in his Vestments, the set ritual, the ancient and hierarchic tongue, and all that your nature cries out for in the matter of worship.

From these considerations it is easy to understand how put out I was to find Mass over on this first morning of my pilgrimage.

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14. WILLIAM MC DOUGALL

THE GREGARIOUS INSTINCT (1908)[1])

In diesem Abschnitte werden Erscheinungen, für die man sehr schnell naturwissenschaftlich-wirtschaftliche Erklärungen zur Hand hat, psychologisch gedeutet. Man vergleiche etwa mit den folgenden Ausführungen den Abschnitt von C. F. G. Masterman über die *Multitude* (oben S. 63).

The gregarious instinct is one of the human instincts of greatest social importance, for it has played a great part in moulding societary forms. The affective aspect of the operation of this instinct is not sufficiently intense or specific to have been given a name. The instinct is displayed by many species of animals, even by some very low in the scale of mental capacity. Its operation in its simplest form implies none of the higher qualities of mind, neither sympathy nor capacity for mutual aid. Mr. Francis Galton has given the classical description of the operation of the crude instinct. Describing the South African ox in Damaraland, he says he displays no affection for his fellows, and hardly seems to notice their existence, so long as he is among them; but, if he becomes separated from the herd, he displays an extreme distress that will not let him rest until he succeeds in rejoining it, when he hastens to bury himself in the midst of it, seeking the closest possible contact with the bodies of his fellows. There we see the working of the gregarious instinct in all its simplicity, a mere uneasiness in isolation and satisfaction in being one of a herd. Its utility to animals liable to the attacks of beasts of prey is obvious.

The instinct is commonly strongly confirmed by habit; the individual is born into a society of some sort and grows up in it, and the being with others and doing as they do becomes a habit deeply rooted in the instinct. It would seem to be a general rule, the explanation of which is to be found in the principle of sympathetic emotion to be considered later, that the more numerous the herd or crowd or society in which the individual finds himself the more complete is the satisfaction of this impulse.

In civilised communities we may see evidence of the operation of this instinct on every hand. For all but a few exceptional, and generally highly cultivated, persons the one essential condition of recreation is the being one of a crowd. The normal daily recreation of the population of our towns is to go out in the evening and to walk up and down the streets in which the throng is densest — the Strand, Oxford Street, or the Old Kent Road; and the smallest occasion — a foreign prince driving to a railway-station or a Lord Mayor 's Show — will line the streets

[1] Aus *An Introduction to Social Psychology*, London, Methuen & Co., Twelfth Edition 1917, S. 84—87 und 296—297.

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for hours with many thousands whose interest in the prince and the show alone would hardly lead them to take a dozen steps out of their way. On their few short holidays the working classes rush together from town and country alike to those resorts in which they are assured of the presence of a large mass of their fellows. It is the same instinct working on a slightly higher plane that brings tens of thousands to the cricket and football grounds on half-holidays. Crowds of this sort exert a greater fascination and afford a more complete satisfaction to the gregarious instinct than the mere aimless aggregations of the streets, because all their members are simultaneously concerned with the same objects, all are moved by the same emotions, all shout and applaud together. It would be absurd to suppose that it is merely the individual's interest in the game that brings these huge crowds together. What proportion of the ten thousand witnesses of a football match would stand for an hour or more in the wind and rain, if each man were isolated from the rest of the crowd and saw only the players?

Even cultured minds are not immune to the fascination of the herd. Who has not felt it as he has stood at the Mansion House crossing or walked down Cheapside? How few prefer at nightfall the lonely Thames Embankment, full of mysterious poetry as the barges sweep slowly onward with the flood-tide, to the garish crowded Strand a hundred yards away! We cultivated persons usually say to ourselves, when we yield to this fascination, that we are taking an intelligent interest in the life of the people. But such intellectual interest plays but a small part, and beneath works the powerful impulse of this ancient instinct.

The possession of this instinct, even in great strength, does not necessarily imply sociability of temperament. Many a man leads in London a most solitary, unsociable life, who yet would find it hard to live far away from the thronged city. Such men are like Mr. Galton's oxen, unsociable but gregarious; and they illustrate the fact that sociability, although it has the gregarious instinct at its foundation, is a more complex, more highly developed, tendency. — — — — —

It is sometimes assumed that the monstrous and disastrons growth of London and of other large towns is the result of some obscure economic necessity. But, as a matter of fact, London and many other large towns have for a long time past far exceeded the proportions that conduce to economic efficiency and healthy social life, just as the vast herds of bison, or other animals, greatly exceed the size necessary for mutual defence. We are often told that the dulness of the country drives the people to the towns. But that statement inverts the truth. It is the crowd in the towns, the vast human herd, that exerts a baneful attraction on those outside it. People have lived in the

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country for hundreds of generations without finding it dull. It is only the existence of the crowded towns that creates by contrast the dulness of the country. As in the case of the animals, the larger the aggregation the greater is its power of attraction; hence, in spite of high rents, high rates, dirt, disease, congestion of traffic, ugliness, squalor, and sooty air, the large towns continue to grow at an increasing rate, while the small towns diminish and the country villages are threatened with extinction.

That this herding in the towns is not due to any economic necessities of our industrial organisation, is shown by the fact that it takes place to an equally great and regrettable extent in countries where the industrial conditions are very different. In Australia, where everything favours an agricultural or pastoral mood of life, half the population of a continent is crowded into a few towns on the coast. In China, where industry persists almost entirely in the form of handicrafts and where economic conditions are extremely different from our own, we find towns like Canton containing three million inhabitants crowded together even more densely than in London and under conditions no less repulsive.

15. G. K. CHESTERTON [Einführung S. 8, 12, 32]

THE EVERLASTING MAN (1925)[1])

Chestertons Buch *the Everlasting Man* ist eine Antwort auf H. G. Wells' *Outline of History, Being a Plain History of Life and Mankind,* London 1920. Wells hat gezeigt, wie gigantisch das planetarische Ausmaß, wie winzig ihm gegenüber die Geschichtsspanne der Menschheit ist. Mag das Ziel auch vom Anfang an dagewesen sein, der Mensch ist unter Evolutionszwang aus niedrigeren Formen herausgewachsen. Chesterton betont demgegenüber die menschliche Ewigkeits-Größe, Gottes Menschwerdung als höchstes Moment der Geschichte und als gewollter Bruch im natürlichen Werdegang der Dinge. *Credo quia absurdum.*

Das Wunderbare in der alltäglichen Wirklichkeit ist stehendes Motiv in Chestertons Kritik. Das Leben ist ein Roman, worin der größere Teil der Handlung ohne unsere Mitsprache zum voraus bestimmt ist. (So in *Heretics* 194.) Hinter jeder Geschichte liegt nicht nur Intellekt, sondern Wille, d. h. Göttlichkeit.

Die Anfänge von Chestertons Kampf mit Wells liegen Jahre zurück. In *Heretics* nimmt er durchgehend gegen ihn Stellung und widmet ihm zudem noch ein ganzes Kapitel *(Mr. H. G. Wells and the Giants).*

In the land lit by that neighbouring star, whose blaze is the broad daylight, there are many and very various things, motionless and moving. There moves among them a race that is in its relation to the others a race of gods. The fact is not lessened but emphasised because it can behave like a race of demons. Its distinction is not an individual illusion, like one bird pluming

[1] Hodder and Stoughton, Ltd., London [1925], S. 303—312.

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itself on its own plumes; it is a solid and a many-sided thing. It is demonstrated in the very speculations that have led to its being denied. That men, the gods of this lower world, are linked with it in various ways is true; but it is another aspect of the same truth. That they grow as the grass grows and walk as the beasts walk is a secondary necessity that sharpens the primary distinction. It is like saying that a magician must after all have the appearance of a man; or that even the fairies could not dance without feet. It has lately been the fashion to focus the mind entirely on these mild and subordinate resemblances and to forget the main fact altogether. It is customary to insist that man resembles the other creatures. Yes; and that very resemblance he alone can see. The fish does not trace the fish-bone pattern in the fowls of the air; or the elephant and the emu compare skeletons. Even in the sense in which man is at one with the universe it is an utterly lonely universality. The very sense that he is united with all things is enough to sunder him from all.

Looking around him by this unique light, as lonely as the literal flame that he alone has kindled, this demigod or demon of the visible world makes that world visible. He sees around him a world of a certain style or type. It seems to proceed by certain rules or at least repetitions. He sees a green architecture that builds itself without visible hands; but which builds itself into a very exact plan or pattern, like a design already drawn in the air by an invisible finger. It is not, as is now vaguely suggested, a vague thing. It is not a growth or a groping of blind life. Each seeks an end; a glorious and radiant end, even for every daisy or dandelion we see in looking across the level of a common field. In the very shape of things there is more than green growth; there is the finality of the flower. It is a world of crowns. This impression, whether or no it be an illusion, has so profoundly influenced this race of thinkers and masters of the material world, that the vast majority have been moved to take a certain view of that world. They have concluded, rightly or wrongly, that the world had a plan as the tree seemed to have a plan; and an end and crown like the fower. But so long as the race of thinkers was able to think, it was obvious that the admission of this idea of a plan brought with it another thought more thrilling and even terrible. There was some one else, some strange and unseen being, who had designed these things, if indeed they were designed. There was a stranger who was also a friend; a mysterious benefactor who had been before them and built up the woods and hills for their coming, and had kindled the sunrise against their rising, as a servant kindles a fire. Now this idea of a mind that gives a meaning to the universe has received more and more confirmation within the minds of men, by meditations and ex-

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periences much more subtle and searching than any such argument about the external plan of the world. — — —'—

The majority, like the minority, had this strong sense of a second meaning in things; of a strange master who knew the secret of the world. But the majority, the mob or mass of men, naturally tended to treat it rather in the spirit of gossip. The gossip, like all gossip, contained a great deal of truth and falsehood. The world began to tell itself tales about the unknown being or his sons or servants or messengers. Some of the tales may truly be called old wives' tales; as professing only to be very remote memories of the morning of the world; myths about the baby moon or the half-baked mountains. Some of them might more truly be called travellers' tales; as being curious but contemporary tales brought from certain borderlands of experience; such as miraculous cures or those that bring whispers of what has happened to the dead. Many of them are probably true to keep a person of real common sense more or less conscious that there really is something rather marvellous behind the cosmic curtain. — — —

Meanwhile the minority, the sages or thinkers, had withdrawn apart and had taken up an equally congenial trade. They were drawing up plans of the world; of the world which all believed to have a plan. They were trying to set forth the plan seriously and to scale. They were setting their minds directly to the mind that had made the mysterious world; considering what sort of a mind it might be and what its ultimate purpose might be. Some of them made that mind much more impersonal than mankind has generally made it; some simplified it almost to a blank; a few, a very few, doubted it altogether. One or two of the more morbid fancied that it might be evil and an enemy; just one or two of the more degraded in the other class worshipped demons instead of gods. But most of these theorists were theists: and they not only saw a moral plan in nature, but they generally laid down a moral plan for humanity. Most of them were good men who did good work: and they were remembered and reverenced in various ways. They were scribes; and their scriptures became more or less holy scriptures. They were law-givers; and their tradition became not only legal but ceremonial. We may say that they received divine honours, in the sense in which kings and great captains in certain countries often received divine honours. In a word, wherever the other popular spirit, the spirit of legend and gossip, could come into play, it surrounded them with the more mystical atmosphere of the myths. Popular poetry turned the sages into saints. . . .

Right in the middle of all these things stands up an enormous exception. It is quite unlike anything else. It is a thing final like the trump of doom, though it is also a piece of good news; or news that seems too good to be true. It is nothing less than the

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loud assertion that this mysterious maker of the world has visited his world in person. It declares that really and even recently, or right in the middle of historic times, there did walk into the world this original invisible being; about whom the thinkers make theories and the mythologists hand down myths; the Man Who Made the World. That such a higher personality exists behind all things had indeed always been implied by all the best thinkers, as well as by all the most beautiful legends. But nothing of this sort had ever been implied in any of them. — — — —

It came on the world with a wind and rush of running messengers proclaiming that apocalyptic portent; and it is not unduly fanciful to say they are running still. — — — —

Those runners gather impetus as they run. Ages afterwards they still speak as if something had just happened. They have not lost the speed and momentum of messengers; they have hardly lost, as it were, the wild eyes of witnesses. In the Catholic Church, which is the cohort of the message, there are still those headlong acts of holiness that speak of something rapid and recent; a self-sacrifice that startles the world like a suicide. — — —

For this is the last proof of the miracle; that something so supernatural should have become so natural. I mean that anything so unique when seen from the outside should only seem universal when seen from the inside. I have not minimised the scale of the miracle, as some of our milder theologians think it wise to do. Rather have I deliberately dwelt on that incredible interruption, as a blow that broke the very backbone of history.[1]) I have great sympathy with the monotheists, the Moslems, or the Jews, to whom it seems a blasphemy; a blasphemy that might shake the world. But it did not shake the world; it steadied the world. That fact, the more we consider it, will seem more solid and more strange. I think it a piece of plain justice to all the unbelievers to insist upon the audacity of the act of faith that is demanded of them. I willingly and warmly agree that it is, in itself, a suggestion at which we might expect even the brain of the believer to reel, when he realised his own belief. But the brain of the believer does not reel; it is the brains of the unbelievers that reel. — — —

The madness has remained sane when everything else went mad.[2]) The madhouse has been a house to which, age after age,

[1] Auch diesen Gedanken hat Chesterton im wesentlichen schon in *Orthodoxy* (267) entwickelt: *twice was the natural order interrupted by some explosion or revelation such as people now call "psychic". Once Heaven came upon the earth with a power or seal called the image of God, whereby man took command of Nature; and once again (when in empire after empire men had been found wanting) Heaven came to save mankind in the awful shape of a man.*

[2] Ein Gedanke, den Chesterton immer und immer wieder betont. Man vgl. *Orthodoxy* 164: *Perhaps, after all, it is Christianity that is sane*

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men are continually coming back as to a home. That is the riddle that remains; that anything so abrupt and abnormal should still be found a habitable and hospitable thing. — — —

It has endured for nearly two thousand years; and the world within it has been more lucid, more level-headed, more reasonable in its hopes, more healthy in its instincts, more humorous and cheerful in the face of fate and death, than the world outside. For it was the soul of Christendom that came forth from the incredible Christ; and the soul of it was common sense.

III. GESCHICHTE

16. LYTTON STRACHEY [Einführung S. 6, 12, 31]

QUEEN VICTORIA (1924) [1])

Lytton Strachey hat in seinem *Eminent Victorians* und seiner *Queen Victoria* in kühnen Griffen und hellster Anschaulichkeit das Menschlich-Allzumenschliche aus seinen Gestalten herausgeholt. Hier in der Schlußwürdigung von Victorias Persönlichkeit bleibt der Akzent immer noch auf dem schlicht Menschlichen, das im Lauf von 60 Jahren zum machtvollen Symbol emporgewachsen war. Der ganze Abschnitt ist ein Beispiel wohl erwogener künstlerischer Deutung. Man vgl. damit die viel trockenere Darstellung von Sidney Lee, *Queen Victoria, a Biography.* London, Smith, Elder and Co, 1902.

Victoria understood very well the meaning and the attractions of power and property, and in such learning the English nation, too, had grown to be more and more proficient.

During the last fifteen years of the reign — for the short Liberal Administration of 1892 was a mere interlude — imperialism was the dominant creed of the country. It was Victoria's as well. In this direction, if in no other, she had allowed her mind to develop. Under Disraeli's tutelage the Britsh Dominions over the seas had come to mean much more to her than ever before, and, in particular, she had grown enamoured of the East. The thought of India fascinated her; she set to, and learnt a little Hindustani; she engaged some Indian servants, who became her inseparable attendants, and one of whom, Munshi Abdul Karim, eventually almost succeeded to the position which had once been John Brown's. At the same time, the imperialist temper of the nation invested her office with a new significance exactly harmonising with her own inmost proclivities. The English polity was in the main a common-sense structure; but there was always a corner

and all its critics that are mad — in various ways. — Ebenda: *There was never anything so perilous or so exciting as orthodoxy. It was sanity: and to be sane is more dramatic than to be mad. It was the equilibrium of a man behind madly rushing horses, seeming to stoop this way and to sway that, yet in every attitude having the grace of statuary and the accuracy of arithmetic.*

[1]) London, Chatto and Windus 1924, 262.

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in it where common-sense could not enter — where, somehow or other, the ordinary measurements were not applicable and the ordinary rules did not apply. So our ancestors had laid it down, giving scope, in their wisdom, to that mystical element which, as it seems, can never quite be eradicated from the affairs of men. Naturally it was in the Crown that the mysticism of the English polity was concentrated — the Crown, with its venerable antiquity, its sacred associations, its imposing spectacular array. But, for nearly two centuries, common sense had been predominant in the great building, and the little unexplored, inexplicable corner had attracted small attention. Then, with the rise of imperialism, there was a change. For imperialism is a faith as well as a business; as it grew, the mysticism in English public life grew with it; and simultaneously a new importance began to attach to the Crown. The need for a symbol of England's might, of England's worth, of England's extraordinary and mysterious destiny — became felt more urgently than ever before. The Crown was that symbol: and the Crown rested upon the head of Victoria. Thus it happened that while by the end of the reign the power of the sovereign had appreciably diminished, the prestige of the sovereign had enormously grown.

Yet this prestige was not merely the outcome of public changes; it was an intensely personal matter, too. Victoria was the Queen of England, the Empress of India, the quintessential pivot round which the whole magnificent machine was revolving — but how much more besides! For one thing, she was of a great age — an almost indispensable qualification for popularity in England. She had given proof of one of the most admired characteristics of the race — persistent vitality. She had reigned for sixty years, and she was not out. And then, she was a character. The outlines of her nature were firmly drawn, and, even through the mists which envelop royalty, clearly visible. In the popular imagination her familiar figure filled, with satisfying ease, a distinct and memorable place. It was, besides, the kind of figure which naturally called forth the admiring sympatly of the great majority of the nation. Goodness they prized above every other human quality; and Victoria, who, at the age of twelve, had said that she would be good, had kept her word. Duty, conscience, morality — yes! in the light of those high beacons the Queen had always lived. She had passed her days in work and not in pleasure — in public responsibilities and family cares. The standard of solid virtue which had been set up so long ago amid the domestic happiness of Osborne had never been lowered for an instant. For more than half a century no divorced lady had approached the precincts of the Court. Victoria, indeed, in her enthusiasm for wifely fidelity, had laid down a still stricter ordinance: she frowned severely upon any widow who married again. Considering that she herself

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was the offspring of a widow's second marriage, this prohibition might be regarded as an eccentricity; but, no doubt, it was an eccentricity on the right side. The middle classes, firm in the triple brass of their respectability, rejoiced with a special joy over the most respectable of Queens. They almost claimed her, indeed, as one of themselves; but this would have been an exaggeration. For, though many of her characteristics were most often found among the middle classes, in other respects — in her manners, for instance — Victoria was decidedly aristocratic. And, in one important particular, she was neither aristocratic nor middle-class: her attitude toward herself was simply regal.

Such qualities were obvious and important; but, in the impact of personality, it is something deeper, something fundamental and common to all its qualities, that really tells. In Victoria, it is easy to discern the nature of this underlying element: it was a peculiar sincerity. Her truthfulness, her single-mindedness, the vividness of her emotions and her unrestrained expression of them, were the varied forms which this central characteristic assumed. It was her sincerity which gave her at once her impressiveness, her charm, and her absurdity. She moved through life with the imposing certitude of one to whom concealment was impossible — either towards her surroundings or towards herself. There she was, all of her — the Queen of England, complete and obvious; the world might take her or leave her; she had nothing more to show, or to explain, or to modify; and, with her peerless carriage, she swept along her path. And not only was concealment out of the question; reticence, reserve, even dignity itself, as it sometimes seemed, might be very well dispensed with. As Lady Lyttelton said: 'There is a transparency in her truth that is very striking — not a shade of exaggeration in describing feelings or facts: like very few other people I ever knew. Many may be as true, but I think it goes often along with some reserve. She talks all out; just as it is, no more and no less.' She talked all out; and she wrote all out, too. Her letters, in the surprising jet of their expression, remind one of a turned-on tap. What is within pours forth in an immediate, spontaneous rush. Her utterly military style has at least the merit of being a vehicle exactly suited to her thoughts and feelings; and even the platitude of her phraseology carries with it a curiously personal flavour. Undoubtedly it was through her writings that she touched the heart of the public. Not only in her 'Highland Journals', where the mild chronicle of her private proceedings was laid bare without a trace either of affectation or of embarrassment, but also in those remarkable messages to the nation which, from time to time, she published in the newspapers, her people found her very close to them indeed. They felt instinctively Victoria's irresistible sincerity, and they responded. And in truth it was an endearing trait.

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The personality and the position, too — the wonderful combination of them — that, perhaps, was which was finally fascinating in the case. The little old lady, with her white hair and her plain mourning clothes, in her wheeled chair or her donkey-carriage — one saw her so; and then — close behind — with their immediate suggestion of singularity, of mystery, and of power — the Indian servants. That was the familiar vision, and it was admirable; but, at chosen moments, it was right that the widow of Windsor should step forth apparent Queen. The last and the most glorious of such occasions was the Jubilee of 1897. Then, as the splendid procession passed along, escorting Victoria through the thronged re-echoing streets of London on her progress of thanksgiving to St. Paul's Cathedral, the greatness of her realm and the adoration of her subjects blazed out together. The tears welled to her eyes, and, while the multitude roared round her, 'How kind they are to me! How kind they are!' she repeated over and over again. That night her message flew over the Empire: 'From my heart I thank my beloved people. May God bless them!' The long journey was nearly done. But the traveller, who had come so far, and through such strange experiences, moved on with the old unfaltering step. The girl, the wife, the aged woman, were the same: vitality, conscientiousness, pride, and simplicity were hers to the latest hour.

IV. LITERARISCHE KRITIK

17. WALTER PATER (1839—1884). [Einführung S. 11, 41]

AESTHETIC CRITICISM (1873)[1])

Walter Pater stellt hier das Programm einer impressionistischen oder schöpferischen Kritik auf[2]), die man als eine Reaktion gegen Ruskins soziale Kunstwertung auffassen kann. Er führt es aus in den Renaissanceessais, in die sich aber schon eine leise Selbstporträtierung untermischt. Mit der Zeit gewinnt diese die Oberhand und treibt ihn zum Imaginären Porträt (s. unten S. 203). Das Programm reizt seinen Schüler Oscar Wilde (s. den nächsten Text) und verwirklicht sich teilweise in Francis Thompson (s. weiter unten seinen Versuch über Shelley). Es findet Geltung in Arthur Symons und verliert sich mit dem neuen Jahrhundert im literarischen Journalismus. Es ist den 1890er Jahren angepaßt. Zum Ganzen vgl. E. L. 180—82. Der chaotische Zustand der ästhetischen Kritik wird trefflich gekennzeichnet von I. A. Richards in seinem bedeutungsvollen Buche *Principles of Literary Criticism* (London, Kegan Paul etc. 1925) Kap. I *The Chaos of Critical Theories.* Berühmte Äußerungen: *All men naturally receive pleasure from imitation. — Poetry is chiefly conversant about general truth. — It demands an enthusiasm allied to*

[1]) Aus der Vorrede zu *Renaissance, Studies in Art and Poetry* (1873).

[2]) Ohne von Poe zu wissen, der es 1844 in seinem *Poetic Principle* z. T. schon vorweggenommen hat *(It is to be hoped that commonsense, in the time to come, will prefer deciding upon a work of art, ... by the impression it makes — by the effect it produces).*

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madness; transported out of ourselves we become what we imagine. — Beautiful words are the very and peculiar light of the mind. — Let the work be what you like, provided it has simplicity and unity. — De Gustibus . . . — Of writing well right thinking is the beginning and the fount. — We must never separate ourselves from Nature. — Delight is the chief if not the only end; instruction can be admitted but in the second place. — The pleasures of Fancy are more conducive to health than those of the understanding. — The spontaneous overflow of powerful feeling. — The best words in the best order. — The whole soul of man in activity. — Unity in variety. — The synthetic and magical power of the imagination. — The eye on the object. — The disimprisonment of the soul of fact. — The identification of content and form. — A criticism of Life. — Empathy favourable to our existence. — Significant form. — The expression of impressions. — Vgl. auch die 16 Typen bei C. K. Ogden, I. A. Richards, James Wood, *The Foundations of Aesthetics* (London, George Allen and Unwin, 1922). — Ferner: Vernon Lee and C. A. Thomson, *Beauty and Ugliness* (London, John Lane 1912).

"To see the object as in itself it really is,"[1]) has been justly said to be the aim of all true criticism whatever; and in aesthetic criticism the first step towards seeing one's object as it really is, is to know one's own impression as it really is[2]), to discriminate it, to realise it distinctly. The objects with which aesthetic criticism deals — music, poetry, artistic and accomplished forms of human life — are indeed receptacles of so many powers or forces: they possess, like the products of nature, so many virtues or qualities. What is this song or picture, this engaging personality presented in life or in book to *me?* What effect does it really produce on me? Does it give me pleasure? and if so, what sort or degree of pleasure? How is my nature modified by its presence, and under its influence? The answers to these questions are the original facts with which the aesthetic critic has to do; and, as in the study of light, of morals, of number, one must realise such primary data for one's self, or not at all. And he who experiences these impressions strongly, and drives directly at the discrimination and analysis of them, has no need to trouble himself with the abstract question what beauty is in itself, or what its exact relation to truth or experience — metaphysical questions, as unprofitable as metaphysical questions elsewhere.[3])

[1] Matthew Arnolds Lieblingsformel, zuerst in *On Translating Homer* (1861), dann in dem wichtigen ersten Aufsatz *The Function of Criticism at the Present Time* seiner *Essays in Criticism* (1865): *It is the business of the critical power . . . to see the object as in itself it really is* und dann wieder in *Culture and Anarchy* (1869), wo er diese Fähigkeit den Griechen nachrühmt: *The uppermost idea with Hellenism is to see things as they really are.* Wilde greift die Arnoldsche Formel auf und widerlegt sie (s. Texte S. 102 unten). Man kann sich fragen, ob sie für Pater ein glücklicher Ausgangspunkt war.

[2] Wäre dies noch in Arnolds Sinne?

[3] Pater ist (1873) schon abgerückt von der metaphysischen Ästhetik Hegels, die zur Zeit seines Winckelmannessays (1866) noch vorherrscht.

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He may pass them all by as being, answerable or not, of no interest to him.

The aesthetic critic, then, regards all the objects with which he has to do, all works of art, and the fairer forms of nature and human life, as powers or forces producing pleasurable sensations, each of a more or less peculiar or unique kind. This influence he feels, and wishes to explain by analysing and reducing it to its elements. To him, the picture, the landscape, the engaging personality in life or in a book, La Gioconda[1]), the hills of Carrara, Pico of Mirandola, are valuable for their virtues, as we say, in speaking of a herb, a wine, a gem; for the property each has of affecting one with a special, a unique, impression of pleasure. Our education becomes complete in proportion as our susceptibility to these impressions increases in depth and variety.[2]) And the function of the aesthetic critic is to distinguish, to analyse, and separate from its adjuncts, the virtue by which a picture, a landscape, a fair personality in life or in a book, produces this special impression of beauty or pleasure, to indicate what the source of that impression is, and under what conditions it is experienced. His end is reached when he has disengaged that virtue, and noted it, as a chemist notes some natural element, for himself and others; and the rule for those who would reach this end is stated with great exactness in the words of a recent critic of Sainte-Beuve: — *De se borner à connaître de près les belles choses, et à s'en nourrir en exquis amateurs, en humanistes accomplis.*

What is important, then, is not that the critic should possess a correct abstract definition of beauty for the intellect[3]), but a certain kind of temperament, the power of being deeply moved by the presence of beautiful objects. He will remember always that beauty exists in many forms. To him all periods, types, schools of taste, are in themselves equal. In all ages there have been some excellent workmen, and some excellent work done. The question he asks is always: — In whom did the stir, the genius, the sentiment of the period find itself? where was the receptacle of its refinement, its elevation, its taste? "The ages are all equal," says William Blake, "but genius is always above its age."[4])

[1] Für Pater das Beispiel eines solchen Kräftegefäßes (sein Aufsatz über Leonardo da Vinci).

[2] Pater betont hier die bleibenden Wirkungen in der Seele des Beschauenden. Man vgl. damit das berühmte Nachwort in demselben Bande, wo er in einseitiger Weise den Blick auf den Augenblicksbewußtseinszustand lenkt. [3] Vgl. S. 98[3].

[4] Das genaue Zitat: *Ages are all Equal, But Genius is Always Above The Age.* Blakes Glosse (ca. 1808) zu Sir Joshua Reynold's *Discourses*, London 1798, wo er über Albrecht Dürer spricht *(The Writings of W. B.*, ed. G. Keynes III 27).

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18. OSCAR WILDE [Einführung S. 5—6, 11, 42]

THE CRITIC AS ARTIST (1890) [1])

O. Wilde veröffentlichte den jetzt unter diesem Namen gehenden Essay zuerst 1890 in der Juli- und Septembernummer des *Nineteenth Century* unter dem Titel *The True Function and Value of Criticism with some Remarks on the Importance of Doing Nothing: A Dialogue.* Man beachte den gewollten Anklang an M. Arnolds ersten Aufsatz seiner Essayreihe (1865): *The Function of Criticism at the Present Time,* in dem Arnold die beiden Thesen verficht, Dichtung sei ein *criticism of life* und der Zweck der Kritik *to see the object as in itself it really is* (vgl. Texte S. 98, Anmerk. 1). Wilde bekämpft beide Thesen. Der Kritiker gestaltet sein eigenes Erlebnis im Genuß des künstlerischen Objekts, das ihm entgegentritt. So schafft er neue Kunstwerke. Das schönste Beispiel dafür ist der berühmt gewordene Abschnitt, der hier als erster folgt. Eine äußere Veranlassung zu dem Essay war Whistlers Angriff auf Wilde, der am 20. Februar 1885 seinem früheren Freunde vorgeworfen hatte, er übertrage Gemälde in Verse und beanspruche so ein nicht von ihm selber geschaffenes Kunstwerk für sich. All die Jahre hindurch verkündigte Wilde gegenüber Whistler die höhere Berufung des Dichters, über Maler und Musiker hinaus. Der hier folgende Textabschnitt bezeichnet den Höhepunkt solcher Kündung.[2])

Über Wilde: Arthur Ransome, O. Wilde, London 1912 u. öfters, L.-F. Choisy, O. Wilde, Paris 1927.

a) THE WORLD MADE BY THE SINGER FOR THE DREAMER

GILBERT. It is so in truth. On the mouldering citadel of Troy lies the lizard like a thing of green bronze. The owl has built her nest in the palace of Priam. Over the empty plain wander shepherd and goatherd with thin flocks, and where, on the wine-surfaced, oily sea, οἴνοψ πόντος, as Homer calls it, copper-prowed and streaked with vermilion, the great galleys of the Danaoi came in their gleaming crescent, the lonely tunny-fisher[3]) sits in his little boat and watches the bobbing corks of his net. Yet, every morning the doors of the city are thrown open, and on foot, or in horse-drawn chariot, the warriors go forth to battle, and mock their enemies from behind their iron masks. All day long the fight rages, and when night comes the torches gleam by the tents, and the cresset burns in the hall. Those who live in marble or on painted panel, know of life but a single exquisite instant, eternal indeed in its beauty, but limited to one note of passion or one mood of calm. Those whom the poet makes live have their myriad emotions of joy and terror, of courage and despair, of pleasure and of suffering. The seasons come and go in glad or

[1]) Aus *Intentions* (1891) Methuen, kleine Ausgabe 134—136 und 139 bis 141.

[2]) Vgl. Verfasser, Studien zu Oscar Wildes Gedichten, 160—166.

[3]) Der Thunfischer ist eine Lieblingsvorstellung bei Wilde, siehe sein Gedicht *Charmides,* 13. Strophe (B. Fehr, Studien zu O. Wildes Gedichten, Berlin 1918, S. 145). Klassische Reminiszenz aus Theokrits drittem Idyll, 26.

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saddening pageant, and with winged or leaden feet[1]) the years pass by before them. They have their youth and their manhood, they are children, and they grow old. It is always dawn for St. Helena, as Veronese saw her at the window. Through the still morning air the angels bring her the symbol of God's pain. The cool breezes of the morning lift the gilt threads from her brow. On that little hill by the city of Florence, where the lovers of Giorgione are lying, it is always the solstice of noon, of noon made so languorous by summer suns that hardly can the slim naked girl dip into the marble tank the round bubble of clear glass, and the long fingers of the luteplayer rest idly upon the chords. It is twilight always for the dancing nymphs whom Corot set free among the silver poplars of France. In eternal twilight they move, those frail diaphanous figures, whose tremulous white feet seem not to touch the dew-drenched grass they tread on. But those who walk in epos, drama, or romance, see through the labouring months the young moons wax and wane, and watch the night from evening unto morning star, and from sunrise unto sunsetting can note the shifting day with all its gold and shadow. For them, as for us, the flowers bloom and wither, and the Earth, that Green-tressed Goddess as Coleridge calls her, alters her raiment for their pleasure. The statue is concentrated to one moment of perfection. The image stained upon the canvas possesses no spiritual element of growth or change. If they know nothing of death, it is because they know little of life, for the secrets of life and death belong to those, and those only, whom the sequence of time affects, and who possess not merely the present but the future, and can rise or fall from a past of glory or of shame. Movement, that problem of the visible arts, can be truly realised by Literature alone. It is Literature that shows us the body in its swiftness and the soul in its unrest.

b) A CREATION WITHIN THE CREATION

Man vergleiche damit den Paterschen Abschnitt (Texte, Nr. 17). Der Arnoldsche Ausgangspunkt wird abgelehnt. Wilde landet in der Paradoxie.

GILBERT. Indeed, I would call criticism a creation within a creation. For just as the great artists, from Homer and Aeschylus, down to Shakespeare and Keats, did not go directly to life for their subject-matter, but sought for it in myth, and legend, and ancient tale, so the critic deals with materials that others have, as it were, purified for him, and to which imaginative form and co-

[1] Dies Hineinschieben der Füße in die dichterische Anschauung symbolischer Gestalten ist eine Wildesche Manier, die auf Swinburne zurückgeht (Fehr, a. a. O. 90). Das Ganze klassische Reminiszenz: das Bild der Horen. *With winged feet* erinnert an die βάρδισται . . . Ὧραι bei Theokrit, 15. Idylle 104.

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lour have been already added. Nay, more, I would say that the highest Criticism, being the purest form of personal impression, is in its way more creative than creation, as it has least reference to any standard external to itself, and is, in fact, its own reason for existing, and, as the Greeks would put it, in itself, and to itself, an end. Certainly, it is never trammelled by any shackles of verisimilitude. No ignoble considerations of probability, that cowardly concession to the tedious repetitions of domestic or public life, affect it ever. One may appeal from fiction unto fact. But from the soul there is no appeal.

ERNEST. From the soul?

GILBERT. Yes, from the soul. That is what the highest criticism really is, the record of one's own soul. It is more fascinating than history, as it is concerned simply with oneself. It is more delightful than philosophy, as its subject is concrete and not abstract, real and not vague. It is the only civilised form of autobiography, as it deals not with the events, but with the thoughts of one's life; not with life's physical accidents of deed or circumstance, but with the spiritual moods and imaginative passions of the mind. I am always amused by the silly vanity of those writers and artists of our day who seem to imagine that the primary function of the critic is to chatter about their second-rate work. The best that one can say of most modern creative art is that it is just a little less vulgar than reality, and so the critic, with his fine sense of distinction and sure instinct of delicate refinement, will prefer to look into the silver mirror or through the woven veil, and will turn his eyes away from the chaos and clamour of actual existence, though the mirror be tarnished and the veil be torn. His sole aim is to chronicle his own impressions. It is for him that pictures are painted, books written, and marble hewn into form.

ERNEST. I seem to have heard another theory of Criticism.

GILBERT. Yes: it has been said by one whose gracious memory we all revere, and the music of whose pipe once lured Proserpina from her Sicilian fields, and made those white feet stir, and not in vain, the Cumnor cowslips[1]), that the proper aim of Criticism is to see the object as in itself it really is.[2]) But this is a very serious error, and takes no cognisance of Criticism's most perfect form, which is in its essence purely subjective, and seeks to reveal its own secret and not the secret of another. For the highest Criticism deals with art not as expressive but as impressive purely.

[1] Matthew Arnold. Die Worte klingen hier absichtlich an Arnolds Scholar *Gypsy* und *Thyrsis* an, wo von den Cumnor Hügeln und Proserpinas Fortlockung von Sizilien nach Oxford die Rede ist, von Wilde schon vorher so gehandhabt in seinem Gedicht *The Burden of Itys*, S. 70 und 71 (vgl. Verf. a. a. O. 110—11).

[2] Siehe Anmerkung 1, S. 98.

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19. FRANCIS THOMPSON (1865—1907). [Einführung S. 11]

SHELLEY (1889) [1])

Thompsons Shelleyaufsatz erregte bei seinem ersten Erscheinen (1908) größtes Aufsehen. Er ist in dem farbigen Stil der neunziger Jahre geschrieben, gelegentlich zu blütenreich und lichtblendend. Ein Beispiel schöpferisch künstlerischer Kritik. Der katholische Ekstatiker Thompson erkennt in dem „Atheisten" Shelley die Brüdergemeinschaft des Alleinheitsglaubens. Er sieht ihn zunächst als Kind, dem dieser Glaube selbstverständlich ist. Dann beleuchtet er Shelleys kosmische Seligkeit an Beispiel nach Beispiel. Keine anderen Worte vermöchten besser das Schönheitserlebnis beim Lesen des Wolkengedichts in unserm Geiste so durchaus in Shelleyschem Sinne zu erneuern und zu vertiefen als Thompsons Prosarhapsodie, die uns den kindlichen Dichter im Weltall spielend zeigt.

Über F. Thompson: Everard Meynell, Life of F. T. 1916; G. A. Beacock, Diss. Marburg 1912; F. Rooker, F. T., Paris, Thèse 1913; John Thomson, F. T. 1922. E. L. 447—50.

We are self-conscious to the finger-tips; and this inherent quality, entailing on our poetry the inevitable loss of spontaneity, ensures that whatever poets, of whatever excellence, may be born to us from the Shelleian stock, its founder's spirit can take among us no reincarnation. An age that is ceasing to produce child-like children cannot produce a Shelley. For both as poet and man he was essentially a child.

Yet just as in the effete French society before the Revolution the Queen played at Arcadia, the King played at being a mechanic, every one played at simplicity and universal philanthropy, leaving for most durable outcome of their philanthropy the guillotine, as the most durable outcome of ours may be execution by electricity; — so in our own society the talk of benevolence and the cult of childhood are the very fashion of the hour. We, of this self-conscious, incredulous generation, sentimentalize our children, analyse our children, think we are endowed with a special capacity to sympathize and identify ourselves with children; we play at being children. And the result is that we are not more child-like, but our children are less child-like. It is so tiring to stoop to the child, so much easier to lift the child up to you. Know you what it is to be a child? It is to be something very different from the man of to-day. It is to have a spirit yet streaming from the waters of baptism; it is to believe in love, to believe in loveliness, to believe in belief; it is to be so little that the elves can reach to whisper in your ear; it is to turn pumpkins into coaches, and mice into horses, lowness into loftiness, and

[1]) Thompson bot 1889 seinen Shelleyaufsatz der *Dublin Review* an, die ihn ablehnte. 19 Jahre später, nach Thompsons Tode, erschien er in derselben Zeitschrift. Jetzt bequem nachzulesen in *The Works of F. Thompson, volume III: Prose.* Burns and Oates, Ltd, London (1913). Wir bringen daraus S. 6—8 u. 17—18. (Vgl. dort auch die *Notes* 283 bis 289.)

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nothing into everything, for each child has its fairy godmother in its own soul; it is to [1]live in a nutshell and to count yourself the king of infinite space[1]; it is

To see a world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower,
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour[2]);

it is to know not as yet that you are under sentence of life, nor petition that it be commuted into death. When we become conscious in dreaming that we dream, the dream is on the point of breaking; when we become conscious in living that we live, the ill dream is but just beginning. Now if Shelley was but too conscious of the dream, in other respects Dryden's false and famous line[3]) might have been applied to him with very much less than its usual untruth. To the last, in a degree uncommon even among poets, he retained the idiosyncrasy of childhood, expanded and matured without differentiation. To the last he was the enchanted child.

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Coming to Shelley's poetry, we peep over the wild mask of revolutionary metaphysics, and we see the winsome face of the child. Perhaps none of his poems is more purely and typically Shelleian than *The Cloud*, and it is interesting to note how essentially it springs from the faculty of make-believe. The same thing is conspicuous, though less purely conspicuous, throughout his singing; it is the child's faculty of make-believe raised to the n^{th} power. He is still at play, save only that his play is such as manhood stops to watch, and his playthings are those which the gods give their children. The universe is his box of toys. He dabbles his fingers in the day-fall. He makes bright mischief with the moon. The meteors nuzzle their noses in his hand. He teases into growling the kennelled thunder, and laughs at the shaking of its fiery chain. He dances in and out of the gates of heaven: its floor is littered with his broken fancies. He runs wild over the fields of ether. He chases the rolling world. He gets between the feet of the horses of the sun. He stands in the lap of patient Nature, and twines her loosened tresses after a hundred wilful fashions, to see how she will look nicest in his song.

[1-1] Hamlet II, II 260.

[2] W. Blake, *Auguries of Innocence.*

[3] Die Männer aufgefaßt als *children of a larger growth* in der bekannten Stelle in *All for Love* IV, 1: *Men are but children of a larger growth; Our appetites are apt to change as theirs, And full as craving too, and full as vain.*

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20. G. K. CHESTERTON (geb. 1874). [Einführung S. 12, 21, 32]

STEVENSON (1898) [1])

Chesterton als Kritiker der Literatur verfährt in genau derselben Weise wie in seinen Lebensdeutungen und Romanen. Er zerbricht die einheitliche Schau in grotesk verwinkelte antithetische Gedankengänge, dreht alte feste Urteile ins Paradoxe um oder verblüfft den Leser stets aufs neue durch eine unerwartete Deduktion. Die Folge ist, daß bestimmte Züge, an Gegenpolen immer wieder aufs neue gemessen, überraschende Schärfe erhalten, und daß wertvolle neue Erkenntnisse sich auf Schritt und Tritt ergeben. Das beste Beispiel dafür ist sein *Victorian Age in Literature* 1913; ferner: sein *Robert Browning* 1908; sein *Charles Dickens* 1906. Die Bezüge, die Chesterton zwischen dem gegebenen Objekt und allen möglichen nahen und fernen Dingen unerwartet herzustellen weiß, stempeln ihn zum witzigen Kritiker. Was er hier über Stevensons Kunst ausführt, trifft nur für den jungen Dichter zu — nicht mehr für den Verfasser des nur für den jungen Dichter zu — nicht mehr für den Verfasser des *Weir of Hermiston* — und wird durch Text Nr. 35 schlagend beleuchtet.

Über Chesterton: Julius West, *G. K. C.* 1915; P. Braybrooke, *G. K. C.* 1922 (wenig bedeutend); G. W. Bullett, The *Innocence of G. K. C.* 1923 (gut). E. L. 339—40.

Stevenson was essentially the robust schoolboy who draws skeletons and gibbets in his Latin grammar. It was not that he took pleasure in death, but that he took pleasure in life, in every muscular and emphatic action of life, even if it were an action that took the life of another.

Let us suppose that one gentleman throws a knife at another gentleman and pins him to the wall. It is scarcely necessary to remark that there are in this transaction two somewhat varying personal points of view. The point of view of the man pinned is the tragic and moral point of view, and this Stevenson showed clearly that he understood in such stories as 'The Master of Ballantrae' and 'Weir of Hermiston'. But there is another view of the matter — that in which the whole act is an abrupt and brilliant explosion of bodily vitality, like breaking a rock with a blow of a hammer, or just clearing a five-barred gate. This is the standpoint of romance, and it is the soul of 'Treasure Island' and 'The Wrecker'. It was not, indeed, that Stevenson loved men less, but that he loved clubs and pistols more. He had, in truth, in the devouring universalism of his soul, a positive love for inanimate objects such as has not been known since St. Francis called the sun brother and the well sister. We feel that he was actually in love with the wooden crutch that Silver sent hurtling in the sunlight, with the box that Billy Bones left at the 'Admiral Benbow', with the knife that Wicks drove through his own hand and the table. There is always in his work a certain cleancut angularity which makes us remember that he was fond of cutting wood with an axe.

[1]) Aus Chestertons Besprechung des Buches von H. B. Baildon, *R. L. Stevenson*, London, Chatto and Windus 1898. Neu gedruckt in *Twelve Types, a Book of Essays*, London, A. L. Humphreys 1902.

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21. QUILLER-COUCH (geboren 1863) [Einführung S. 15, 22, 23]

THOMAS HARDY (1819) [1]

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, der Inhaber des Lehrstuhls für englische Literaturgeschichte an der Universität Cambridge, ist als Kritiker ein Meister des literarischen Porträts. Die Herausdeutung Thomas Hardys und seiner Kunst aus dem Boden, dem er entstammt, ist schlagend, anschaulich und von kraftvoller Gedrängtheit. Zur Erläuterung vgl. man die Textproben aus Thomas Hardy, S. 128—31.

First of all, and last of all, he is a countryman. And the first meaning of this is that his mind works like most country minds in this great little island. They are introspective because insular: and their soil is cumbered, piled with history and local tradition: a land of arable inveterately and deeply ploughed; of pastures close-webbed at the root by rain and sun persistently reviving the blade which the teeth of sheep and cattle persistently crop; of its heaths — such as Newmarket — where race-horses in training gallops beat their hoofs in the very footprints of Boadicea's mares and stallions; of mines, working, yet, that paid their firstfruits to Sidon and Carthage, choked harbours, dead empires. In this land of ours, I say, the mind of a native must dig vertically down through strata. Though it be the mind of a farm labourer, it knows its acres intimately; not only their rotation of crops, and slant to wind or sun, but their several humours, caprices, obstinacies of soil; and, always with an eye to windward, hopes for the weather it knows likeliest to profit them. So when, as with Hardy, a countryman has the further knowledge that comes of book-learning, and acquires with it the historical sense, that sense still feels vertically downwards, through soil and subsoil, through the mould of Norman, Dane, Saxon, Celt, Iber, and of tribes beyond history, to the geological formations layered over by this accumulated dust.

Further, you know that the tales of old time which haunt a true countryman's imagination are tales of violence, of lonely houses where suppressed passions inhabit to flame out in murder or suicide, to make a legend, to haunt a cross-road or a mile-post: fierce, primitive, deeds breaking up through the slow crust of custom: unaccountable, but not unnatural. Along the king's highway, a gibbet where sheepstealers used to swing: in such and such a copse a tree, on that tree such and such a branch where a poor girl hanged herself for love: at the three roads by the blacksmith's a triangle of turf still called 'Betsy Beneath' because there they buried her uncoffined and drove a stake through her.

Further, if you know your rural England, you will know that every village in it is a small shop of gossip. 'Have you heard?

[1] Aus *Studies in Literature*, Cambridge, University Press 1918, S. 199 bis 202.

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Young Peter Hodge is at upsides with his wife? yes, already, and her only expectin'. 'They tell me Farmer So-and-so have a mortgage, if you'll believe, on the Lower Barton Farm'; 'So, that girl Jenny is in trouble as I always foretold. Vengeance o' Jenny's case!

Well as I interpret this most genuine, most autochthonous of living writers, I see him leaning over the gate of a field with a wood's edge bordering it. He knows the wood so intimately that his ear detects and separates the notes of the wind as it soughs in oak, hornbeam, pine (see the opening of *Under the Greenwood Tree*, or *The Woodlanders, passim).* Of the sheep on the pasture he knows when their lambs will fall. He judges the grass, if it be sufficient. He knows that breast-shaped knob on the knap of the hill and how many centuries have worn to this what was the high burial mound of a British chieftain: he knows the lias beneath the chief's grave, and the layered rock still deeper — that is, he knows as near as geologistst can tell. He knows, having a boy's eye for this, where a nest is likeliest to be, and of what bird. But what more intrigues him than any of these things — still as he follows the line of the hedge — is that under one innocent-looking thorn such and such a parish tragedy was enacted. Just here, they tell, two brothers quarrelled and one smote the other with a re a ping-hook; just there was lovers' bliss and just there, a brief while later, the woman's heart broke.

22. OLIVER ELTON

OLD AND NEW. THE ART OF PROSE (1920)[1] [Einführung S. 2, 32]

Die Werke Oliver Eltons zeugen von umfassendem Wissen, kritischem Weitblick, klugem Abwägen und weiser Zurückhaltung. In dem kulturellen Blick, den er hier auf die Entwicklung der Literatur seit 1880 wirft, hält er zwei Erscheinungen fest: den Zerfall des Liberalismus im weitesten Sinne und das Zerbrechen der großzügigen Prosabewegung in Einzelstücke. In dieser Wende kann man vielleicht mit ebensoviel Recht eine Entwicklung erkennen.

The change in spirit may be described, without prejudice, and using the term in a large sense, as the decay of liberalism. No more classics of the new faith like Mill On Liberty, or like Songs Before Sunrise! Survivors like Sir Leslie Stephen carry on this warfare; but the best of the new writers do not take it up. Various reactions gather strength; the reaction towards a priori philosophy, the reaction towards mysticism. The stoical intellectualism of the former age is at a discount. And these reactions, which are at their height at the present moment (1920), have been at work ever since 1880. They are, of course, rooted in tendencies of an earlier time, some of which I have tried to note. In my own

[1] Aus *A Survey of English Literature 1830—1880,* London 1920, vol. II, S. 369, 370—71.

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belief, which it would be out of place to argue here, the change means simply this: that reason, and science, and the enthusiasm of humanity, which spoke out so bravely in the third quarter of the last century, left many facts of human nature, emotional and spiritual, out of their reckoning, and made too hasty a synthesis; that these facts, as always happens, revenged themselves upon the theories which overlooked them; that reason, in consequence, became awhile discredited; that the next task of reason is to catch up with the facts that she had ignored, and to reassert her natural supremacy; and that to do this service for reason is the business of that coming age which most of us will not live to see. And I believe that there has always been this kind of rhythm in the history of thought; reason overtaking the facts, and then being left behind and defeated, and then recovering, and so on indefinitely; and that the true and only sure hope for humanity lies in reason's permanent, insuppressible power of self-recovery.

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The second and much narrower change, which also seems to bear out that choice, is to be seen in the art of prose. For prose begins, in the Eighties, to lose just that amplitude and rapidity of movement which had distinguished it before. There are clear signs of this loss in Pater, whose influence was itself a cause of the loss. The example of Flaubert, whom he made more familiar, counted for something too. The new writers incline to concentrate on minute felicities of form, and to tesselate their style like a mosaic, or to carve it like ivory. The result, in story-tellers so different as Henry James and Robert Louis Stevenson, is often delightful and wonderful; but the large free movement is gone; and it is gone, too, in some of the new critics of their time, who follow Pater rather than Matthew Arnold. The phrase: they are not happy till they have found the phrase! They save it up, and burnish it, and inlay it, till you cannot see the page for the phrase, and you have to read slowly, because these writers go slowly. But then Ruskin, who goes fast, and whom you can read fast, is also a master of phrase. With all his faults, he is as generous, and sometimes as wasteful, as the nature that he describes. He abounds, and abounds easily, in perfect phrases; they burn upon his page like the endless blossoms of an Eastern torch-tree. Nice finish, and thrift, and painfully exquisite placing of syllables, though they are all good and pleasurable things, do not make up for the absence of this quality. There must of course come, and in fact there has already come, a revulsion towards a larger manner of prose discourse.

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V. ROMAN

23. MRS. HUMPHRY WARD (1851—1920)

[Einführung S. 11, 12, 21, 26]

ROBERT ELSMERE (1888) [1])

Was für eine gewaltige Persönlichkeit T. H. Green war, erhellt aus den folgenden Abschnitten aus Mrs. H. Wards *Robert Elsmere*. Mr. Grey steht für T. H. Green. (Vgl. seine Laienpredigt, Texte S. 79.) Robert wird Priester, gibt später unter furchtbaren Kämpfen den Buchstabenglauben auf und zieht sich vom Pfarramt zurück, um in Ostlondon — ganz im Greenschen Sinne und wie Greens Schüler Arnold Toynbee, der kurz vorher (1882) sein werktätiges Christentum mit dem Tod bezahlt hatte — seine Überzeugung in die Tat umzusetzen. Dann bricht er zusammen und stirbt. *Robert Elsmere* — äußerlich! — das literarische Ereignis der 1880er Jahre, kommt uns heute abgegriffen vor. — Eine Analyse des Romans gibt L. Kellner, a. a. O. 431—5. Vgl. auch W. Pater, *Essays from the Guardian* 55 u. ff.

Zum Ganzen: vgl. E. L. 312; Mrs. H. W., *A Writer's Recollections*, London 1918; J. S. Walters, *Mrs. H. W.*, London 1912; J. P. Trevelyan, *Mrs. H. W.*, London 1923.

Elsmere was now attending Grey's philosophical lectures, following them with enthusiasm, and making use of them, as so often happens, for the defence and fortification of views quite other than his teacher's. The whole basis of Grey's thought was ardently idealist and Hegelian. He had broken with the popular Christianity, but for him, God, consciousness, duty, were the only realities. None of the various forms of materialist thought escaped his challenge; no genuine utterance of the spiritual life of man but was sure of his sympathy. It was known that after having prepared himself for the Christian ministry, he had remained a layman because it had become impossible to him to accept miracle; and it was evident that the commoner type of churchmen regarded him as an antagonist all the more dangerous because he was so sympathetic. But the negative and critical side of him was what in reality told least upon his pupils. He was reserved, he talked with difficulty, and his respect for the immaturity of the young lives near him was complete. So that what he sowed others often reaped, or to quote the expression of a wellknown rationalist about him: "The Tories were always carrying off his honey to their hive." Elsmere, for instance, took in all that Grey had to give, drank in all the ideal fervour, the spiritual enthusiasm of the great tutor, and then, as Grey himself would have done some twenty years earlier, carried his religious passion so stimulated into the service of the great positive tradition around him.

And at that particular moment in Oxford history, the passage from Philosophic idealism to glad acquiescence in the received

[1]) Aus Kap. V.

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Christian system, was a peculiarly easy one. It was the most natural thing in the world that a young man of Elsmere's temperament should rally to the church. The place was passing through one of those periodical crises of reaction against an overdriven rationalism, which show themselves with tolerable regularity in any great centre of intellectual activity. It had begun to be recognised with a great burst of enthusiasm and astonishment, that, after all, Mill and Herbert Spencer had not said the last word on all things in heaven and earth. And now there was exaggerated recoil. A fresh wave of religious romanticism was fast gathering strenth; the spirit of Newman had reappeared in the place which Newman had loved and left; religion was becoming once more popular among the most trivial souls, and a deep reality among a large proportion of the nobler ones.

With this movement of opinion Robert had very soon found himself in close and sympathetic contact. The meagre impression left upon his boyhood by the somewhat grotesque succession of the Harden curates, and by his mother's shafts of wit at their expence, was soon driven aut of him by the stateliness and comely beauty of the church order as it was revealed to him at Oxford. The religious air, the solemn beauty of the place itself, its innumerable associations with an organised and venerable faith, the great public functions and expression of that faith, possessed the boy's imagination more and more. As he sat in the undergraduates' gallery at St. Mary's on the Sundays, when the great High Church preacher of the moment occupied the pulpit, and looked down on the crowded building, full of grave black-gowned figures, and framed in one continuous belt of closely packed boyish faces; as he listened to the preacher's vibrating voice, rising and falling with the orator's instinct for musical effect; or as he stood up with the great surrounding body of undergraduates to send the melody of some Latin hymn rolling into the far recesses of the choir, the sight and the experience touched his inmost feeling, and satisfied all the poetical and dramatic instincts of a passionate nature. The system behind the sight took stronger and stronger hold upon him; he began to wish ardently and continuously to become a part of it, to cast in his lot definitely with it.

One May evening he was wandering by himself along the towing-path which skirts the upper river, a prey to many thoughts, to forebodings about the schools which were to begin in three weeks, and to speculations as to how his mother would take the news of the second class, which he himself felt to be inevitable. Suddenly, for no apparent reason, there flashed into his mind the little conversation with his mother, which had taken place nearly four years before, in the garden at Trinity. He remembered the antagonism which the idea of a clerical life for him had raised in both of them, and a smile at his own ignorance and his

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mother's prejudice passed over his quick young face. He sat down on the grassy bank, a mass of reeds at his feet, the shadows of the poplars behind him lying across the still river, and opposite, the wide green expanse of the great town-meadow, dotted with white patches of geese and herds of grazing horses there with a sense of something solemn and critical passing over him, he began to dream out his future life.

And when he rose half an hour afterwards, and turned his steps homewards, he knew with an inward tremor of heart that the next great step of the way was practically taken. For there by the gliding river, and in view of the distant Oxford spires, which his fancy took to witness the act, he had vowed himself in prayer and self-abasement to the ministry of the church.

During the three weeks that followed he made some frantic efforts to make up lost ground. He had not been idle for a single day, but he had been unwise, an intellectual spendthrift, living in a continuous succession of enthusiasms, and now at the critical moment his stock of nerve and energy was at a low ebb. He went in, depressed and tired, his friends watching anxiously for the result. On the day of the Logic paper, as he emerged into the Schools quadrangle, he felt his arm caught by Mr. Grey.

"Come with me for a walk, Elsmere; you look as if some air would do you good."

Robert acquiesced, and the two men turned into the passage way leading out on to Radcliffe Square.

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"Have you any immediate plans?" said Mr. Grey, as they turned into the Broad Walk, now in the full leafage of June, and rustling under a brisk western wind blowing from the river.

"No; at least I suppose it will be no good my trying for a fellowship. But I meant to tell you, sir, of one thing — I have made up my mind to take orders."

"You have? When?"

"Quite lately. So that fixes me, I suppose, to come back for divinity lectures in the autumn."

Mr. Grey said nothing for a while, and they strolled in and out of the great shadows thrown by the elms across their path.

"You feel no difficulties in the way?" he asked at last, with a certain quick brusqueness of manner.

"No," said Robert eagerly. "I never had any. Perhaps," he added, with a sudden humility, "it is because I have never gone deep enough. What I believe might have been worth more if I had had more struggle; but it has all seemed so plain."

The young voice speaking with hesitation and reserve, and yet with a deep inner conviction, was peasant to hear. Mr. Grey turned towards it, and the great eyes under the furrowed brow had a peculiar gentleness of expression.

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"You will probably be very happy in the life," he said. "The Church wants men of your sort." [1])

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He tightened his grasp, and gently pushed his guest into a chair beside him. Robert was deadly pale, his face quivering painfully. The long physical strain of the past months had weakened for the moment all the controlling forces of the will. Mr. Grey stood over him — the whole man dilating, expanding under a tyrannous stress of feeling.

"It is hard, it is bitter," he said slowly, with a wonderful manly tenderness. "I know it, I have gone through it. So has many and many a poor soul that you and I have known! But there need to be no sting in the wound unless we ourselves envenom it. I know — oh! I know very well — the man of the world scoffs, but to him who has once been a Christian of the old sort, the parting with the Christian mythology is the rendering asunder of bones and marrow. It means parting with half the confidence, half the joy, of life! But take heart, "and the tone grew still more solemn, still more penetrating. "It is the education of God! Do not imagine it will put you farther from him! He is in criticism, in science, in doubt, as long as the doubt is a pure and honest doubt, as yours is.[2]) He is in all life, in all thought. The thought of man, as it has shaped itself in institutions, in philosophies, in science, in patient critical work, or in the life of charity, is the one continuous revelation of God! Look for him in it all; see how, little by little, the Divine indwelling force, using as its tools — but merely as its tools! — man's physical appetites and conditions, has built up conscience and the moral life; think how every faculty of the mind has been trained in turn to take its part in the great work of faith upon the visible world! Love and imagination built up religion, — shall reason destroy it? No! — reason is God's like the rest![3]) Trust it; — trust Him. The leading-strings from the past are dropping from you, they are dropping from the world, not wantonly, or by chance, but in the providence of God. Learn the lesson of your own pain,—learn to seek God, not in any single event of past history[3]), *but in your own soul*, — in the constant verifications of experience[4]), in the life of Christian love. Spiritually you have gone through the last wrench, I promise it you! You being what you are, nothing can cut this ground from

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[1] Robert Elsmere ist unterdessen Geistlicher geworden und hat seine Braut Katherine heimgeführt. Nach Jahren der Forschung kommt der Zweifel. Er beschließt seine Pfarrei aufzugeben, holt sich aber vorher bei Mr. Grey Rat (Kap. 27). Grey richtet den tief erschütterten Elsmere auf.

[2] Anklang an Tennyson.

[3] Vgl. Greens Laienpredigt, Texte S. 79.

[4] Ein Stück Pragmatismus vor William James.

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under your feet. Whatever may have been the forms of human belief, faith, the faith which saves, has always been rooted here! All things change—creeds and philosophies and outward systems, but God remains!

"'Life, that in me has rest,
As I, undying Life, have power in thee!"'

The lines dropped with low vibrating force from lips unaccustomed indeed to such an outburst. The speaker stood a moment longer in silence beside the figure in the chair, and it seemed to Robert, gazing at him with fixed eyes, that the man's whole presence, at once so homely and so majestic, was charged with benediction. It was as though invisible hands of healing and consecration had been laid upon him. The fiery soul beside him had kindled anew the drooping life of his own. So the torch of God passes on his way, hand reaching out to hand. He bent forward, stammering incoherent words of assent and gratitude, he knew not what. Mr. Grey, who had sunk into his chair, gave him time to recover himself. The intensity of the tutor's own mood relaxed; and presently he began to talk to his guest, in a wholly different tone, of the practical detail of the step before him, supposing it to be taken immediately, discussing the probable attitude of Robert's bishop, the least conspicuous mode of withdrawing from the living, and so on — all with gentleness and sympathy indeed, but with an indefinable change of manner, which showed that he felt well both for himself and Elsmere to repress any further expression of emotion. There was something, a vein of stoicism perhaps, in Mr. Grey's temper of mind, which, while it gave a special force and sacredness to his rare moments of fervent speech, was wont in general to make men more self-controlled than usual in his presence. Robert felt now the bracing force of it.

"Will you stay with us to dinner?" Mr. Grey asked when at last Elsmere got up to go. "There are one or two lone Fellows coming — asked before your telegram came, of course. Do exactly as you like."

"I think not," said Robert, after a pause. "I longed to see you, but I am not fit for general society."

Mr. Grey did not press him. He rose and went with his visitor to the door.

"Good-bye, good-bye! Let me always know what I can do for you. And your wife — poor thing, poor thing! Go and tell her, Elsmere, don't lose a moment you can help. God help her and you!"

They grasped each other's hands. Mr. Grey followed him down the stairs and along the narrow hall. He opened the hall door, and smiled a last smile of encouragement and sympathy into the

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eyes that expressed such a young moved gratitude. The door closed. Little did Elsmere realise that never, in this life, would he see that smile or hear that voice again![1])

24. H. G. WELLS (geboren 1866)

[Einführung S. 11, 12, 13, 14, 17, 18, 23, 26, 35—6]

a) BLADESOVER (1909)[2])

Soziologisch realistischer Lehrroman. — Bladesover ist der Schlüssel zum Verständnis des englischen Gesellschaftsganzen, ein harter Universalstempel. Demgegenüber der andere Allgemeinstempel: Tono Bungay, der Industrieschwindel, Vorläufer des Kriegsgewinns, ein Auswuchs des Individualismus. Tono Bungay ist der Name einer Schwindelmedizin, die ihrem Erfinder, Ponderevo, ein Riesenvermögen und schließlich das Verhängnis bringt. Der Erzähler des Romans ist Ponderevos Neffe, George. Wahrheitsfülle findet sich in ein Symbol zusammengedrängt. Vgl. André Chevrillon, *Etudes anglaises,* Paris 1910, 72—77. E. L. 296, 390.

There came a time when I realised that Bladesover House was not all it seemed, but when I was a little boy I took the place with the entirest faith as a complete authentic microcosm. I believed that the Bladesover system was a little working model—and not so very little either—of the whole world.

Let me try and give you the effect of it.

Bladesover lies up on the Kentish Downs, eight miles perhaps from Ashborough; and its old pavilion, a little wooden parody of the temple of Vesta at Tibur, upon the hill crest behind the house, commands in theory at least a view of either sea, of the Channel southward and the Thames to the north-east. The park is the second largest in Kent, finely wooded with well-placed beeches, many elms and some sweet chestnuts, abounding in little valleys and hollows of bracken, with springs and a stream and three fine ponds and multitudes of fallow deer. The house was built in the eighteenth century, it is of pale red brick in the style of a French *château,* and save for one pass among the crests which opens to blue distances, to minute, remote, oast-set farm-houses and copses and wheatfields and the occasional gleam of water, its hundred and seventeen windows look on nothing but its own wide and handsome territories. A semi-circular screen of great beeches masks the church and village, which cluster picturesquely about the highroad along the skirts of the great park. Northward, at the remotest corner of that enclosure, is a second dependent village, Ropedean, less fortun-

[1]) T. H. Green starb am 26. März 1882. Seine Bestattung ist beschrieben in Kap. 45.

[2]) Aus Tono Bungay, Book I, Chap. I, § 3.

[3]) Kindheitserinnerungen spielen herein. Wells' Mutter war Haushälterin in dem großen Landgut Up Park bei Petersfield. Dort lebte der Knabe Wells in der Bedientenwelt.

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ate in its greater distance and also on account of a rector. This divine was indeed rich, but he was vindictively economical because of some shrinkage of his tithes; and by reason of his use of the word Eucharist for the Lord's Supper he had become altogether estranged from the great ladies of Bladesover. So that Ropedean was in the shadows through all that youthful time.

Now, the unavoidable suggestion of that wide park and that fair large house, dominating church, village and the countryside, was that they represented the thing that mattered supremely in the world, and that all other things had significance only in relation to them. They represented the Gentry, the Quality, by and through and for whom the rest of the world, the farming folk and the labouring folk, the trades-people of Ashborough, and the upper servants and the lower servants and the servants of the estate, breathed and lived and were permitted. And the Quality did it so quietly and thoroughly, the great house mingled so solidly and effectually with earth and sky, the contrast of its spacious hall and saloon and galleries, its airy housekeeper's room and warren of offices with the meagre dignities of the vicar, and the pinched and stuffy rooms of even the post-office people and the grocer, so enforced these suggestions, that it was only when I was a boy of thirteen or fourteen and some queer inherited strain of scepticism had set me doubting whether Mr. Bartlett, the vicar, did really know with certainty all about God, that as a further and deeper step in doubting I began to question the final rightness of the gentlefolks, their primary necessity in the scheme of things. But once that scepticism had awakened it took me fast and far. By fourteen I had achieved terrible blasphemies and sacrilege; I had resolved to marry a viscount's daughter, and I had blacked the left eye—I think it was the left —of her half-brother, in open and declared rebellion.

But of that in its place.

The great house, the church, the village, and the labourers and the servants in their stations and degrees, seemed to me, I say, to be a closed and complete social system. About us were other villages and great estates, and from house to house, interlacing, correlated, the Gentry, the fine Olympians[1]), came and went. The country towns seemed mere collections of shops, marketing places for the tenantry, centres for such education as they needed, as entirely dependent on the gentry as the village and scarcely less directly so. I thought this was the order of the whole world. I thought London was only a greater country town where the gentlefolk kept town-houses and did their greater shopping under the magnificent shadow of the greatest of all fine gentlewomen, the Queen. It seemed to be in the divine order. That all this fine

[1] Arnolds *Barbarians*, Mastermans *Conquerors*.

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appearance was already sapped, that there were forces at work that might presently carry all this elaborate social system in which my mother instructed me so carefully that I might understand my "place," to Limbo, had scarcely dawned upon me even by the time that Tono-Bungay was fairly launched upon the world.

There are many people in England to-day upon whom it has not yet dawned. There are times when I doubt whether any but a very inconsiderable minority of English people realise how extensively this ostensible order has even now passed away. The great houses stand in the parks still, the cottages cluster respectfully on their borders, touching their eaves with their creepers, the English country-side—you can range through Kent from Bladesover northward and see—persists obstinately in looking what it was. It is like an early day in a fine October. The hand of change rests on it all, unfelt, unseen; resting for awhile, as it were half reluctantly, before it grips and ends the thing for ever. One frost and the whole face of things will be bare, links snap, patience end, our fine foliage of pretences lie glowing in the mire.

For that we have still to wait a little while. The new order may have gone far towards shaping itself, but just as in that sort of lantern show that used to be known in the village as the "Dissolving Views," the scene that is going remains upon the mind, traceable and evident, and the newer picture is yet enigmatical long after the lines that are to replace those former ones have grown bright and strong, so that the new England of our children's children is still a riddle to me. The ideas of democracy, of equality, and above all of promiscuous fraternity have certainly never really entered into the English mind. But what *is* coming into it? All this book, I hope, will bear a little on that. Our people never formulates[1]); it keeps words for jests and ironies. In the meanwhile the old shapes, the old attitudes remain, subtly changed and changing still, sheltering strange tenants. Bladesover House is now let furnished to Sir Reuben Lichtenstein, and has been since old Lady Drew died. — — — — — — Hawksnest, over beyond, I noted, had its pseudomorph too; a newspaper proprietor of the type that hustles along with stolen ideas from one loud sink-or-swim enterprise to another, had bought the place outright; Redgrave was in the hands of brewers. — — — — —

In that English country-side of my boyhood every human being had a "place." It belonged to you from your birth like the colour of your eyes, it was inextricably your destiny. Above you were your betters, below you were your inferiors, and there were even an unstable questionable few, cases so disputable that you might, for the rough purposes of every day at least, regard them as your

[1] Des Engländers Verachtung aller Abstraktionen!

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equals. Head and centre of our system was Lady Drew, her "leddyship," shrivelled, garrulous, with a wonderful memory for genealogies and very, very old, and beside her and nearly as old, Miss Somerville, her cousin and companion. — — — — — —

On the lowest fringe of these real Olympians hung the vicarage people, and next to them came those ambiguous beings who are neither quality nor subjects. The vicarage people certainly hold a place by themselves in the typical English scheme; nothing is more remarkable than the progress the Church has made—socially—in the last two hundred years. — — — — — — — —

It is curious to note that to-day that down-trodden, organ-playing creature, the Church of England village Schoolmaster, holds much the same position as the seventeenth-century parson. The doctor in Bladesover ranked below the vicar but above the "vet;" artists and summer visitors squeezed in above or below this point according to their appearance and expenditure; and then in a carefully arranged scale came the tenantry, the butler and house-keeper, the village shopkeeper, the head keeper, the cook, the publican, the second keeper, the blacksmith (whose status was complicated by his daughter keeping the post-office—and a fine hash she used to make of telegrams too!), the village shopkeeper's eldest son, the first footman, younger sons of the village shopkeeper, his first assistant, and so forth. . . . — — — —

On the whole I am glad that I saw so much as I did of Bladesover—if for no other reason than because seeing it when I did, quite naïvely, believing in it thoroughly, and then coming to analyze it, has enabled me to understand much that would be absolutely incomprehensible in the structure of English society. Bladesover is, I am convinced, the clue to almost all that is distinctively British and perplexing to the foreign enquirer in England and the English-speaking peoples. Grasp firmly that England was all Bladesover two hundred years ago; that it has had Reform Acts indeed, and such-like changes of formula, but no essential revolution since then; that all that is modern and different has come in as a thing intruded or as a gloss upon this predominant formula, either impertinently or apologetically; and you will perceive at once the reasonableness, the necessity, of that snobbishness which is the distinctive quality of English thought.

b) CLASSES OF MIND (1905)[1])

Wells erdenkt utopisch eine neue, auf Werte sich gründende Gesellschaftsdreiteilung, neben die man die Matthew Arnoldsche (Texte Seite 56) halten möge. Der Gedanke beschäftigte ihn schon in *Anticipations* (1901), wo er unter dem Einfluß des Fabianismus dar-

[1] Aus *A Modern Utopia,* chap. IX, § 2.

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stellt, wie die wirtschaftlichen Kräfte Klassen schaffen werden, an deren Spitze eine funktionelle Aristokratie stehen wird. Hier in *A Modern Utopia* (1905) zeigt er — unter Shaws Einfluß? —, wie die Willenskräfte soziale Differenzierungen herbeiführen werden. Die Funktion schafft nicht die Aristokratie, sondern umgekehrt die Aristokratie (eine Geistes- und Willensaristokratie!) die Funktion. Aus der Spitzengruppe der *Poietic* sprießen dann die Samourai, die eigentlichen Regierenden, aus. Der Gedanke der Geistesaristokratie kehrt wieder in *A New Macchiavelli* (1911). In *The Research Magnificent* (1915) erfährt er unter dem Druck des Pragmatismus neue Abwandlungen. E. L. 390.

Über Wells als Denker: Edouard Guyot, *H. G. W.*, Paris 1920; Georges Connes, *Etudes sur la penseé de W.*, Paris 1926 (beide sehr gut).

This Utopian classification was a rough one, but it served its purpose to determine the broad lines of political organisation; it was so far unscientific that many individuals fall between or within two or even three of its classes. But that was met by giving the correlated organisation a compensatory looseness of play. Four main classes of mind were distinguished, called, respectively, the Poietic, the Kinetic, the Dull, and the Base. The former two are supposed to constitute the living tissue of the State; the latter are the fulcra and resistances, the bone and cover of its body. — — — —

The Poietic or creative class of mental individuality embraces a wide range of types, but they agree in possessing imaginations that range beyond the known and accepted, and that involve the desire to bring the discoveries made in such excursions, into knowledge and recognition. The scope and direction of the imaginative excursion may vary very greatly. It may be the invention of something new or the discovery of something hitherto unperceived. When the invention or discovery is primarily beauty then we have the artistic type of Poietic mind; when it is not so, we have the true scientific man. The range of discovery may be narrowed as it is in the art of Whistler or the science of a cytologist, or it may embrace a wide extent of relevance, until at last both artist or scientific inquirer merge in the universal reference of the true philosopher. To the accumulated activities of the Poietic type reacted upon by circumstances are due almost all the forms assumed by human thought and feeling. All religious ideas of what is good or beautiful, entered life through the poietic inspirations of man. Except for processes of decay, the forms of the human future must come also through men of this same type, and it is a primary essential to our modern idea of an abundant secular progress that these activities should be unhampered and stimulated.

The Kinetic class consists of types, various, of course, and merging insensibly along the boundary into the less representative constituents of the Poietic group, but distinguished by a more

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restricted range of imagination. Their imaginations do not range beyond the known, experienced, and accepted, though within these limits they may imagine as vividly or more vividly than members of the former group. They are often very clever and capable people, but they do not do, and they do not desire to do, new things. The more vigorous individuals of this class are the most teachable people in the world, and they are generally more moral and more trustworthy than the poietic types. They live,—while the Poietics are always something of experimentalists with life. The characteristics of either of these two classes may be associated with a good or bad physique, with excessive or defective energy, with exceptional keenness of the senses in some determinate direction or suchlike "bent," and the kinetic type, just as the poietic type, may display an imagination of restricted or of the most universal range. But a fairly energetic kinetic is probably the nearest thing to that ideal our earthly anthropologists have in mind when they speak of the "Normal" human being. The very definition of the poietic class involves a certain abnormality.

The Utopians distinguished two extremes of this kinetic class according to the quality of their imaginative preferences, the Dan and Beersheba, as it were, of this division. At one end is the mainly intellectual, unoriginal type, which, with energy of personality, makes an admirable judge or administrator and without it an uninventive, laborious, common mathematician, or common scholar, or common scientific man; while at the other end is the mainly emotional, unoriginal man, the type to which—at a low level of personal energy—my botanist inclines. The second type includes, amidst its energetic forms, great actors, and popular politicians and preachers. Between these extremes is a long and wide region of varieties, into which one would put most of the people who form the reputable workmen, the men of substance, the trustworthy men and women, the pillars of society on earth.

Below these two classes in the Utopian scheme of things, and merging insensibly into them, come the Dull. The Dull are persons of altogether inadequate imagination, the people who never seem to learn thoroughly, or hear distinctly, or think clearly. (I believe if everyone is to be carefully educated they would be considerably in the minority in the world, but it is quite possible that will not be the reader's opinion. It is clearly a matter of an arbitrary line.) They are the stupid people, the incompetent people, the formal, imitative people, the people who, in any properly organised State, should, as a class, gravitate towards and below the minimum wage that qualifies for marriage. The laws of heredity are far too mysterious for such offspring as they do produce to be excluded from a fair chance in the world, but for themselves, they count neither for work nor direction in the State.

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Finally, with a bold disregard of the logician's classificatory rules, these Utopian statesmen who devised the World State, hewed out in theory a class of the Base. The Base may, indeed, be either poietic, kinetic, or dull, though most commonly they are the last, and their definition concerns not so much the quality of their imagination as a certain bias in it, that to a statesman makes it a matter for special attention. The Base have a narrower and more persistent egoistic reference than the common run of humanity; they may boast, but they have no frankness; they have relatively great powers of concealment, and they are capable of, and sometimes have an aptitude and inclination towards, cruelty. In the queer phrasing of earthly psychology with its clumsy avoidance of analysis, they have no "moral sense." They count as an antagonism to the State organisation.

c) MR. BRITLING WRITES UNTIL SUNRISE (1916)[1])

Von *A Modern Utopia* bis zu *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* ist ein langer Weg, der durch den Weltkrieg führt. Wells hat nach Connes a. a. O. 306 u. ff. seit Kriegsausbruch vier Seelenanlagen durchlaufen: Gleichgültigkeit, Begeisterung, Zweifel, Gewißheit im Glauben an eine bessere Zukunft. Diese Stadien durchlebt auch Mr. Britling, Wellsens geistiges Ebenbild, der zunächst ruhig und gleichgültig dahinlebt, dann in die Ereignisse hineingezogen wird, durch den Tod des eigenen Sohnes Hugh, eine schwere Krisis des Zweifels durchwandert und schließlich in der Bekehrung zum Pragmatismus seinen Menschheitsglauben rettet. Ein Weltstaat unter Gottes Herrschaft muß kommen. Die Gewißheit kehrt bei ihm ein in jener Nacht, da er bis zum Morgen schreibt, da der Schleier zerreißt und er sich plötzlich umringt sieht von allen Guten in der Welt und Gott, dem Meister und Kapitän. — Man vgl. damit den obigen Abschnitt aus Schiller. — Wells' Darlegung des Humanismus hat noch mehr Staub aufgeworfen als Schillers Botschaft: W. Archer, *God and Mr. Wells,* 1917; T. E. Lacey, *Mr. Britling's Finite God,* 1917; A. D. T. Hunter, *That "Danse à Trois", Mr. Wells,* 1917; F. W. Worsley, *Letters to Mr. Britling,* 1917; P. Norton, *I see through Mr. Britling,* 1918. H. Scott Holland, *Mr. Britling fails to see it through* (in *Creeds and Critics)* 1918 usw.

§ 9.

"Dissertations," said Mr. Britling.

Never had it been so plain to Mr. Britling that he was a weak, silly, ill-informed and hasty-minded writer, and never had he felt so invincible a conviction that the Spirit of God was in him, and that it fell to him to take some part in the establishment of a new order of living upon the earth; it might be the most trivial part by the scale of the task, but for him it was to be now his supreme concern. And it was an almost intolerable grief to him that his services should be, for all his desire, so poor in quality,

[1] Aus *Mr. Britling Sees It Through,* London, Cassel & Co., Ltd., Book III, Chap. II, § 9, § 10, § 12.

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so weak in conception. Always he seemed to be on the verge of some illuminating and beautiful statement of his cause; always he was finding his writing inadequate, a thin treachery to the impulse of his heart, always he was finding his effort weak and ineffective. In this instance, at the outset he seemed to see with a golden clearness the message of brotherhood, of forgiveness, of a common call. To whom could such a message be better addressed than to those sorrowing parents [1]); from whom could it come with a better effect than from himself? And now he read what he had made of this message. It seemed to his jaded mind a pitifully jaded effort. It had no light, it had no depth. It was like the disquisition of a debating society.

He was distressed by a fancy of an old German couple, spectacled and peering, puzzled by his letter. Perhaps they would be obscurely hurt by his perplexing generalisations. Why, they would ask, should this Englishman preach to them?

He sat back in his chair wearily, with his chin sunk upon his chest. For a time he did not think, and then he read again the sentence in front of his eyes.

"These boys, these hopes, this war has killed."

The words hung for a time in his mind.

"No!" said Mr. Britling stoutly. "They live!"

And suddenly it was borne in upon his mind that he was not alone. There were thousands and tens of thousands of men and women like himself, desiring with all their hearts to say, as he desired to say, the reconciling word. It was not only his hand that thrust against the obstacles. . . . Frenchmen and Russians sat in the same stillness, facing the same perplexities; there were Germans seeking a way through to him. Even as he sat and wrote. And for the first time clearly he felt a Presence of which he had thought very many times in the last few weeks, a Presence so close to him that it was behind his eyes and in his brain and hands. It was no trick of his vision; it was a feeling of immediate reality. And it was Hugh, Hugh that he had thought was dead, it was young Heinrich living also, it was himself, it was those others that sought, it was all these and it was more, it was the Master, the Captain of Mankind, it was God, there present with him, and he knew that it was God.[2]) It was as if he had been groping all this time in the darkness, thinking himself alone amidst rocks and pitfalls and pitiless things, and suddenly a hand, a firm strong hand, had touched his own. And a voice within him bade him be of good courage. There was no magic trickery in that moment; he was still weak and weary, a discouraged rhetorician, a good intention ill-equipped; but he was no

[1] Die Eltern seines jungen Hauslehrers Heinrich, der wie sein Sohn Hugh gefallen ist.

[2] Vgl. oben bei Schiller 83: Gott und die guten Geister zusammen.

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longer lonely and wretched, no longer in the same world with despair. God was beside him and within him and about him. . . . It was the crucial moment of Mr. Britling's life. It was a thing as light as the passing of a cloud on an April morning; it was a thing as great as the first day of creation. For some moments he still sat back with his chin upon his chest and his hands dropping from the arms of his chair. Then he sat up and drew a deep breath. . . .

This had come almost as a matter of course.

For weeks his mind had been playing about this idea. He had talked to Letty of this Finite God[1]), who is the king of man's adventure in space and time. But hitherto God hat been for him a thing of the intelligence, a theory, a report, something told about but not realised. . . . Mr. Britling's thinking about God hitherto had been like someone who has found an empty house, very beautiful and pleasant, full of the promise of a fine personality. And then as the discoverer makes his lonely, curiosus explorations, he hears downstairs, dear and friendly, the voice of the Master coming in . . .

There was no need to despair because he himself was one of the feeble folk. God was with him indeed, and he was with God. The King was coming to his own. Amidst the darknesses and confusions, the nightmare cruelties and the hideous stupidities of the great war, God, the Captain of the World Republic, fought his way to empire. So long as one did one's best and utmost in a cause so mighty, did it matter though the thing one did was little and poor?

"I have thought too much of myself," said Mr. Britling, "and of what I would do by myself. I have forgotten *that which was with me. . . . .*"

§ 10.

He turned over the rest of the night's writing presently, and read it now as though it was the work of another man.

These later notes were fragmentary, and written in a sprawling hand.

"Let us make ourselves watchers and guardians of the order of the world. . . .

"If only for love of our dead. . . .

[1] Vgl. ebenda. Zu Letty hatte Britling gesagt, Book III, chap. I, § 10: *God is not absolute; God is finite . . . A finite God who struggles in his great and comprehensive way as we struggle in our weak and and silly way — who is* with *us — that is the essence of all real religion . . . — — — Why! if I thought there was an omnipotent God who looked down on battles and deaths and all the waste and horror of this war — able to prevent these things — doing them to amuse himself — I would — — — God is within Nature and necessity. Necessity is a thing beyond God* usw.

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"Let us pledge ourselves to service. Let us set ourselves with all our minds and all our hearts to the perfecting and working out of the methods of democracy and the ending for ever of the kings and emperors and priestcrafts and the bands of adventurers, the traders and owners and forestallers who have betrayed mankind into this morass of hate and blood—in which our sons are lost—in which we flounder still. . . ."

How feeble was this squeak of exhortation! It broke into a scolding note.

"Who have betrayed," read Mr. Britling, and judged the phrase.

"Who have fallen with us," he emended. . . .

"One gets so angry and bitter—because one feels alone, I suppose. Because one feels that for them one's reason is no reason. One is enraged by the sense of their silent and regardless contradiction, and one forgets the Power of which one is a part. . . ."

— — — — —

§ 12.

The night of effort had tired his brain, and he was no longer thinking actively. He had a little interval of blankness, sitting at his desk with his hands pressed over his eyes. . . .

He got up presently, and stood quite motionless at the window, looking out.

His lamp was still burning, but for some time he had not been writing by the light of his lamp. Insensibly the day had come and abolished his need for that individual circle of yellow light. Colour had returned to the world, clean pearly colour, clear and definite like the glance of a child or the voice of a girl, and a golden wisp of cloud hung in the sky over the tower of the church. There was a mist upon the pond, a soft grey mist not a yard high. A covey of partridges ran and halted and ran again in the dewy grass outside his garden railings. The partridges were very numerous this year because there had been so little shooting. Beyond in the meadow a hare sat up as still as a stone. A horse neighed . . . Wave after wave of warmth and light came sweeping before the sunrise across the world of Matching's Easy. It was as if there was nothing but morning and sunrise in the world.

From away towards the church came the sound of some early worker whetting a scythe.

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25. ANTHONY TROLLOPE (1815—1882) [Einführung S. 48]

THE BISHOP (1881)[1])

Mittelviktorianischer, gut bürgerlicher Realismus, waschecht, auf die wohltuenden mittleren Tonlagen eingestellt. Hintergrund: die Welt der englischen Staatsgeistlichkeit. Motiv: Stürmchen im Wetterglas. Der Rev. Mr. Peacocke, die rechte Hand des Rev. Dr. Wortle, besitzender Leiter einer gut beleumundeten einkömmlichen Privatschule, hat einen Fehler begangen. Er hat seinem Vorgesetzten verhehlt, daß Mrs. Peacocke, die das Amt einer häuslichen Schulverwalterin glänzend besorgt, in der irrigen Meinung, ihr erster Gatte sei in Amerika gestorben, eine Ehe mit dem jungen Geistlichen eingegangen war, die ungültig ist. Das Geheimnis ist verraten worden, und der Skandal ist da. Dr. Wortle nimmt sich der gefemten Frau an und bringt sie in seiner eigenen Wohnung zum Schaden seines guten Rufes unter, während der Gatte in Amerika den Tatverhalt zu ermitteln sucht und schließlich mit der frohen Botschaft zurückkehrt, der nichtswürdige Gatte sei doch gestorben. Unser Kapitel führt uns mitten in den Skandal hinein. Dr. Wortle spricht sich mit dem ihm feindlich gesinnten Bischof über den Fall aus. — Über Trollopes Stilmanier s. oben S. 48 Sie ist auch hier erkennbar.

Trollope wird immer noch gelesen. Man vgl. die neue Monographie Michael Sadler, *Trollope, a Commentary,* London, Constable 1927; Mary Leslie Irwin, *A. Trollope, a Bibliography,* New York 1917.

Mr. Peacocke had been quite right in saying that the secret would at once be known through the whole diocese. It certainly was so before he had been gone a week, and it certainly was the case also that the diocese generally did not approve of the Doctor's conduct. The woman ought not to have been left there. So said the diocese. It was of course the case, that though the diocese knew much, it did not know all. It is impossible to keep such a story concealed, but it is quite as impossible to make known all its details. In the eyes of the diocese the woman was of course the chief sinner, and the chief sinner was allowed to remain at the school! When this assertion was made to him the Doctor became very angry, saying that Mrs. Peacocke did not remain at the school; that, according to the arrangement as at present made, Mrs. Peacocke had nothing to do with the school; that the house was his own, and that he might lend it to whom he pleased. Was he to turn the woman out houseless, when her husband had gone, on such an errand, on his advice? Of course the house was his own, but as clergyman of the parish he had not a right to do what he liked with it. He had no right to encourage evil. And the man was not the woman's husband. That was just the point made by the diocese. And she was at the school, — living under the same roof with the boys! The diocese was clearly of opinion that all the boys would be taken away.

The diocese spoke by the voice of its bishop, as a diocese should

[1]) Aus *Dr. Wortle's School* (1881).

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do. Shortly after Mr. Peacocke's departure, the Doctor had an interview with his lordship, and told the whole story. The doing this went much against the grain with him, but he hardly dared not to do it. He felt that he was bound to do it on the part of Mrs. Peacocke if not on his own. And then the man, who had now gone, though he had never been absolutely a curate, had preached frequently in the diocese. He felt that it would not be wise to abstain from telling the bishop.

The bishop was a goodly man, comely in his person, and possessed of manners which had made him popular in the world. He was one of those who had done the best he could with his talent, not wrapping it up in a napkin, but getting from it the best interest which the world's market could afford. But not on that account was he other than a good man. To do the best he could for himself and his family, — and also to do his duty, — was the line of conduct which he pursued. There are some who reverse this order, but he was not one of them. He had become a scholar in his youth, not from love of scholarship, but as a means to success. The Church had become his profession, and he had worked hard at his calling. He had taught himself to be courteous and urbane, because he had been clever enough to see that courtesy and urbanity are agreeable to men in high places. As a bishop he never spared himself the work which a bishop ought to do. He answered letters, he studied the characters of the clergymen under him, he was just with his patronage, he endeavoured to be efficacious with his charges, he confirmed children in cold weather as well as in warm, he occasionally preached sermons, and he was beautiful and decorous in his gait of manner, as it behoves a clergyman of the Church of England to be. He liked to be master; but even to be master he would not encounter the abominable nuisance of a quarrel. When first coming to the diocese he had had some little difficulty with our Doctor; but the Bishop had abstained from violent assertion, and they had, on the whole, been friends. There was, however, on the Bishop's part, something of a feeling that the Doctor was the bigger man; and it was probable that, without active malignity, he would take advantage of any chance which might lower the Doctor a little, and bring him more within episcopal power. In some degree he begrudged the Doctor his manliness.

He listened with many smiles and with perfect courtesy to the story as it was told to him, and was much less severe on the unfortunates than Mr. Puddicombe[1]) had been. It was not the wickedness of the two people living together, or their wickedness in keeping their secret, which offended him so much, as the evil which they were likely to do, — and to have done. "No

[1] Ein Nachbarsgeistlicher, dessen Meinung Dr. Wortle eingeholt hatte.

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doubt," he said, "an ill-living man may preach a good sermon, perhaps a better one than a pious God-fearing clergyman, whose intellect may be inferior though his morals are much better; — but coming from tainted lips, the better sermon will not carry a blessing with it." At this the Doctor shook his head. "Bringing a blessing" was a phrase which the Doctor hated. He shook his head not too civilly, saying that he had not intended to trouble his lordship on so difficult a point in ecclesiastical morals. "But we cannot but remember," said the Bishop, "that he has been preaching in your parish church, and the people will know that he has acted among them as a clergyman."

"I hope the people, my lord, may never have the Gospel preached to them by a worse man."

"I will not judge him; but I do think that it has been a misfortune. You, of course, were in ignorance."

"Had I known all about it, I should have been very much inclined to do the same."

This was, in fact, not true, and was said simply in a spirit of contradiction. The Bishop shook his head and smiled. "My school is a matter of more importance," said the Doctor.

"Hardly, hardly, Dr. Wortle."

"Of more importance in this way, that my school may probably be injured, whereas neither the morals nor the faith of the parishioners will have been hurt."

"But he has gone."

"He has gone; — but she remains."

"What!" exclaimed the Bishop.

"He has gone, but she remains." He repeated the words very distinctly, with a frown on his brow, as though to show that on that branch of the subject he intended to put up with no opposition, — hardly even with an adverse opinion.

"She had a certain charge, as I understand, — as to the school."

"She had, my lord; and very well she did her work. I shall have a great loss in her, — for the present."

"But you said she remained."

"I have lent her the use of the house till her husband shall come back."

"Mr. Peacocke, you mean," said the Bishop, who was unable not to put in a contradiction against the untruth of the word which had been used.

"I shall always regard them as married."

"But they are not."

"I have lent her the house, at any rate, during his absence. I could not turn her into the street."

"Would not a lodging here in the city have suited her better?"

"I thought not. People here would have refused to take her, — because of her story. The wife of some religious grocer, who

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sands his sugar regularly, would have thought her house contaminated by such an inmate."

"So it would have been, Doctor, to some extent." At hearing this the Doctor made very evident signs of discontent. "You cannot alter the ways of the world suddenly, though by example and precept you may help to improve them slowly. In our present imperfect condition of moral culture, it is perhaps well that the company of the guilty should be shunned."

"Guilty!"

"I am afraid that I must say so. The knowledge that such a feeling exists no doubt deters others from guilt. The fact that wrong-doing in women is scorned helps to maintain the innocence of women. Is it not so?"

"I must hesitate before I trouble your lordship by arguing such difficult questions. I thought it right to tell you the facts after what had occurred. He has gone, she is there, — and there she will remain for the present. I could not turn her out. Thinking her, as I do, worthy of my friendship, I could not do other than befriend her."

"Of course you must be the judge yourself."

"I had to be the judge, my lord."

"I am afraid that the parents of the boys will not understand it."

"I also am afraid. It will be very hard to make them understand it." There will be some who will work hard to make them misunderstand it."

"I hope not that."

"There will. I must stand the brunt of it. I have had battles before this, and had hoped that now, when I am getting old, they might have been at an end. But there is something left of me, and I can fight still. At any rate, I have made up my mind about this. There she shall remain till he comes back to fetch her." And so the interview was over, the Bishop feeling that he had in some slight degree had the best of it, — and the Doctor feeling that he, in some slight degree, had had the worst. If possible, he would not talk to the Bishop on the subject again.

26. THOMAS HARDY (geboren 1840) [Einführung S. 23]

THE WOODLANDERS (1887)

Thomas Hardys tragisch-kosmischer Naturalismus steht heute, wo zahlreiche andere Kunstformen sich an ihm emporgerankt haben, immer noch groß da. In den *Woodlanders* wirken Schicksal und Kosmos nicht so überwältigend wie etwa in *The Return of the Native* und *Tess*. Die Motivierung ist gelegentlich mangelhaft. Die Bekehrung des nichtswürdigen Lebemannes Edred Fitzpiers, des Gatten der Grace Melbury, zur Reue und Tugend, ist offensichtlicher Gestaltungsbruch. Auch der schlichten Marty heimliche, nicht erwiderte Liebe zu Giles Winterborne wirkt wenig überzeugend. Um so stärker kommt in diesem Roman der mit allen Feininstrumenten

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des Sensualismus arbeitende Naturalist zur Geltung. Wie das Waldleben das Bewußtsein der Gestalten durchkreist, wird uns fühlbar. Man vgl. darüber die Ausführungen von Quiller-Couch, oben S. 106.

Die Situation bei dem hier folgenden ersten Abschnitt ist folgende: Grace Melbury ist aus ihrem Hause geflohen, weil der ihr verhaßte Gatte Fitzpiers zurückkehren wird. Sie hat in der Waldhütte ihres Freundes Giles Winterborne Unterschlupf gefunden. Wie die Dunkelheit kommt, zieht sich Giles jeweilen zurück, überläßt ihr die bequeme Lagerstätte und schläft in feuchter Nacht in einem rauhen Verschlag in Rufsnähe. Grace glaubt sein Husten zu hören und macht sich Vorwürfe. (Kurz darauf fiebert Giles und stirbt.)

Der zweite Abschnitt zeigt Marty nächtlicher Weile am Grabe Winterbornes. Jetzt gehört er ihr ganz, und Grace hat keinen Teil an ihm. Martys schlichte Gestalt nimmt hier mächtiges, symbolisches Ausmaß an. Hardys kosmische Gebärde!

No sooner had she retired to rest that night than the wind began to rise, and after a few prefatory blasts to be accompanied by rain. The wind grew more violent, and as the storm went on, it was difficult to believe that no opaque body, but only an invisible colourless thing, was trampling and climbing over the roof, making branches creak, springing out of the trees upon the chimney, popping its head into the flue, and shrieking and blaspheming at every corner of the walls. As in the grisly story, the assailant was a spectre which could be felt but not seen. She had never before been so struck with the devilry of a gusty night in a wood, because she had never been so entirely alone in spirit as she was now. She seemed almost to be apart from herself — a vacuous duplicate only. The recent self of physical animation and clear intentions was not there.

Sometimes a bough from an adjoining tree was swayed so low as to smite the roof in the manner of a gigantic hand smiting the mouth of an adversary, to be followed by a trickle of rain, as blood from the wound. To all this weather Giles must be more or less exposed; how much, she did not know.

At last Grace could hardly endure the idea of such a hardship in relation to him. Whatever he was suffering, it was she who had caused it; he had vacated his house on account of her. She was not worth such self-sacrifice; she should not have accepted it of him. And, then, as her anxiety increased with increasing thought, there returned upon her mind some incidents of her late intercourse with him, which she had heeded but little at the time. The look of his face — what had there been about his face which seemed different from its appearance of yore? Was it not thinner, less rich in hue, less like that of ripe Autumn's brother to whom she had formerly compared him? And his voice; she had distinctly noticed a change in tone. And his gait; surely it had been feebler, stiffer, more like the gait of a weary man. That slight occasional noise she had heard in the day, and attributed to squirrels; it might have been his cough after all.

Thus conviction took root in her perturbed mind that Winter-

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borne was unwell, or had been so, and that he had carefully concealed his condition from her that she might have no scruples about accepting a hospitality which by the nature of the case expelled her entertainer.

"My own, own, true love—my dear kind friend!" she cried to herself. "Oh, it shall not be—it shall not be!"

She hastily wrapped herself up, and obtained a light, with which she entered the adjoining room, the cot possessing only one floor. Setting down the candle on the table here she went to the door with the key in her hand, and placed it in the lock. Before turning it she paused, her fingers still clutching it; and pressing her other hand to her forehead, she fell into agitating thought.

A tattoo on the window, caused by the tree-droppings blowing against it, brought her indecision to a close. She turned the key, and opened the door.

The darkness was intense, seeming to touch her pupils like a substance. She only now became aware how heavy the rainfall had been and was: the ripping of the eaves splashed like a fountain. She stood listening with parted lips, and holding the door in one hand, till her eyes growing accustomed to the obscurity, discerned the wild brandishing of their arms by the adjoining trees. At last she cried loudly with an effort: "Giles! you may come in!"

There was no answer to her cry, and overpowered by her own temerity, Grace retreated quickly, shut the door, and stood looking on the floor with flushed cheeks. Perhaps he was very well after all. But this mood was not for long. She again lifted the latch, and with far more determination than at first.

"Giles, Giles!" she cried, with the full strength of her voice, and without any of the shamefacedness that had characterised her first cry. "Oh, come in—come in! Where are you? I have been wicked—I have thought too much of myself! Do you hear? I don't want to keep you out any longer. I cannot bear that you should suffer so. Gi-i-iles!"

A reply? It was a reply! Through the darkness and wind a voice reached her, floating upon the weather as though a part of it.

"Here I am—all right! Don't trouble about me."

"Don't you want to come in? Are you not wet? I don't mind what they say or what they think any more."

"I am all right," he repeated. "It is not necessary for me to come. Good night! good night!"

Grace sighed, turned, and shut the door slowly. Could she have shocked him by her impulsive words? Perhaps, after all, she had perceived a change in him because she had not seen him for so long. Time sometimes did his ageing work in jerks,

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as she knew. Well, she had done all she could. He would not come in. She retired to rest again.[1])

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Melbury now returned to the room, and the men having declared themselves refreshed, they all started on the homeward journey, which was by no means cheerless under the rays of the high moon. Having to walk the whole distance they came by a footpath rather shorter than the highway, though difficult except to those who knew the country well. This brought them by way of Great Hintock: and passing the churchyard they observed as they talked a motionless figure standing by the gate.

"I think it was Marty South," said the hollow-turner parenthetically.

"I think 'twas; 'a was always a lonely maid," said Upjohn. And they passed on homeward, and thought of the matter no more.

It was Marty, as they had supposed. That evening had been the particular one of the week upon which Grace and herself had been accustomed to privately deposit flowers on Giles's grave, and this was the first occasion since his death eight months earlier on which Grace had failed to keep her appointment. Marty had waited in the road just outside Little Hintock, where her fellow-pilgrim had been wont to join her, till she was weary; and at last, thinking that Grace had missed her and gone on alone, she followed the way to Great Hintock, but saw no Grace in front of her. It got later, and Marty continued her walk till she reached the churchyard gate; but still no Grace. Yet her sense of comradeship would not allow her to go on to the grave alone, and, still thinking the delay had been unavoidable, she stood there with her little basket of flowers in her clasped hands, and her feet chilled by the damp ground, till more than two hours had passed. She then heard the footsteps of Melbury's men, who presently passed on their return from the search. In the silence of the night Marty could not help hearing fragments of their conversation, from which she acquired a general idea of what had occured, and where Mrs. Fitzpiers then was.[2])

Immediately they had dropped down the hill she entered the churchyard, going to a secluded corner behind the bushes, where rose the unadorned stone that marked the last bed of Giles Winterborne. As this solitary and silent girl stood there in the moonlight, a straight slim figure, clothed in a plaitless gown, the contours of womanhood so undeveloped as to be scarcely perceptible, the marks of poverty and toil effaced by the misty hour, she touched sublimity at points, and looked almost like a being who had rejected with indifference the attribute of sex for the

[1] Aus Kap. 41.
[2] Sie hat sich mit ihrem Gatten versöhnt und ist jetzt bei ihm.

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loftier quality of abstract humanism. She stooped down and cleared away the withered flowers that Grace and herself had laid there the previous week, and put her fresh ones in their place.

"Now, my own, own love," she whispered, "you are mine, and on'y mine; for she has forgot 'ee at last, although for her you died. But I — whenever I get up I'll think of 'ee, and whenever I lie down I'll think of 'ee. Whenever I plant the young larches I'll think that none can plant as you planted; and whenever I split a gad, and whenever I turn the cider wring, I'll say none could do it like you. If ever I forget your name let me forget home and heaven! . . . . But no, no, my love, I never can forget 'ee; for you was a good man, and did good things!" [1])

27. GEORGE MOORE (geb. 1857) [Einführung S. 11, 23, 27, 49]

THE DERBY (1894) [2])

Zolaischer Naturalismus! Verzicht auf das Medium, überall kaltes, distanziertes Schauen. Überwunden schon allerdings ist in *Esther Waters* das feste Dogma der Milieutheorie. Denn Esther Waters bleibt, durch alle wechselnden Lagen hindurchgehend, sich stets gleich, während ihr Mann William vom Wettbazillus langsam durchseucht und vernichtet wird. In Moores frühesten Experimenten, *A Mummer's Wife* 1884, *A Drama in Muslin* 1886, wird das Zolaische Dogma noch auf ganzer Linie befolgt. Von *A Mummer's Wife* zieht sich die Entwicklungslinie zu Arnold Bennett hinüber. — Vgl. E. L. 372—74.

Eine interessante Würdigung Zolas hat George Moore 1885 in seiner Vorrede zu Vizetellys Übersetzung von Zolas Roman *Pot-Bouille (Piping Hot!)* gegeben. Er nennt ihn dort den *Homer of modern life.*

The Cockney pilgrimage passed into a pleasant lane overhung with chestnut and laburnum trees. The spring had been late, and the white blossoms stood up like candles — the yellow dropped like tassels, and the streaming sunlight filled the leaves with tints of pale gold, and their light shadows patterned the red earth of the pathway. But very soon this pleasant pathway debouched on a thirsting roadway where tired horses harnessed to heavy vehicles toiled up a long hill leading to the downs. The trees intercepted the view, and the blown dust whitened the foliage and the wayside grass now in possession of hawker and vagrant. The crowd made way for the traps; and the young men in blue and grey trousers, and their girls in white dresses, turned and watched the four horses bringing along the tall drag crowned with London fashion. There the unwieldy omnibus and the brake filled with fat girls in pink dresses and yellow hats, and there the spring cart drawn up under a hedge. The cottage gates were crowded with folk come to see London

[1]) Aus Kap. 48, Schluß des Romans.
[2]) Aus *Esther Waters*, Kap. 32 und 33.

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going to the Derby.[1]) Outhouses had been converted into refreshment bars, and from these came a smell of beer and oranges; further on there was a lamentable harmonium — a blind man singing hymns to its accompaniment, and a one-legged man holding his hat for alms; and not far away there stood an earnest-eyed woman offering tracts, warning folk of their danger, beseeching them to retrace their steps.

At last the trees ceased and they found themselves on the hill-top in a glare of sunlight, on a space of worn ground where donkeys were tethered.

"Is this the Derby?" said Sarah.

"I hope you're not disappointed?"

"No, dear; but where's all the people — the drags, the carriages?"

"We'll see them presently," said old John, and he volunteered some explanations. The white building was the Grand Stand.[2]) The winning-post was a little further this way.

"Where do they start?" said Sarah.

"Over yonder, where you see that clump. They run through the furze right up to Tattenham Corner."

A vast crowd swarmed over the opposite hill, and beyond the crowd the women saw a piece of open downland dotted with bushes, and rising in gentle inclination to a belt of trees which closed the horizon. "Where them trees are, that's *Tattenham Corner*." The words seemed to fill old John with enthusiasm, and he described how the horses came round this side of the trees. "They comes right down that 'ere' ill — there's the dip — and they finishes opposite to where we is standing. Yonder, by Barnard's Ring."

"What, all among the people?" said Sarah.

"The police will get the people right back up the hill."

"That's where we shall find William," said Esther.

"I'm getting a bit peckish, ain't you, dear? He's got the luncheon-basket . . . but, lor', what a lot of people! Look at that."

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[1] Das Rennen findet alljährlich um Pfingsten herum auf den Epsom Downs in Surrey statt, etwa 14 Meilen von London entfernt. Der Name Derby geht zurück auf ein Wirtshaus, The Oaks genannt. Ihm gegenüber hatte General Burgoyne ein Haus gebaut, das er mit dem gleichen Namen bedachte. Nach einiger Zeit fiel es als Eigentum dem Grafen von Derby zu, der 1779 die von ihm eingerichteten Rennen nach diesem Hause als die *Oakes Stakes* benannte. Dies führte im folgenden Jahre zur Gründung eines anderen Rennens, das nach dem Grafen selber bezeichnet wurde: *The Derby Stakes* oder kurzhin *The Derby*. Heute ein soziales Gewohnheitsereignis von riesenhafter Bedeutung.

Man vgl. zum folgenden die Beschreibung des Derbys von H. Taine in seinen Notes *sur l'Angleterre* und von Dickens in seinen *Household Words* (1851). Ferner James Rice, *History of the British Turf*, London 1879, 2 vols und H. C. Howard, *Racing and Steeple-Chasing* 5th edition 1900.

[2] Für den ein ungeheures Eintrittsgeld bezahlt wird.

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What had attracted Sarah's attention was a boy walking through the crowd on a pair of stilts fully eight feet high. He uttered short warning cries from time to time, held out his wide trousers and caught pennies in his conical cap. Drags and carriages continued to arrive. The sweating horses were unyoked and grooms and helpers rolled the vehicles into position along the rails. Lackeys drew forth cases of wine and provisions, and the flutter of table-cloths had begun to attract vagrants, itinerant musicians, fortune-tellers, begging children. All these plied their trades around the fashion of grey frock-coats and silk sunshades. Along the rails rough fellows lay asleep; the place looked like a vast dormitory; they lay with their pot-hats over their faces, clay pipes sticking from under the brims, their brown red hands upon the grey grass.

Suddenly old John pleaded an appointment; he was to meet a friend who would give him the very latest news respecting a certain horse; and Esther, Sarah, and Journeyman wandered along the course in search of William. Along the rails strangely-dressed men stood on stools, satchels and race-glasses slung over their shoulders, great bouquets in their button-holes. Each stood between two poles on which was stretched a piece of white-coloured linen, on which was inscribed their name in large gold letters. Sarah read some of these names out: "Jack Hooper, Marylebone. All bets paid." "Tom Wood's famous boxing rooms, Epsom." "James Webster, Commission Agent, London." And these betting men bawled the prices from the top of their high stools and shook their satchels, which were filled with money, to attract custom. "What can I do for you to-day, sir?" they shouted when they caught the eye of any respectably-dressed man. "On the Der-by, on the Der-by, I'll bet the Der-by . . . To win or a place, to win or a place, to win or a place — seven to one bar two or three, seven to one bar two or three . . . the old firm, the old firm," — like so many challenging cocks, each trying to outshrill the other.

Under the hillside in a quiet hollow had been pitched a large and commodious tent. Journeyman mentioned that it was the West London Gospel tent. He thought the parson would have it pretty well all to himself, and they stopped before a van filled with barrels of Waterford ales. A barrel had been taken from the van and placed on a small table; glasses of beer were being served to a thirsty crowd. All around were little canvas shelters, whence men shouted, "'Commodation, 'commodation."

The sun had risen high, and what clouds remained floated away like filaments of white cotton. The Grand Stand, dotted like a ceiling with flies, stood out distinct and harsh upon a burning plain of blue. The light beat fiercely upon the booths, the carriages, the vehicles, the "rings", the various stands. The country

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around was lost in the haze and dazzle of the sunlight[1]); but a square mile of downland fluttered with flags and canvas, and the great mob swelled, and smoked, and drank, shied sticks at Aunt Sally, and rode wooden horses. And through this crush of perspiring, shrieking humanity Journeyman, Esther, and Sarah sought vainly for William. The form of the ground was lost in the multitude, and they could only tell by the strain in their limbs whether they were walking up or down hill. Sarah declared herself to be done up, and it was with difficulty that she was persuaded to persevere a little longer. At last Journeyman caught sight of the bookmaker's[2]) square shoulders.

"Well, so here you are. What can I do for you, ladies — ten to one bar three or four. Will that suit you?"

"The luncheon-basket will suit us a deal better," said Sarah.

At that moment a chap came up jingling two half-crowns in his hand. "What price the favourite?" "Two to one," cried William. The two half-crowns were dropped into the satchel, and thus encouraged, William called out louder than ever, "The old firm, the old firm, don't forget the old firm."

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"Come up here, Esther," said William; "stand on my box. The 'orses are just going up the course for the preliminary canter, — and you, Sarah, take Teddy's place. Teddy, get down, and let the lady up."

"Yes, guv'nor. Come up 'ere ma'am."

"And is those the' orses?" said Sarah. "They do seem small."

The ringmen roared. "Not up to those on the 'ill, ma'am," said one. "Not such beautiful goers," said another.

There were two or three false starts[3]), and then looking through

[1] Hier und auch sonst ist die Ähnlichkeit der Eindrücke bei H. Taine und George Moore auffallend. Ich entnehme einige Sätze aus der englischen Übersetzung (1872), S. 38: *Some clouds as white as swans float in the sky, and their shadow sweeps over the grass; a light mist, charged with sunshine, flits in the distance, and the illuminated air, like a glory, envelops the plain, the heights, the vast area, and all the disorder of the human carnival.* — S. 39: *Many are lying in the ground among the feet of the passers-by, and sleep open-mouthed, Face upwards.*

[2] William ist *bookmaker*, ein Agent, der mit dem Publikum Wetten abschließt. Er gehört dem *Ring* an und hieß früher auch *bettor round, leg, layer of odds*. Er erhält Nachrichten vom *training-ground* über den Zustand der Pferde. Seine Taktik ist oft mit dem Publikum gegen die Pferde zu wetten (deshalb wird er a *layer of odds* genannt). Er bietet *odds* an, hier *two to one (against the favourite)*. Gewinnt der *favourite*, so zahlt er zweimal so viel als er erhalten. Wie das Rennen sich hier entwickelt, verliert der *favourite* und William kommt auf seine Rechnung. Das Wetten besteht in einem beständigen Kampf zwischen den *layers (bookmen)*. die *odds* anbieten gegen das Pferd und die *backers*, die für das Pferd wetten und die *odds* annehmen. — *bar three or four* heißt: ausgenommen 3 oder 4 Pferde.

[3] *Taine, S. 40: Thirty-four run; after three false starts they are off.*

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a multitude of hats Esther saw five or six thin greyhound-looking horses. They passed like shadows, flitted by; and she was sorry for the poor chestnut that trotted in among the crowd.

This was the last race. Once more the favourite had been beaten; there were no bets to pay[1]), and the book-makers began to prepare for departure. It was the poor little clerks who were charged with the luggage. Teddy did not seem as if he would ever reach the top of the hill. With Esther and Sarah on either arm, William struggled with the crowd. It was hard to get through the block of carriages. Everywhere horses waited with their harness on, and Sarah was afraid of being bitten or kicked. A young aristocrat cursed them from the box seat, and the groom blew a blast as the drag rolled away. It was like the instinct of departure which takes a vast herd at a certain moment. The great landscape, half country, half suburb, glinted beneath the rays of a setting sun; and through the white dust, and the draught of the warm roads, the brakes and carriages, and every crazy vehicle, rolled towards London; orange-sellers, tract-sellers, thieves, vagrants, gipsies, made for their various quarters — roadside inns, outhouses, hayricks, hedges, or the railway station. Down the long hill the vast crowd made its way, humble pedestrians and carriage folk, altogether, as far as the cross-roads. At the "Spread Eagle" there would be stoppage for a parting drink, there the bookmakers would change their clothes, and there division would happen in the crowd — half for the railway station, half for the London road. It was there that the traditional sports of the road began. A drag, with a band of exquisites armed with peashooters, peppering on costers who were getting angry, and threatening to drive over the leaders. A brake with two poles erected, and hanging on a string quite a line of miniature chamber-pots. A horse, with his fore-legs clothed in a pair of lady's drawers. Naturally unconscious of the garment, the horse stepped along so absurdly that Esther and Sarah thought they'd choke with laughter.

At the station William halloaed to old John, whom he caught sight of on the platform. He had backed the winner — forty to one about Sultan.[2]) It was Ketley who had persuaded him to risk half-a-sovereign on the horse. Ketley was at the Derby; he had met him on the course, and Ketley had told him a wonderful story about a packet of Turkish Delight. The omen had come right this time, and Journeyman took a back seat.

[1] Vgl. Anmerkung 2.

[2] Das typische Beispiel. Der Sieger ist ein Außenseiter. John, der gute 'tips' von Ketley erhalten, setzt auf dieses Pferd 10 Schilling, und da die Wette 40 gegen 1 ist, muß der Bookmaker ihm 40 mal 10 Schilling, d. h. £ 20 bezahlen. William sagt sich, daß ein *fiver*, d. h. £ 5 auf das Pferd *Sultan*, ihm £ 200 gebracht hätte. Das 40 gegen 1 Verhältnis auf den Sieger treffen wir auch bei Taine (S. 41).

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"Say what you like," said William, "it is damned strange; and if any one did find the way of reading them omens there would be an end of us bookmakers." He was only half in earnest, but he regretted he had not met Ketley. If he had only had a fiver on the horse, 200 to 5![1])

They met Ketley at Waterloo, and every one wanted to hear from his own lips the story of the packet of Turkish Delight. So William proposed they should all come up to the "King's Head" for a drink. The omnibus took them as far as Piccadilly Circus; and there the weight of his satchel tempted William to invite them to dinner, regardless of expense.

28. GEORGE GISSING (1856—1903) [Einführung S. 23, 27]

THE FUNERAL (1886)[2])

Individualistischer, antidemokratischer Naturalismus! Unser Abschnitt läßt eine Note des Mitgefühls mit dem Leid der Arbeitenden mitklingen. Diese Note ist aber eine Ausnahme. Demos in Gissings Augen ist eine Bestie. Man lese in Kap. 35: *Demos was roused, was tired of listening to mere articulate speech; it was time for a good wild-beast war, for a taste of bloodshed* usw. Demos tötet schließlich seinen Wohltäter, Mutimer.

Am gelassensten und deutlichsten hat Gissing seinem Volkshaß Ausdruck gegeben in *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft* (1903) XVI: *I am no friend of the people. As a force, by which the tenor of the time is conditioned, they inspire me with distrust, with fear; as a visible multitude, they make me shrink aloof, and often move me to abhorrence . . . . . Every instinct of my being is antidemocratic, and I dread to think of what our England may become when Demos rules irresistibly. . . . Take a man by himself, and there is generally some reason to be found in him, some disposition for good; mass him with his fellows in the social organism, and ten to one he becomes a blatant creature, without a thought of his own, ready for any evil to which contagion prompts him. It is because nations tend to stupidity and baseness that mankind moves so slowly; it is because individuals have a capacity for better things that it moves at all.*

Über Gissing: F. Swinnerton, *G. G.* 1912; May Yates, *G. G.* 1922; E. L. 376—78.

Jane Vine was buried on Sunday afternoon, her sisters alone accompanying her to the grave. Alice had with difficulty obtained admission to her mother's room, and it seemed to her that the news she brought was received with little emotion. The old woman had an air of dogged weariness; she did not look her daughter in the face, and spoke only in monosyllables. Her face was yellow, her cheeks like wrinkled parchment.

Manor Park Cemetery lies in the remote East End, and gives sleeping-places to the inhabitants of a vast district. There Jane's parents lay, not in a grave to themselves, but buried amidst the

[1]) Vgl. S. 135[2].

[2]) Aus *Demos, A Story of English Socialism,* 1886, Kap. 16.

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nameless dead, in that part of the ground reserved for those who cand purchase no more than a portion in the foss which is filled when its occupants reach statutable distance from the surface. The regions around were then being built upon for the first time; the familiar streets of pale, damp brick were stretching here and there, continuing London, much like the spreading of a disease. Epping Forest is near at hand, and nearer the dreary expanse of Wanstead Flats.

Not grief, but chill desolation makes this cemetery its abode. A country churchyard touches the tenderest memories, and softens the heart with longing for the eternal rest. The cemeteries of wealthy London abound in dear and great associations, or at worst preach homilies which connect themselves with human dignity and pride. Here on the waste limits of that dread East, to wander among tombs is to go hand in hand with the stark and eyeless emblem of mortality; the spirit fails beneath the cold burden of ignoble destiny. Here lie those who were born for toil; who, when toil has worn them to the uttermost, have but to yield their useless breath and pass into oblivion. For them is no day, only the brief twilight of a winter sky between the former and the latter night. For them no aspiration; for them no hope of memory in the dust; their very children are wearied into forgetfulness. Indistinguishable units in the vast throng that labours but to support life, the name of each, father, mother, child, is as a dumb cry for the warmth and love of which Fate so stinted them. The wind wails above their narrow tenements; the sandy soil, soaking in the rain as soon as it has fallen, is a symbol of the great world which absorbs their toil and straightway blots their being.

It being Sunday afternoon the number of funerals was considerable; even to bury their dead the toilers cannot lose a day of the wage week. Around the chapel was a great collection of black vehicles with sham-tailed mortuary horses; several of the families present must have left themselves bare in order to clothe a coffin in the way they deemed seemly. Emma and her sister had made their own funeral garments, and the former, in consenting for the sake of poor Jane to receive the aid which Mutimer offered, had insisted through Alice that there should be no expenditure beyond the strictly needful. The carriage which conveyed her and Kate alone followed the hearse from Hoxton; it rattled along at a merry pace, for the way was lengthy, and a bitter wind urged men and horses to speed. The occupants of the box kept up a jesting colloquy.

Impossible to read the burial service over each of the dead separately; time would not allow it. Emma and Kate found themselves crowded among a number of sobbing women, just in time to seat themselves before the service began. Neither of them

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had moist eyes; the elder looked about the chapel with blank gaze, often shivering with cold; Emma's face was bent downwards, deadly pale, sed in unchanging woe. A world had fallen to pieces about her; she did not feel the ground upon which she trod; there seemed no way from amid the ruins. She had no strong religious faith; a wail in the darkness was all the expression her heart could attain to; in the present anguish she could not turn her thoughts to that far vision of a life hereafter. All day she had striven to realise that a box of wood contained all that was left of her sister. The voice of the clergyman struck her ear with meaningless monotony. Not immortality did she ask for, but one more whisper from the lips that could not speak, one throb of the heart she had striven so despairingly to warm against her own.

Kate was plucking at her arm, for the service was over, and unconsciously she was impeding people who wished to pass from the seats. With difficulty she rose and walked; the cold seemed to have checked the flow of her blood; she noticed the breath rising from her mouth, and wondered that she could have so much whilst those dear lips were breathless. Then she was being led over hard snow, towards a place where men stood, where there was new-turned earth, where a coffin lay upon the ground. She suffered the sound of more words which she could not follow, then heard the dull falling of clods upon hollow wood. A hand seemed to clutch her throat, she struggled convulsively and cried aloud. But the tears would not come.

No memory of the return home dwelt afterwards in her mind. The white earth, the headstones sprinkled with snow, the vast grey sky over which darkness was already creeping, the wind and the clergyman's voice joining in woful chant, these alone remained with her to mark the day. Between it and the days which then commenced lay formless void.

29. ARNOLD BENNETT (geboren 1867)

[Einführung S. 16, 25, 27]

CLAYHANGER (1910)

Neutraler Großnaturalismus, unbedingte Stoffbeherrschung und unermüdliche Stoffhäufung, Umgestaltung des grauen Alltagsschuttes eines bestimmten Erdwinkels, des Töpferlandes in Staffordshire, mit seiner Methodistenluft, zur Schönheit, Erweiterung des Kolossalbildes durch Einfügung neuer Romane in das werdende Ganze. Leichtflüssiger Stil. Der Anschluß ist bei George Moore zu suchen (s. oben S. 131).

Unser erster Abschnitt malt uns Bursley (das geographische Burslem) mit seiner nächsten Umgebung.

Der zweite Abschnitt ist einer von mehreren Ausblicken auf das große Jahrhundertfest der methodistischen Sonntagsschulen in Bursley. Die kumulative Methode ist deutlich erkennbar.

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Über Bennett: F. J. Harvey-Darton, A. B. 1915 und 1924; Mrs. A. Bennett, A. B. 1925 — E. L. 393—97.

They climbed the long bank from the canal up to the Manor Farm, at which high point their roads diverged, one path leading direct to Bleakridge where Orgreave lived, and the other zigzagging down through neglected pasturage into Bursley proper. Usually they parted here without a word, taking pride in such Spartan taciturnity, and they would doubtless have done the same this morning also, though it were fiftyfold their last walk together as two schoolboys. But an incident intervened.

"Hold on!" cried the Sunday.

To the south of them, a mile and a half off, in the wreathing mist of the Cauldon Bar Ironworks, there was a yellow gleam that even the capricious sunlight could not kill, and then two rivers of fire sprang from the gleam and ran in a thousand delicate and lovely hues down the side of a mountain of refuse. They were emptying a few tons of molten slag at the Cauldon Bar Ironworks. The two rivers hung slowly dying in the mists of smoke. They reddened and faded, and you thought they had vanished, and you could see them yet, and then they escaped the baffled eye, unless a cloud aided them for a moment against the sun; and their ephemeral but enchanting beauty had expired for ever.

"Now!" said Edwin sharply.

"One minute ten seconds," said the Sunday, who had snatched out his watch, an inestimable contrivance with a centre-seconds hand. "By Jove! That was a good 'un."

A moment later two smaller boys, both laden with satchels, appeared over the brow from the canal.

"Let's wait a jiff," said the Sunday to Edwin, and as the smaller boys showed no hurry he bawled out to them across the intervening cinder-waste: "Run!" They ran. They were his younger brothers, Johnnie and Jimmie. "Take this and hook it!" he commanded, passing the strap of his satchel over his head as they came up. In fatalistic silence they obeyed the smiling tyrant.

"What are you going to do?" Edwin asked.

"I'm coming down your way a bit."

"But I thought you said you were peckish."

"I shall eat three slices of beef instead of my usual brace," said the Sunday carelessly.

Edwin was touched. And the Sunday was touched, because he knew he had touched Edwin. After all, this was a solemn occasion. But neither would overtly admit that its solemnity had affected him. Hence, first one and then the other began to skim stones with vicious force over the surface of the largest of the three ponds that gave interest to the Manor Farm. When they

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had thus proved to themselves that the day differed in no manner from any other breaking-up day, they went forward.

On their left were two pitheads whose double wheels revolved rapidly in smooth silence, and the puffing engine-house and all the trucks and gear of a large ironstone mine. On their right was the astonishing farm, with barns and ricks and cornfields complete, seemingly quite unaware of its forlorn oddness in that foul arena of manufacture. In front, on a little hill in the vast valley, was spread out the Indian-red architecture of Bursley—tall chimneys and rounded ovens, schools, the new scarlet market, the grey tower of the old church, the high spire of the evangelical church, the low spire of the church of genuflexions, and the crimson chapels, and rows of little red houses with amber chimney-pots, and the gold angel of the blackened Town Hall topping the whole. The sedate reddish browns and reds of the composition, all netted in flowing scarves of smoke, harmonised exquisitely with the chill blues of the chequered sky. Beauty was achieved, and none saw it.[1])

— — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —

The whole Square was now suddenly revealed as a swarming mass of heads, out of which rose banners and pennons that were cruder in tint even than the frocks and hats of the little girls and the dresses and bonnets of their teachers; the men, too, by their neckties, scarves, and rosettes, added colour to colour.[2]) All the windows were chromatic with the hues of bright costumes, and from many windows and from every roof that had a flagstaff, flags waved heavily against the gorgeous sky. At the bottom of the Square the lorries with infants had been arranged, and each looked like a bank of variegated flowers. The principal bands —that is to say, all the bands that could be trusted—were collected round the red baize platform at the top of the Square, and the vast sun-reflecting euphoniums, trumpets, and cornets made a glittering circle about the officials and ministers and their wives and women. All denominations, for one day only, fraternised effusively together on that platform; for princes of the royal house, and the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Mayor of London had urged that it should be so. The Primitive Methodists' parson discovered himself next but one to Father Milton, who on any other day would have been a Popish priest, and whose wooden substitute for a wife was the queen on a chessboard. And on all these the sun blazed torridly.

And almost in the middle of the Square an immense purple banner bellied in the dusty breeze, saying in large gold letters,

[1] Aus *Book* I, *chap.* I, IV.

[2] Es handelt sich hier und im folgenden um das Ausmalen eines Kolossalbildes menschlicher Massen, wie der Naturalismus es liebt. Vgl. Bennett's Methode mit G. Moores Vorgehen (Text Nr. 27).

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"The Blood of the Lamb," together with the name of some Sunday school, which Edwin from his barrel could not decipher.

Then a hoary white-tied notability on the platform raised his right arm very high, and a bugle called, and a voice that had filled fields in exciting times of religious revival floated in thunder across the enclosed Square, easily dominating it—

"Let us sing."

And the conductor of the eager massed bands set them free with a gesture, and after they had played a stave, a small stentorian choir at the back of the platform broke forth, and in a moment the entire multitude, at first raggedly, but soon in good unison, was singing—

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure:
Cleanse from guilt and make me pure.[1])

The volume of sound was overwhelming. Its crashing force was enough to sweep people from barrels. Edwin could feel moisture in his eyes, and he dared not look at Hilda. "Why the deuce do I want to cry?" he asked himself angrily, and was ashamed. And at the beginning of the second verse, when the glittering instruments blared forth anew, and the innumerable voices, high and loud, infantile and aged, flooded swiftly over their brassy notes, subduing them, the effect on Edwin was the same again: a tightening of the throat, and a squeezing down of the eyelids. Why was it? Through a mist he read the words "The Blood of the Lamb," and he could picture the riven trunk of a man dying, and a torrent of blood flowing therefrom, and people like his Auntie Clara and his brother-in-law Albert plunging ecstatically into the liquid in order to be white. The picture came again in the third verse,—the red fountains and the frantic bathers.

Then the notability raised his arm once more, and took off his hat, and all the males on the platform took off their hats, and presently every boy and man in the Square had uncovered his head to the strong sunshine; and at last Edwin had to do the same, and only the policemen, by virtue of their high office, could

[1] Berühmtes englisches Kirchenlied von Toplady (1748—1778), dem anglikanischen Kalvinisten, zuerst veröffentlicht um 1775 im *Gospel Magazine*. Unsere Fassung stammt von Thomas Cotteril (1779—1823), der eine geschickte Hand im Ändern der Hymnen hatte. Unser Lied findet sich sowohl in den anglikanischen *Hymns Ancient and Modern* als auch in dem *Methodist Hymns Book* (s. Julian, *Dictionary of Hymns*).

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dare to affront the majesty of God. And the reverberating voice cried—

"Oh, most merciful Lord! Have pity upon us. We are brands plucked from the burning." And continued for several minutes to descant upon the theme of everlasting torture by incandescence and thirst. Nominally addressing a deity, but in fact preaching to his audience, he announced that, even for the veriest infant on a lorry, there was no escape from the eternal fires save by complete immersion in the blood. And he was so convinced and convincing that an imaginative nose could have detected the odour of burnt flesh. And all the while the great purple banner waved insistently: "The Blood of the Lamb."[1])

30. FRANK SWINNERTON (geboren 1884)

[Einführung S. 20, 24]

NOCTURNE (1917)[2])

Monumentaler Kleinnaturalismus mit psychologischer Tiefdimension. Augenblicksschnitte im empfindlichen, stark belichteten, mächtig vergrößernden Künstlermikroskop gesehen, das die winzigsten Stäubchen in Sternen erstrahlen läßt. Der Stil porzellanfein, leicht, eingliedrig (la coupe!). Die *Nocturne* behandelt ein Sechsstundengeschehen. I: Das Cockneymädchen Jenny ist der Pflegepflicht des kranken Vaters entwischt und schwebt jetzt zum ersten Male auf dem Auto durch winternächtliche Londoner Straßen ihrem Geliebten, Keith, entgegen, der bei Westminster in der Yacht seines abwesenden Herrn auf sie wartet. II: Da steht sie schon am Wasser und Keith empfängt sie. III: Cockneymondscheinsonate.

Über Swinnerton: E. L. 418—20.

1[3])

To lie deep among cushions, and gently to ride out along streets and roads that she had so often tramped in every kind of weather, was enough to intoxicate Jenny. She heard the soft humming of the engine, and saw lamps and other vehicles flashing by, with a sense of effortless speed that was to her incomparable. If only she had been mentally at ease, and free from distraction, she would have enjoyed every instant of her journey. Even as it was, she could not restrain her eagerness as they overtook a tramcar, and the chauffeur honked his horn, and they glided nearer and nearer, and passed, and seemed to leave the tram standing. Each time this was in process of happening Jenny gave a small excited chuckle, thinking of the speed, and the ease, and of how the people in the tram must feel at being defeated in the race. Every

[1]) Aus *Book II*, chap. XII, II. — Die leise Ironie, die hier durchlächelt wird uns begreiflich, wenn wir Bennetts Erinnerungen lesen, wo er uns schildert, er sei wesleyanisch erzogen worden und habe sich schon früh innerlich dagegen gestemmt.

[2]) *Nocturne*, Martin Secker, 1917.

[3]) Part I: Evening, Chapter VI: *The Yacht, I.*

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such encounter became a race, in which she pressed physically forward as if to urge her steed to the final effort. Never had Jenny been so eager for victory, so elated when its certainty was confirmed. It was worth while to live for such experience. How she envied her driver! With his steady hands upon the steering wheel .... Ah, he was like a sailor, like the sailor of romance, with the wind beating upon his face and his eyes ever-watchful. And under his hand the car rode splendidly to Keith.

Jenny closed her eyes. She could feel her heart beating fast, and the blood heating her cheeks, reddening them. The blood hurt her, and her mouth seemed to hurt, too, because she had smiled so much. She lay back, thinking of Keith and of their meetings — so few, so long ago, so undescribably happy and beautiful. She always remembered him as he had been when first he had caught her eye, when he had stood so erect among other men who lounged by the sea, smoking and lolling at ease. He was different, as she was different. And she was going to him. How happy she was! — — —

II [1])

And then there came a curious sense that something had happened.[2]) The car stopped in darkness, and through the air there came in the huge tones of Big Ben the sound of a striking hour. It was nine o'clock. They were back at Westminster. Before her was the bridge, and above was the lighted face of the clock, like some faded sun. And the strokes rolled out in swelling waves that made the whole atmosphere feel sound-laden. The chauffeur had opened the door of the car, and was offering his free hand to help Jenny to step down to the ground.

"Are we *there?*" she asked in a bewildered way, as if she had been dreaming. "How quick we've been!"

"Yes, miss. Mr. Redington's down the steps. You see them steps. Mr. Redington's down there in the dinghy. Mind how you go, miss. Hold tight to the rail ...." He closed the door of the car and pointed to the steps.

The dinghy! Those stone steps to the black water! Jenny was shaken by a shudder. The horror of the water which had come upon her earlier in the evening returned more intensely. The strokes of the clock were the same, the darkness, the feeling of the sinister water rolling there beneath the bridge, resistlessly carrying its burdens to the sea. If Keith had not been there she would have turned and run swiftly away, overcome by her fear. She timidly reached the steps, and stopped, peering down through

[1]) Ebenda II.

[2]) Hier wie im vorigen Abschnitt und wie nachher wieder ist alles Geschehen durch Jenny hindurch gesehen oder auf sie bezogen.

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the dimness. She put her foot forward so that it hung dubiously beyond the edge of the pavement.

"What a coward!" she thought, violently, with self-contempt. It drove her forward. And at that moment she could see below, at the edge of the lapping water, the outline of a small boat and of a man who sat in it using the oars against the force of the current so as to keep the boat always near the steps. She heard a dear familiar voice call out with a perfect shout of welcome:

"Jenny! Good girl! How are you! Come along; be careful how you come. That's it . . . Six more, and then stop!" Jenny obeyed him — she desired nothing else, and her doubtings were driven away in a breath. She went quickly down. The black water lapped and wattled against the stone and the boat, and she saw Keith stand up, drawing the dinghy against the steps and offering her his hand. He had previously been holding up a small lantern that gilded the brown mud with a feeble colour and made the water look like oil. "Now!" he cried quickly. "Step!" The boat rocked, and Jenny crouched down upon the narrow seat, aflame with rapture, but terrified of the water. It was so near, so inescapably near. The sense of its smooth softness, its yielding-ness, and the danger lurking beneath the flowing surface was acute. She tried more desperately to sit exactly in the middle of the boat, so that she should not overbalance it. She closed her eyes, sitting very still, and heard the water saying plup-plup-plup all round her, and she was afraid. It meant soft death: she could not forget that. Jenny could not swim. She was stricken between terror and joy that overwhelmed her. Then:

"That's my boat," Keith said, pointing. "I say, you are a sport to come!" Jenny saw lights shining from the middle of the river, and could imagine that a yacht lay there stubbornly resisting the current of the flowing Thames.

III [1])

By this time the moon was silvering the river, riding high above the earth, serenely a thing of eternal mystery to her beholders. With the passing of clouds and the deepening of the night, those stars not eclipsed by the moon shone like swarmed throbbing points of silver. They seemed more remote, as though the clearer air had driven them farther off. Jenny, her own face and throat illumined, stared up at the moon, marvelling; and then she turned, without speaking, to the black shadows and the gliding, silent water. Upon every hand was the chequer of contrast, beautiful to the eye, and haunting to the spirit. A soft wind stirred her hair and made her bare her teeth in pleasure at the sweet contact.

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[1] Part II: Night, Chapter VII: Mortals, III.

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Keith led her to the wide wooden seat which ran by the side of the deck, and they sat together there. The noise of the city was dimmer: the lamps were yellowed in the moon's whiter light; there were occasional movements upon the face of the river. A long way away they heard a sharp panting as a motor boat rushed through the water, sending out a great surging wave that made all other craft rise and fall and sway as the river's agitation subsided. The boat came nearer, a coloured light showing; and presently it hastened past, a moving thing with a muffled figure at its helm; and the Minerva rocked gently almost until the sound of the motor boat's tuff-tuff had been lost in the general noise of London. Nearer at hand, above them, Jenny could hear the clanging of tram-gongs and the clatter and slow boom of motor omnibuses; but these sounds were mellowed by the evening, and although they were near enough to be comforting they were too far away to interrupt this pleasant solitude with Keith. The two of them sat in the shadow, and Jenny craned to hear the chuckle of the water against the yacht's sides. It was a beautiful moment in her life .... She gave a little moan, and swayed against Keith, her delight succeeded by deadly languor.

31. GEORGE MEREDITH (1828—1909)

[Einführung S. 22, 24, 39—40]

"ABSOLUTELY EMPTY" (1885)[1]

Ein Schwingen zwischen kritisch-psychologischem Realismus und real-psychologischem Kritizismus. Wie bei Swinnerton blicken wir auch hier durch ein feines Mikroskop. In unserem Abschnitt überwiegt der Reálismus, dem der einfache Ausdruck genügt. Der Kritizismus aber macht sich Luft in Gedankensprüngen und Purzelbäumen, kühnen Metaphern und substanzharten Sprüchen. Von Zeit zu Zeit erklingt auch hier das silberne Lächeln des komischen Geistes.

Lage: Dianas Gatte, der ihr verhaßte Augustus Warwick, strebt wegen eines unschuldigen Verhältnisses, das seine Frau mit dem Whig Ministerpräsidenten Lord Dannisburgh unterhalten hat, aus Eifersucht die Ehescheidung an. Diana, obschon ihrer Unschuld bewußt, schreckt vor einem öffentlichen Skandal zurück und trifft Vorbereitungen, England zu verlassen. Ihre beste Freundin, Lady Dunstane, in der Überzeugung, daß dieser Schritt ihr falsch ausgelegt würde, schickt den getreuen Redworth zu ihr, damit er, bevor es zu spät ist, sie von ihrem Vorhaben abbringe. Er eilt nach den Crossways und kommt in winterlicher Nacht an. — Über Meredith: E. L. 240—46, 281—86; neuerdings: Mary Sturge Gretton, *G. M.*, O. U. P. 1926; J. B. Priestley, *G. M.*, Macmillan 1926.

There stood the house. Absolutely empty! thought Redworth. The sound of the gate-bell he rang was like an echo to him. The gate was unlocked. He felt a return of his queer churchyard sensation when walking up the garden-path, in the shadow of the

[1] Aus *Diana of the Crossways*, chap. VIII.

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house. Here she was born: here her father died: and this was the station of her dreams, as a girl at school near London and in Paris. Her heart was here. He looked at the windows facing the Downs with dead eyes. The vivid idea of her was a phantom presence, and cold, assuring him that the bodily Diana was absent. Had Lady Dunstane guessed rightly, he might perhaps have been of service!

Anticipating the blank silence, he rang the house-bell. It seemed to set wagging a weariful tongue in a corpse. The bell did its duty to the last note, and one thin revival stroke, for a finish, as in days when it responded livingly to the guest. He pulled, and had the reply, just the same, with the faint terminal touch, resembling exactly a "There!" at the close of a voluble delivery in the negative. Absolutely empty. He pulled and pulled. The bell wagged, wagged. This had been a house of a witty host, a merry girl, junketting guests; a house of hilarious thunders, lightnings of fun and fancy. Death never seemed more voiceful than in that wagging of the bell.[1])

For conscience' sake, as became a trusty emissary, he walked round to the back of the house, to verify the total emptiness. His apprehensive despondency had said that it was absolutely empty, but upon consideration he supposed the house must have some guardian: likely enough, an old gardener and his wife, lost in deafness doubles-shotted by sleep! There was no sign of them. The night air waxed sensibly crisper. He thumped the back-doors. Blank hollowness retorted on the blow. He banged and kicked. The violent altercation with wood and wall lasted several minutes, ending as it had begun: Flesh may worry, but is sure to be worsted in such an argument.

"Well, my dear lady!" — Redworth addressed Lady Dunstane aloud, while driving his hands into his pockets for warmth — "we've done what we could. The next best thing is to go to bed and see what morning brings us."

The temptation to glance at the wild divinings of dreamy-witted women from the point of view of the practical man, was aided by the intense frigidity of the atmosphere in leading him to criticize a sex not much used to the exercise of brains. "And they hate railways!" He associated them, in the matter of intelligence, with Andrew Hedger[2]) and Company. They sank to the level of the temperature in his esteem — as regarded their intellects. He approved their warmth of heart. The nipping of the victim's toes and fingertips testified powerfully to that.

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[1] Wer macht diese Reflexionen?

[2] Andrew Hedger ist der Bauer, der ihm den Weg gezeigt und beim Vorübergehen durch eine offene Tür das Schlachten eines Schweines gesehen hat, was ihm die Bemerkung abnötigte: *"Ah could eat hog a solid hower!"*

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Round to the front of the house at a trot, he stood in moonlight. Then, for involuntarily he now did everything running, with a dash up the steps he seized the sullen pendant bell-handle, and worked it pumpwise, till he perceived a smaller bell-knob beside the door, at which he worked piston-wise. Pump and piston, the hurly-burly and the tinkler created an alarm to scare cat and mouse and Cardinal spider, all that run or weave in desolate houses, with the good result of a certain degree of heat to his frame. He ceased, panting. No stir within, nor light. That white stare of windows at the moon was undisturbed.

The Downs were like a wavy robe of shadowy grey silk. No wonder that she had loved to look on them!

And it was no wonder that Andrew Hedger enjoyed prime bacon. Bacon frizzling, fat rashers of real home-fed on the fire—none of your foreign—suggested a genial refreshment and resistance to antagonistic elements. Nor was it, granting health, granting a sharp night—the temperature at least fifteen below zero—an excessive boast for a man to say he could go on eating for a solid hour.

These were notions darting through a half nourished gentleman nipped in the frame by a severely frosty night. Truly a most beautiful night! She would have delighted to see it here. The Downs were like floating islands, like fairy-laden vapours; solid, as Andrew Hedger's hour of eating; visionary, as too often his desire!

Redworth muttered to himself, after taking the picture of the house and surrounding country from the sward, that he thought it about the sharpest night he had ever encountered in England. He was cold, hungry, dispirited, and astoundingly stricken with an incapacity to separate any of his thoughts from old Andrew Hedger. Nature was at her pranks upon him.

He left the garden briskly, as to the legs, and reluctantly. He would have liked to know whether Diana had recently visited the house, or was expected. It could be learnt in the morning; but his mission was urgent and he on the wings of it. He was vexed and saddened.

Scarcely had he closed the garden-gate when the noise of an opening window arrested him, and he called. The answer was in a feminine voice, youngish, not disagreeable, though not Diana's.

He heard none of the words, but rejoined in a bawl: "Mrs. Warwick!—Mr. Redworth!"

That was loud enough for the deaf or the dead.

The window closed. He went to the door and waited. It swung wide to him; and, O marvel of a woman's divination of a woman! there stood Diana.

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32. JOHN GALSWORTHY (geboren 1867)

[Einführung S. 13, 23—24]

JUNE'S TREAT (1906) [1])

Subjektiver psychologischer Realismus. Merediths kritischer Apparat ist bis aufs äußerste vereinfacht. Starke Dialogisierung der Handlung, gut beleuchtete Fassade, hinter der wir uns das vor unseren Augen versteckte Seelenspiel auf einer inneren Bühne vorzustellen haben. So recht deutlich in unserem Abschnitt. Mit dem Frühling ist die Liebe in Bosinneys und Irenes Herz eingezogen und June, seine Verlobte, ist kalt gestellt. Die Worte verhüllen, was im Dunkel der Seele geschieht. — Vgl. E. L. 397—402.

Dinner began in silence; the women facing one another, and the men.

In silence the soup was finished—excellent, if a little thick; and fish was brought. In silence it was handed.

Bosinney ventured: "It's the first Spring day."

Irene echoed softly! "Yes—the first spring day."

"Spring!" said June: "there isn't a breath of air!" No one replied.

The fish was taken away, a fine fresh sole from Dover. And Bilson brought champagne, a bottle swathed around the neck with white.

Soames said: "You'll find it dry."

Cutlets were handed, each pink-frilled about the legs. They were refused by June, and silence fell.

Soames said: "You'd better take a cutlet, June; there's nothing coming."

But June again refused, so they were borne away. And then Irene asked: "Phil, have you heard my blackbird?"

Bosinney answered: "Rather—he's got a hunting-song. As I came round I heard him in the Square."

"He's such a darling!"

"Salad, sir?" Spring chicken was removed.

But Soames was speaking: "The asparagus is very poor. Bosinney, glass of sherry with your sweet? June, you're drinking nothing!"

June said: "You know I never do. Wine's such horrid stuff!"

An apple charlotte came upon a silver dish. And smilingly Irene said: "The azaleas are so wonderful this year!"

To this Bosinney murmured: "Wonderful! The scent's extraordinary!"

June said: "How can you like the scent? Sugar, please, Bilson."

Sugar was handed her, and Soames remarked: "This charlotte's good!"

The charlotte was removed. Long silence followed. Irene,

[1]) Aus *The Man of Property* (1906), Part II, chap. II.

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beckoning, said: "Take out the azalea, Bilson. Miss June can't bear the scent."

"No; let it stay," said June.

Olives from France, with Russian caviare, were placed on little plates. And Soames remarked: "Why can't we have the Spanish?" But no one answered.

The olives were removed. Lifting her tumbler June demanded: "Give me some water, please." Water was given her. A silver tray was brought, with German plums. There was a lengthy pause. In perfect harmony all were eating them.

Bosinney counted up the stones: "This year—next year—some time— —"

Irene finished softly: "Never. There was such a glorious sunset. The sky's all ruby still—so beautiful!"

He answered: "Underneath the dark."

Their eyes had met, and June cried scornfully: "A London sunset!"

Egyptian cigarettes were handed in a silver box. Soames, taking one, remarked: "What time's your play begin?"

No one replied, and Turkish coffee followed in enamelled cups.

Irene, smiling quietly, said: "If only— —"

"Only what?" said June.

"If only it could always be the spring!"

Brandy was handed; it was pale and old.

Soames said: "Bosinney, better take some brandy."

Bosinney took a glass; they all arose.

"You want a cab?" asked Soames.

June answered: "No. My cloak, please, Bilson." Her cloak was brought.

Irene, from the window, murmured: "Such a lovely night! The stars are coming out!"

Soames added: "Well, I hope you'll both enjoy yourselves."

From the door June answered: "Thanks. Come, Phil."

Bosinney cried: "I'm coming."

Soames smiled a sneering smile, and said: "I wish you luck!"

And at the door Irene watched them go.

Bosinney called: "Good night!"

"Good night!" she answered softly....

June made her lover take her on the top of a 'bus, saying she wanted air, and there sat silent, with her face to the breeze.

The driver turned once or twice, with the intention of venturing a remark, but thought better of it. They were a lively couple! The spring had got into his blood, too; he felt the need for letting steam escape, and clucked his tongue, flourishing his whip, wheeling his horses, and even they, poor things, had smelled the spring, and for a brief half-hour spurned the pavement with happy hoofs.

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The whole town was alive; the boughs, curled upward with their decking of young leaves, awaited some gift the breeze could bring. New-lighted lamps were gaining mastery, and the faces of the crowd showed pale under that glare, while on high the great white clouds slid swiftly, softly, over the purple sky.

Men in evening-dress had thrown back overcoats, stepping jauntily up the steps of Clubs; working folk loitered; and women—those women who at that time of night are solitary—solitary and moving eastward in a stream—swung slowly along, with expectation in their gait, dreaming of good wine and a good supper, or, for an unwonted minute, of kisses given for love.

Those countless figures, going their ways under the lamps and the moving sky, had one and all received some restless blessing from the stir of spring. And one and all, like those clubmen with their opened coats, had shed something of caste, and creed, and custom, and by the cock of their hats, the pace of their walk, their laughter, or their silence, revealed their common kinship under the passionate heavens.

Bosinney and June entered the theatre in silence, and mounted to their seats in the upper boxes. The piece had just begun, and the half-darkened house, with its rows of creatures peering all one way, resembled a great garden of flowers turning their faces to the sun.

June had never before been in the upper boxes. From the age of fifteen she had habitually accompanied her grandfather to the stalls, and not common stalls, but the best seats in the house, towards the centre of the third row, booked by old Jolyon, at Grogan and Boyne's, on his way home from the City, long before the day; carried in his overcoat pocket, together with his cigar-case and his old kid gloves, and handed to June to keep till the appointed night. And in those stalls—an erect old figure with a serene white head, a little figure, strenuous and eager, with a red-gold head—they would sit through every kind of play, and on the way home old Jolyon would say of the principal actor: "Oh, he's a poor stick! You should have seen little Bobson!"

She had looked forward to this evening with keen delight; it was stolen, chaperone-less, undreamed of at Stanhope Gate, where she was supposed to be at Soames's. She had expected reward for her subterfuge, planned for her lover's sake; she had expected it to break up the thick, chilly cloud, and make the relations between them—which of late had been so puzzling, so tormenting—sunny and simple again as they had been before the winter. She had come with the intention of saying something definite; and she looked at the stage with a furrow between her brows, seeing nothing, her hands squeezed together in her lap. A swarm of jealous suspicions stung and stung her.

If Bosinney was conscious of her trouble he made no sign.

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The curtain dropped. The first act had come to an end.

"It's awfully hot here!" said the girl; "I should like to go out."

She was very white, and she knew—for with her nerves thus sharpened she saw everything—that he was both uneasy and compunctious.

33. RUDYARD KIPLING (geboren 1865)

[Einführung S. 11, 15, 43, 49]

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS (1897)[1])

Eindrucksrealismus im Dienste einer Idee, der Disziplin. Jedes Wort ein Treffer. Die Perioden in einfache Glieder zerschlagen *(la coupe!)* — Vgl. E. L. 379—85. Die Geschichte von Harvey N. Cheyne, dem Millionärsöhnchen, das von der Schiffsmannschaft *We're Here* gerettet und dann während der Fischzeit zur Disziplin erzogen wird.

The shadow of the masts and rigging, with the never-furled riding-sail, rolled to and fro on the heaving deck in the moonlight; and the pile of fish by the stern shone like a dump of fluid silver. In the hold there were tramplings and rumblings where Disko Troop[2]) and Tom Platt[3]) moved among the salt-bins. Dan passed Harvey a pitchfork, and led him to the inboard end of the rough table, where Uncle Salters[4]) was drumming impatiently with a knife-haft. A tub of salt water lay at his feet.

'You pitch to dad an' Tom Platt down the hatch, an' take keer Uncle Salters don't cut yer eye out,' said Dan[5]), swinging himself into the hold. 'I'll pass salt below.'

Penn and Manuel[6]) stood knee-deep among cod in the pen, flourishing drawn knives. Long Jack, a basket at his feet and mittens on his hands, faced Uncle Salters at the table, and Harvey stared at the pitchfork and the tub.

'Hi!' shouted Manuel, stooping to the fish, and bringing one up with a finger under its gill and a finger in its eye. He laid it on the edge of the pen; the knife-blade glimmered with a sound of tearing, and the fish, slit from throat to vent, with a nick on either side of the neck, dropped at Long Jack's feet.

'Hi!' said Long Jack, with a scoop of his mittened hand. The cod's liver dropped in the basket. Another wrench and scoop sent the head and offal flying, and the empty fish slid across to Uncle Salters, who snorted fiercely. There was another sound of tearing, the backbone flew over the bulwarks, and the fish, headless, gutted, and open, splashed in the tub, sending the salt water into Harvey's astonished mouth. After the first yell, the men were

[1] Kap. II.
[2] Disko Troop, Skipper und Besitzer des Schiffes.
[3] Ein Matrose, der gerne plaudert.
[4] Disko Troops Bruder, früher Farmer.
[5] Dan Troop, Diskos Sohn.
[6] Portugiesischer Matrose.

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silent. The cod moved along as though they were alive, and long ere Harvey had ceased wondering at the miraculous dexterity of it all, his tub was full.

'Pitch!' grunted Uncle Salters, without turning his head, and Harvey pitched the fish by twos and threes down the hatch.

'Hi! Pitch 'em bunchy,' shouted Dan. 'Don't scatter! Uncle Salters is the best splitter in the fleet. Watch him mind his book!'

Indeed, it looked a little as though the round uncle were cutting magazine pages against time. Manuel's body, cramped over from the hips, stayed like a statue; but his long arms grabbed the fish without ceasing. Little Penn toiled valiantly, but it was easy to see he was weak. Once or twice Manuel found time to help him without breaking the chain of supplies, and once Manuel howled because he had caught his finger in a Frenchman's hook. These hooks are made of soft metal to be re-bent after use; but the cod very often get away with them and are hooked again elsewhere; and that is one of the many reasons why Gloucester boats despise the Frenchmen.

Down below, the rasping sound of rough salt rubbed on rough flesh sounded like the whirring of a grindstone — a steady undertune to the 'clicknick' of the knives in the pen, the wrench and schloop of torn heads, dropped liver, and flying offal; the 'caraaah' of Uncle Salters's knife scooping away backbones; and the flap of wet, opened, bodies falling into the tub.

At the end of an hour Harvey would have given the world to rest; for fresh, wet cod weigh more than you would think, and his back ached with the steady pitching. But he felt for the first time in his life that he was one of a working gang of men, took pride in the thought, and held on sullenly.

34. JOHN MASEFIELD [Einführung S. 15, 49]

SARD HARKER (1924) [1])

Eindrucksrealismus wie bei Kipling, mit romantischen Zuschüssen. Der Stil ähnlich. In *Sard Harker* tritt außerdem ein moderner Zug hinzu, die Traumpsychologie. Die Fabel ist Bewahrheitung eines Traumes. Unser Abschnitt ist dem dritten Teil entnommen. Sard hat sein Schiff verloren und kämpft in südamerikanischer Gebirgseinsamkeit gegen die ihn umlauernden Gefahren. — Über Masefield: W. H. Hamilton, *J. M.*, 2nd edition 1925. Der letzte Teil ist ein Stück Schauerroman und verdirbt die künstlerische Gesamtwirkung.

When he felt that they were out of earshot and smell of him, he turned his back upon that place and went through the scrub up a hill that went up and up, yet never came to a summit. He must have walked for about two hours when he stopped suddenly, hearing a woman singing. It sounded like an Indian woman with a very sweet voice, singing one of the tuneless Indian songs.

[1] London, William Heinemann Ltd., 1924, 204—208.

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A little listening showed him that it was not a woman, but a little hidden spring of water, gurgling from a pipe to a trough. The air came with a waft of sweetness upon his face, as of azaleas in blossom and oranges in fruit growing together in a thicket.

He said: "There's a house here". He called aloud in Spanish, "Is anybody there? I am a friend. Is anybody there?" In front of him he could see this thicket, that smelled so sweet, all starred either with blossoms or with fruits. He knew from the look and feel of the the place that it had been made by good people and was good, and that the people were there, watching him, to see what he would do.

"I am not armed", he said. "I am an English sailor going to the coast. Don't turn your dogs at me, but let me have shelter."

Nobody answered, but he felt quite certain that the thicket was full of people looking at him.

He said: "Don't shoot. You see I put my hands up. I am alone".

He went forward to the thicket and there saw that there was no one, only a profusion of creeping flowers that looked at him like eyes, out of the darkness of the hedge. It must have been years since anybody had lived there. The hedge, that had been planted, had gone back to jungle. He walked round it till he came to what had been the gate. There he could see within a little ruined chapel with one bell. As he came through the gateway in the first of the dusk, a bird, perhaps an owl, that had been perched beneath the bell, flew out with a cry. Her wings struck the bell, which jangled a little. It was exactly as if Sard had rung the door-bell. He drew his breath and stood still in the court, wondering who would answer the bell.

It was still not more than twilight, but birds were stirring in the scrub, and colours could be seen. Some blue birds with orange breasts came wavering down among the bushes, tore a few petals apart, from wantonness, and flew on, talking to each other.

Sard stepped across the courtyard and looked in at the deserted chapel's western door. It must have been built very soon after the conquest. It had been deserted for perhaps half a century, which in that dry climate had not been enough to destroy it. The roof had gone except over the altar. From the wall-plate of the falling roof great strings of flowers hung. Many flowers and grasses had sprouted among the stones. Just over the altar a bough had thrust through the wall, and had blossomed there with a withe clustered blossom that smelled sweeter than honey-comb. The wall above the altar had once been painted in fresco. Most of the paintings were now gone, but Sard saw, as it were, the heads of men, eagerly looking upward. To right and to left of the door within the enclosure there were marks in the earth that showed where the mission huts once stood. But monks,

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converts, mission, and the very memory of their dealings were utterly gone. Sard might well have been the first man to have stood there, since the mission ended. It ended in pestilence, he thought; nobody was left alive here for the mission to save. He judged that the pestilence that had destroyed the mission might still be there, in the air, the earth, the water. Yet the place seemed good, it was unvisited, it seemed sheltered, and there were no scorpions nor snakes.

He lay down in the shelter of the altar, and instantly fell asleep. He had not slept long before he became aware that somebody was calling him by name from infinitely far away, in a voice that was familiar and yet strange. The voice called, "Harker! Sard Harker! Sard!" from a distance so great that it seemed like another continent. He knew in his sleep that the voice wanted him to wake. He woke and sat up and found it still twilight in the chapel, with the stars not yet gone from the hole in the roof. No one was calling, the blue birds were back again, tearing the blossoms, no calls had disturbed them. He thought, "I wonder whose voice that was. I seem to know the voice"; and while he wondered, he fell asleep.

In his sleep he saw the owner of the voice, a boy called Peter Maxwell, who had been dead eleven years. He saw Peter, not as he had ever known him, but eager, like the faces in the fresco. He knew that Peter had some message for him, yet could not say it, having no longer any human tongue or any use for human thought. He saw Peter leaning out of the altar wall from the place where the branch was blossoming. Peter was stretching out his right arm to him, but what he wanted he could not tell. He cried out, "Peter, old man, is that you?" and in his gladness in seeing Peter so near, he woke up and saw the blossoming branch shaking, as though someone had brushed it by. It was daylight but not sunlight as he rose up. No one was there, no one had been there; the birds were still tearing the blossoms, uttering little cries. No one could have been within a mile of them, probably no human being was within ten miles, and yet he expected to see Peter Maxwell.

"Peter", he said, "Peter".

When he saw that there was no Peter, he thought, "That was a strange dream. Peter Maxwell has been dead since 1886. He died of yellow fever in the Cliomene. Yet that was Peter in my dream."

He walked round the little enclosure. There was nothing to alarm him, except the sense that he was more alone than he had ever been in his life. He was weary from his tramp and his hard day. He returned to the chapel and presently slept again. This time he slept for some hours, but towards noon, at about the time when his watch would be drawing to an end, he was aware

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that a trumpet was being blown and that armed figures were there, wanting him to go. With a little effort he cleared his eyes, so that he could see these figures. There were three: two women and a man. The man was standing behind the women and raised above them. He was standing on the altar blowing a blast upon the trumpet, and the notes of the trumpet came out like flames, so that Sard could see them as well as hear them. The women were looking at him with faces so calm that they could not have been mortals, yet when they saw that he saw them their faces became alive and eager. They both turned to him and bent to raise him, and with their free hands they pointed at the trumpeter, who shone in all his being and pointed the way to go, and blew upon his trumpet a blast like a cock-crow: "Get you gone out of here, get you gone out of here!"

In his dream Sard called to the trumpeter: "What is it, Peter, what is it? What is it, you great spirits?" But the women faded from him, Peter faded from him into the wall, but he could still see the shining trumpet and notes like flakes of fire failing all round him. The trumpet dwindled slowly and resolved itself into the blossoming branch that had grown through a crack in the wall. The figures were gone, the fiery notes had vanished, only as Sard stood up he smelled very faintly the smell of burning. He walked to the altar and felt along the wall. It was a wall of perishing plaster. No one had been there. He went out into the enclosure, and as he passed through the door, he smelled again the smell of burning. "Get you gone out of here", he repeated. "Get you gone out of here: What is that smell of burning?".

Once long before, far out at sea in the Pacific, he had smelled a smell of burning during the night-watch and had reported it to his mate. The mate said: "Yes, you often smell that here, at this season of the year. They are burning the scrub on the mountains 400 miles away." He thought of that remark now looking out of the enclosure at the thickets beyond, he saw a faint trail of smoke curling among some dwarf oaks.

"I believe this scrub's on fire", he said. "I'd better get me gone out of here, or I'll be burnt like a rat in a trap."

35. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (1850—1894)

[Einführung S. 14, 15, 27, 42—3, 54]

A LODGING FOR THE NIGHT (1878)[1])

Romantischer Realismus. Verfeinerte Wortkunst und farbiger Stil. In seinen Frühexperimenten noch ganz Fassade, Tracht und Gebärde. Der Mord am Schluß nimmt sich aus wie ein Figurenspiel und bestätigt Chestertons Kennzeichnung (s. oben S. 105). Die Darstellung der dinglichen Welt gelingt Stevenson besser als die Seelenmalerei. Die Psychologisierung kommt später. E. L. 346—353.

[1]) Aus *New Arabian Nights.*

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The air was raw and pointed, but not far below freezing; and the flakes were large, damp, and adhesive. The whole city was sheeted up. An army might have marched from end to end and not a footfall given the alarm. If there were any belated birds in heaven, they saw the island like a large white patch, and the bridges like slim white spars, on the black ground of the river. High up overhead the snow settled among the tracery of the cathedral towers. Many a niche was drifted full; many a statue wore a long white bonnet on its grotesque or sainted head. The gargoyles had been transformed into great false noses, drooping towards the point. The crockets were like upright pillows swollen on one side. In the intervals of the wind, there was a dull sound of dripping about the pecincts of the church.

The cemetery of St. John had taken its own share of the snow. All the graves were decently covered; tall white housetops stood around in grave array; worthy burghers were long ago in bed, benightcapped like their domiciles; there was no light in all the neighbourhood but a little peep from a lamp that hung swinging in the church choir, and tossed the shadows to and fro in time to its oscillations. The clock was hard on ten when the patrol went by with halberds and a lantern, beating their hands; and they saw nothing suspicious about the cemetery of St. John.

Yet there was a small house, backed up against the cemetery wall, which was still awake, and awake to evil purpose, in that snoring district. There was not much to betray it from without; only a stream of warm vapour from the chimney-top, a patch where the snow melted on the roof, and a few half-obliterated footprints at the door. But within, behind the shuttered windows, Master Francis Villon the poet, and some of the thievish crew with whom he consorted, were keeping the night alive and passing round the bottle.

A great pile of living embers diffused a strong and ruddy glow from the arched chimney. Before this straddled Dom Nicolas, the Picardy monk, with his skirts picked up and his fat legs bared to the comfortable warmth. His dilated shadow cut the room in half; and the firelight only escaped on either side of his broad person, and in a little pool between his outspread feet. His face had the beery, bruised appearance of the continual drinker's; it was covered with a network of congested veins, purple in ordinary circumstances, but now pale violet, for even with his back to the fire the cold pinched him on the other side. His cowl had half fallen back, and made a strange excrescence on either side of his bull neck. So he straddled, grumbling, and cut the room in half with the shadow of his portly frame.

On the right, Villon and Guy Tabary were huddled together over a scrap of parchment; Villon making a ballade which he was to call the "Ballade of Roast Fish," and Tabary spluttering

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admiration at his shoulder. The poet was a rag of a man, dark, little, and lean, with hollow cheeks and thin black locks. He acrried his four-and-twenty years with feverish animation. Greed had made folds about his eyes, evil smiles had puckered his mouth. The wolf and pig struggled together in his face. It was an eloquent, sharp, ugly, earthly countenance. His hands were small and prehensile, with fingers knotted like a cord; and they were continually flickering in front of him in violent and expressive pantomime. As for Tabary, a broad, complacent, admiring imbecility breathed from his squash nose and slobbering lips: he had become a thief, just as he might have become the most decent of burgesses, by the imperious chance that rules the lives of human geese and human donkeys.

At the monk's other hand, Montigny and Thevenin Pensete played a game of chance. About the first there clung some flavour of good birth and training, as about a fallen angel; something aquiline and darkling in the face. Thevenin, poor soul, was in great feather: he had done a good stroke of knavery that afternoon in the Faubourg St. Jacques, and all night he had been gaining from Montigny. A flat smile illuminated his face; his bald head shone rosily in a garland of red curls; his little protuberant stomach shook with silent chucklings as he swept in his gains.

"Doubles or quits?" said Thevenin.

Montigny nodded grimly.

"*Some may prefer to dine in state,*" wrote Villon, "*On bread and cheese on silver plate.* Or — or — help me out, Guido!"

Tabary giggled.

"*Or parsley on a golden dish,*" scribbled the poet.

The wind was freshening without; it drove the snow before it, and sometimes raised its voice in a victorious whoop, and made sepulchral grumblings in the chimney. The cold was growing sharper as the night went on. Villon, protruding his lips, imitated the gust with something between a whistle and a groan. It was an eerie, uncomfortable talent of the poet's, much detested by the Picardy monk.

"Can't you hear it rattle in the gibbet?" said Villon. "They are all dancing the devil's jig on nothing, up there. You may dance, my gallants, you'll be none the warmer! Whew! what a gust! Down went somebody just now! A medlar the fewer on the three-legged medlar-tree!—I say, Dom Nicolas, it'll be cold to-night on the St. Denis Road?" he asked.

Dom Nicolas winked both his big eyes, and seemed to choke upon his Adam's apple. Montfaucon, the great grisly Paris gibbet, stood hard by the St. Denis Road, and the pleasantry touched him on the raw. As for Tabary, he laughed immoderately over the medlars; he had never heard anything more light-hearted; and he had never heard anything more light-hearted; and he

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held his sides and crowed. Villon fetched him a fillip on the nose, which turned his mirth into an attack of coughing.

"Oh, stop that row," said Villon, "and think of rhymes to 'fish.'"

"Doubles or quits," said Montigny doggedly.

"With all my heart," quoth Tevenin.

"Is there any more in that bottle?" asked the monk.

"Open another," said Villon. "How do you ever hope to fill that big hogshead, your body, with little things like bottles? And how do you expect to get to heaven? How many angels, do you fancy, can be spared to carry up a single monk from Picardy? Or do you think yourself another Elias — and they'll send the coach for you?"

"*Hominibus impossibile*," replied the monk, as he filled his glass.

Tabary was in ecstasies.

Villon filliped his nose again.

"Laugh at my jokes, if you like," he said.

"It was very good," objected Tabary.

Villon made a face at him. "Think of rhymes to 'fish,'" he said. "What have you to do with Latin? You'll wish you knew none of it at the great assizes, when the devil calls for Guido Tabary, clericus — the devil with the hump-back and red-hot finger-nails. Talking of the devil," he added in a whisper, "look at Montigny!"

All three peered covertly at the gamester. He did not seem to be enjoying his luck. His mouth was a little to a side; one nostril nearly shut, and the other much inflated. The black dog was on his back, as people say, in terrifying nursery metaphor; and he breathed hard under the gruesome burden.

"He looks as if he could knife him," whispered Tabary, with round eyes.

The monk shuddered, and turned his face and spread his open hands to the red embers. It was the cold that thus affected Dom Nicolas, and not any excess of moral sensibility.

"Come now," said Villon — "about this ballade. How does it run so far?" And beating time with his hand, he read it aloud to Tabary.

They were interrupted at the fourth rhyme by a brief and fatal movement among the gamesters. The round was completed, and Thevenin was just opening his mouth to claim another victory, when Montigny leaped up, swift as an adder, and stabbed him to the heart. The blow took effect before he had time to utter a cry, before he had time to move. A tremor or two convulsed his frame; his hands opened and shut, his heels rattled on the floor; then his head rolled backward over one shoulder with the eyes wide open; and Thevenin Pensete's spirit had returned to Him who made it.

Every one sprang to his feet; but the business was over in two twos.

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36. JOSEPH CONRAD (1857—1924)

[Einführung S. 15, 24—25, 27, 33, 34, 43, 44]

a) NOSTROMO (1904) [1])

Realistische Romantik, in aller Farbenpracht wiedergegebene Welttheatralität, ein Bemalen großer Flächen, dementsprechend vielgliedrige, weittastende Sätze. Der Farbenreichtum erreicht seinen Höhepunkt in *Nostromo,* wo Conrad eine fiktive südamerikanische Republik, Castaguana, vor unseren Augen aufbaut. Unser Beispiel zeigt Conrad als einen Meister der Beschreibung. Der spärlich vertretene Dialog läßt den Leser nicht erkennen, wie wenig gestaltungskräftig er auf diesem Gebiete ist.

Lage. Wir sind in Sulaco, der Hauptstadt; ein Revolutiönchen ist ausgebrochen. Giorgio Viola, der alte Garibaldiner, der berühmte Koch und Wirt am Hafen, verbarrikadiert sich in seinem Wirtshäuschen. Seine Frau hofft immer noch auf das Faktotum des Landes, Nostromo, den Hauptmann der Lichterbootmänner. Aber Nostromo hat seine eigenen Interessen zu verfolgen. Am Schluß erscheint er. — E. L. 402—07.

Bursts of great shouting rose and died away, like wild gusts of wind on the plain round the barricaded house; the fitful popping of shots grew louder above the yelling. Sometimes there were intervals of unaccountable stillness outside, and nothing could have been more gaily peaceful than the narrow bright lines of sunlight from the cracks in the shutters, ruled straight across the *café* over the disarranged chairs and tables to the wall opposite. Old Giorgio had chosen that bare, white-washed room for a retreat. It had only one window, and its only door swung out upon the track of thick dust fenced by aloe hedges between the harbour and the town, where clumsy carts used to creak along behind slow yokes of oxen guided by boys on horseback.

In a pause of stillness Giorgio cocked his gun. The ominous sound wrung a low moan from the rigid figure of the woman sitting by his side. A sudden outbreak of defiant yelling quite near the house sank all at once to a confused murmur of growls. Somebody ran along; the loud catching of his breath was heard for an instant passing the door; there were hoarse mutters and footsteps near the wall; a shoulder rubbed against the shutter, effacing the bright lines of sunshine pencilled across the whole breadth of the room. Signora Teresa's arm thrown about the kneeling forms of her daughters embraced them closer with a convulsive pressure.

The mob, driven away from the Custom House, had broken up into several bands, retreating across the plain in the direction of the town. The subdued crash of the irregular volleys fired in the distance was answered by faint yells far away. In the intervals the single shots rang feebly, and the low, long, white

[1] Part First, Chapter III.

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building blinded in every window seemed to be the centre of a turmoil widening in a great circle about its closed-up silence. But the cautious movements and whispers of a routed party seeking a momentary shelter behind the wall made the darkness of the room, striped by threads of quiet sunlight, alight with evil, stealthy sounds. The Violas had them in their ears as though invisible ghosts hovering about their chairs had consulted in mutters as to the advisability of setting fire to this foreigner's casa.

It was trying to the nerves. Old Viola had risen slowly, gun in hand, irresolute, for he did not see how he could prevent them. Already voices could be heard talking at the back. Signor Teresa was beside herself with terror.

"Ah! the traitor! the traitor!" she mumbled, almost inaudibly. "Now we are going to be burnt; and I bent my knee to him. No! he must run at the heels of his English."

She seemed to think that Nostromo's mere presence in the house would have made it perfectly safe. So far, she too was under the spell of that reputation the Capataz de Cargadores had made for himself by the waterside, along the railway line, with the English and with the populace of Sulaco. To his face, and even against her husband, she invariably affected to laugh it to scorn, sometimes good-naturedly, more often with a curious bitterness. But then women are unreasonable in their opinions, as Giorgio used to remark calmly on fitting occasions. On this occasion, with his gun held at ready before him, he stooped down to his wife's head, and, keeping his eyes steadfastly on the barricaded door, he breathed out into her ear that Nostromo would have been powerless to help. What could two men shut up in a house do against twenty or more bent upon setting fire to the roof? Gian' Battista was thinking of the casa all the time, he was sure.

"He think of the casa? He?" gasped Signora Viola, crazily. She struck her breast with her open hands. "I know him. He thinks of nobody but himself."

A discharge of firearms near by made her throw her head back and close her eyes. Old Giorgio set his teeth hard under his white moustache, and his eyes began to roll fiercely. Several bullets struck the end of the wall together; pieces of plaster could be heard falling outside; a voice screamed "Here they come!" and after a moment of uneasy silence there was a rush of running feet along the front.

Then the tension of old Giorgio's attitude relaxed, and a smile of contemptuous relief came upon his lips of an old fighter with a leonine face. These were not a people striving for justice, but thieves. Even to defend his life against them was a sort of degradation for a man who had been one of Garibaldi's immortal thousand in the conquest of Sicily. He had an immense scorn for

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this outbreak of scoundrels and leperos, who did not know the meaning of the word "liberty."

He grounded his old gun, and, turning his head, glanced at the coloured lithograph of Garibaldi in a black frame on the white wall; a thread of strong sunshine cut it perpendicularly. His eyes, accustomed to the luminous twilight, made out the high colouring of the face, the red of the shirt, the outlines of the square shoulders, the black patch of the Bersagliere hat with cock's feathers curling over the crown. An immortal hero! This was your liberty; it gave you not only life, but immortality as well!

For that one man his fanaticism had suffered in diminution. In the moment of relief from the apprehension of the greatest danger, perhaps, his family had been exposed to, in all their wanderings, he had turned to the picture of his old chief, first and only, then laid his hand on his wife's shoulder.

The children kneeling on the floor had not moved. Signora Theresa opened her eyes a little, as though he had awakened her from a very deep and dreamless slumber. Before he had time in his deliberate way to say a reassuring word she jumped up, with the children clinging to her, one on each side, gasped for breath and let out a hoarse shriek.

It was simultaneous with the bang of a violent blow struck on the outside of the shutter. They could hear suddenly the snorting of a horse, the restive tramping of hoofs on the narrow, hard path in front of the house; the toe of a boot struck at the shutter again; a spur jingled at every blow, and an excited voice shouted, "Hola! hola, in there!"

b) RULERS OF EAST AND WEST (1906)[1])

Conrad schildert im *Mirror of the Sea* die Launen, Ränke und Tänze und Leidenschaften der Winde und Meere mit einer Vertrautheit, die nur dem Seemann, und einer farbigen Eindrücklichkeit, die nur Conrad eignet. Vorzügliche Bemerkungen zu diesem Buche macht Stefan Zeromski in *The Nineteenth Century* vol CI (1927) 410—12.

Heralded by the increasing fierceness of the squalls, sometimes by a faint flash of lightning like the signal of a lighted torch waved far away behind the clouds, the shift of wind comes at last, the crucial moment of the change from the brooding and veiled violence of the south-west gale to the sparkling, flashing, cutting, clear-eyed anger of the king's north-westerly mood. You behold another phase of his passion, a fury bejewelled with stars, mayhap bearing the crescent of the moon on its brow, shaking the last vestiges of its town cloud-mantle in inky-black squalls, with hail and sleet descending like showers of crystals and pearls, bounding off the spars, drumming on the sails, pattering on the

[1] Aus *The Mirror of the Sea, Memories and Impressions,* XXVII.

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oilskin coats, whitening the decks of homeward-bound ships. Faint, ruddy flashes of lightning flicker in the starlight upon her mast-heads. A chilly blast hums in the taut rigging, causing the ship to tremble to her very keel, and the soaked men on her decks to shiver in their wet clothes to the very marrow of their bones. Before one squall has flown over to sink in the eastern board, the edge of another peeps up already above the western horizon, racing up swift, shapeless, like a black bag full of frozen water ready to burst over your devoted head. The temper of the ruler of the ocean has changed. Each gust of the clouded mood that seemed warmed by the heat of a heart flaming with anger has its counterpart in the chilly blasts that seem blown from a breast turned to ice with a sudden revulsion of feeling. Instead of blinding your eyes and crushing your soul with a terrible apparatus of cloud and mists and seas and rain, the King of the West turns his power to contemptuous pelting of your back with icicles, to making your weary eyes water as if in grief and your worn-out carcass quake pitifully. But each mood of the great autocrat has its own greatness, and each is hard to bear. Only the north-west phase of that mighty display is not demoralizing to the same extent, because between the hail and sleet squalls of a north-westerly gale one can see a long way ahead.

To see! to see! — this is the craving of the sailor, as of the rest of blind humanity. To have his path made clear for him is the aspiration of every human being in our beclouded and tempestuous existence. I have heard a reserved, silent man, with no nerves to speak of after three days of hard running in thick south-westerly weather, burst out passionately: "I wish to God we could get sight of something!"

37. W. H. HUDSON (1841—1922) [Einführung S. 12, 20]

GREEN MANSIONS (1904)

Auch hier romantisierter Naturalismus, aber vom Alleinheitsglauben beseelt. Durch Jahrzehnte hindurch hat Hudson die Natur mit aller Schärfe betrachtet, ohne je den Blick für die Poesie der Dinge zu verlieren. So entstanden Bücher wie *The Naturalist in La Plata; Birds and Man; Birds in London; Idle Days in Patagonia; A Traveller in Little Things; A Shepherd's Life; The Land's End.* Ruskins und Stevensons farbiger Stil wird hier der Naturmalerei dienstbar gemacht. Der Roman *Green Mansions* — in dem die Beschreibung Selbstzweck wird — vereinigt alles in sich, was Hudson an Naturpoesie zu leisten vermag. Unser erster Abschnitt zeigt bei aller Klein- und Feinzeichnung den geheimnisvoll poetischen Glanz, den er über jedes Naturbild ausgegossen sieht. Der zweite verrät uns seine geistige Brüderschaft, die wir bei Richard Jefferies und Edward Carpenter (vgl. oben S. 20) zu suchen haben. Der Vogel ist für ihn ganz Empfindung, freies Sehnen im All. Nicht vergeblich ist die feenhafte Erscheinung, Rima, die den Laubdom am oberen Orinoco durchhuscht, mehr Vogel als Mädchen. — Hudsons Werke sind gesammelt in den *Collected Works of W. H. H.* in 24 Bänden, seit 1922

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bei Dent erscheinend. Billigere Ausgabe bei Dent zu 6/— der Band. — Über Hudson: Morley Roberts, *W. H. H., A Portrait,* Nash 1924.

I spent several hours in this wild paradise, which was so much more delightful than the extensive gloomier forests I had so often penetrated in Guayana: for here, if the trees did not attain to such majestic proportions, the variety of vegetable forms was even greater; as far as I went it was nowhere dark under the trees, and the number of lovely parasites everywhere illustrated the kindly influence of light and air. Even where the trees were largest the sunshine penetrated, subdued by the foliage to exquisite greenish-golden tints, filling the wide lower spaces with tender half-lights, and faint blue-and-grey shadows. Lying on my back and gazing up, I felt reluctant to rise and renew my ramble. For what a roof was that above my head! Roof I call it, just as the poets in their poverty sometimes describe the infinite ethereal sky by that word; but it was no more roof-like and hindering to the soaring spirit than the higher clouds that float in changing forms and tints, and like the foliage chasten the intolerable noonday beams. How far above me seemed that leafy cloudland into which I gazed! Nature, we know, first taught the architect to produce by long colonnades the illusion of distance; but the light-excluding roof prevents him from getting the same effect above. Here Nature is unapproachable with her green, airy canopy, a sun-impregnated cloud—cloud above cloud; and though the highest may be unreached by the eye, the beams yet filter through, illuming the wide spaces beneath—chamber succeeded by chamber, each with its own special lights and shadows. Far above me, but not nearly so far as it seemed, the tender gloom of one such chamber or space is traversed now by a golden shaft of light falling through some break in the upper foliage, giving a strange glory to everything it touches—projecting leaves, and beard-like tuft of moss, and snaky bush-rope. And in the most open part of that most open space, suspended on nothing to the eye, the shaft reveals a tangle of shining silver threads—the web of some large tree-spider. These seemingly distant, yet distinctly visible threads, serve to remind me that the human artist is only able to get his horizontal distance by a monotonous reduplication of pillar and arch, placed at regular intervals, and that the least departure from this order would destroy the effect. But Nature produces her effects at random, and seems only to increase the beautiful illusion by that infinite variety of decoration in which she revels, binding tree to tree in a tangle of anaconda-like lianas, and dwindling down from these huge cables to airy webs and hair-like fibres that vibrate to the wind of the passing insect's wing.

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And while I thus sat thinking, sadly enough, but not despond-

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ingly, of past and present and future, all at once on the warm, still air came the resonant, far-reaching k l i n g - k l a n g of the campanero from some leafy summit half a league away. K l i n g - k l a n g fell the sound again, and often again, at intervals, affecting me strangely at that moment, so bell-like, so like the great wide-travelling sounds associated in our minds with Christian worship. And yet so unlike. A bell, yet not made of gross metal dug out of earth, but of an ethereal, sublimer material that floats impalpable and invisible in space — a vital bell suspended on nothing, giving out sounds in harmony with the vastness of blue heaven, the unsullied purity of nature, the glory of the sun, and conveying a mystic, a higher message to the soul than the sounds that surge from tower and belfry.

O mystic bell-bird of the heavenly race of the swallow and dove, the quetzal and the nightingale! When the brutish savage and the brutish white man that slay thee, one for food, the other for the benefit of science, shall have passed away, live still, live to tell thy message to the blameless spiritualised race that shall come after us to possess the earth, not for a thousand years, but for ever; for how much shall thy voice be to our clarified successors when even to my dull, unpurged soul, thou canst speak such high things, and bring it a sense of an impersonal, all-comprising One who is in me and I in him, flesh of his flesh and soul of his soul.

38. COMPTON MACKENZIE (geboren 1883)

[Einführung S. 18, 22, 24]

THE CONCERT (1913) [1])

R e a l i s t i s c h e R o m a n t i k im Rahmen des neuen L e b e n s r o m a n e s! Der Held Michael Fane ist ein Romantiker, durch dessen Medium wir die Welt zu sehen bekommen. Der Akzent verschiebt sich langsam nach dem Psychologischen. Unser Abschnitt zeigt ihn als Miterlebenden des ersten Künstlertriumphes seiner Schwester Stella. Die Musik löst in ihm gefesselte Seelenquanten und zerstiebt andere Kräfte, die sonst sein Bewußtsein beherrschen. Lily, das gehaltlose Mädchen, das er töricht liebt, ist vergessen. — E. L. 417—18.

Michael sat by himself at the concert. During the afternoon he had talked to Stella for a few minutes, but she had seemed more than ever immeasurably remote from conservation, and Michael had contented himself with offering stock phrases of encouragement and exhortation. He went early to King's Hall and sat high up in the topmost corner looking down on the orchestra. Gradually through the bluish mist the indefinite audience thickened, and their accumulated voices echoed less and less. The members of the orchestra had not yet entered, but their music-

[1] Aus *Sinister Street,* first volume, Book Two, chap. XX., 491—93.

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stands stood about with a ridiculous likeness to human beings. In the middle was Stella's piano black and lifeless, a little ominous in its naked and insistent and faintly shining ebon solemnity. One of the orchestra threaded his way through the chairs to where the drums stood in a bizarre group. From time to time this lonely human figure struck his instruments to test their pitch, and the low boom sounded hollowly above the murmurous audience.

A general accession of light took place, and now suddenly the empty platform was filled with nonchalant men who gossiped while they made discordant sounds upon their instruments. The conductor came in and bowed. The audience clapped. There was a momentary hush, hollowed by a sharp rat-tat of the baton, and the Third Leonora Overture began.

To Michael the music was a blur. It was soundless beside his own beating heart, his heart that thudded on and on, on and on, while the faces of the audience receded farther and farther through the increasing haze. The Overture was finished. From the hall that every moment seemed to grow darker came a sound of ghostly applause. Michael looked at his programme in a fever. What was this unpronounceable German composition, this Tonic Poem that must be played before Stella's turn would arrive? It seemed to go on for ever in a most barbaric and amorphous din; with corybantic crashings, with brazen fanfares and stinging cymbals it flung itself against the audience, while the woodwind howled and the violins were harsh as cats. Michael brooded unreceptive; he had a sense of monstrous loneliness; he could think of nothing. The noise overpowered his beating heart, and he began to count absurdly, while he bit his nails or shivered in alternations of fire and snow. Then his programme fluttered down on to the head of a bald violoncellist, and the ensuing shock of self-consciousness, that was mingled with a violent desire to laugh very loudly, restored him to his normal calm. The Tonic Poem shrieked and tore itself to death. The world became very quiet.

There was a gradual flap of rising applause, and it was Stella who, tall and white, was being handed across the platform. It was Stella who was sitting white and rigid at the black piano that suddenly seemed to have shrunk into a puny insignificance. It was Stella whose fingers were causing those rills of melody to flow. She paused, while the orchestra took up their part, and then again the rills began to flow, gently, fiercely, madly, sadly, wildly. Now she seemed to contend against the mighty odds of innumerable rival instruments; now her own frail instrument seemed to flag; now she was gaining strength; her cool clear harmonies were subduing this welter of violins, this tempest of horns and clarionets, this menace of bass-viols and drums. The

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audience was extinguished like a candle. The orchestra seemed inspired by the angry forces of Nature herself. The bows of the violins whitened and flickered like willows in a storm, and yet amid this almost intolerable movement Stella sat still as a figure of eternal stone. A faint smile curved more sharply her lips; the black bows in her hair trembled against her white dress; her wonderful hands went galloping away to right and left of her straight back. Plangent as music itself, serene as sculpture, with smiling lips magically crimson, adorably human, she finished her first concerto. And while she bowed to the audience and to the orchestra and the great shaggy conductor, Michael saw ridiculous teardrops bedewing his sleeve, not because he had been moved by the music, but because he was unable to shake by the hand every single person in King's Hall who was now applauding his sister.

It was not until Beethoven's sombre knock at the opening of the Fifth Symphony that Michael began to dream upon the deeps of great music, that his thoughts liberated from anxiety went straying into time.[1]) Stella, when for a little while be had revelled in her success, was forgotten, and the people in this hall, listening, began to move him with their unimaginable variety. Near him were lovers who in this symphony were fast imparadised; their hands were interlaced; visibly they swayed nearer to each other on the waves of melody. Old men were near him, solitary old men listening, listening . . . old men who at the summons of these ringing notes were traversing their past that otherwise might have stayed for ever unvoyageable.

Michael sometimes craved for Lily's company, wished that he could clasp her to him and swoon away upon these blinding chords. But she was banished from this world of music, she who had betrayed the beauty of love. There was something more noble in this music than the memory of a slim and lovely girl and of her flowersoft kisses. The world itself surely seemed to travel the faster for this urgent symphony. Michael was spinning face to face with the spinning stars.

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[1] In Augenblicken tiefer Emotion verlieren wir die Fähigkeit, den Zeitverlauf einzuschätzen. Wir hören auf, durch andere Dinge gefesselt, über die Reihenfolge der Erfahrungen zu reflektieren. Das Empfinden des gegenwärtigen Zeitverlaufs entschwindet uns. Dies erlebt nicht nur Michael, sondern, der Schilderung des Dichters gemäß, die Gesamtheit der Zuhörer. Vgl. Mary Sturt, *The Psychology of Time*, London 1925, S. 89.

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39. J. D. BERESFORD (geboren 1873) [Einführung S. 18, 24]

EPILOGUE. THE EARTH-NOTE (1911) [1])

Wie bei Compton Mackenzie bildet den äußeren Rahmen der neue Lebensroman, der von einem psychologisch beschwerten Realismus ausgefüllt wird. Der Ton: moderato. Die Methode kumulativ wie bei Bennett. Der Held ist ein Wartender, Sehnender, ein Harmonie Suchender. Unser Abschnitt gibt uns die Zuversicht, daß er die Harmonie finden wird — in der Dichtung —, wie die beiden folgenden Bände der Trilogie zeigen werden. Nach endlosen Trübungen endlich Klärung, ein Sich-Finden im Klang der Erde, was leise an Meredith erinnert. — E. L. 416—17.

He was sitting on a step of rock, the top step of a short natural ascent. Behind him the cliff rose for another eighty feet or more, in front of him it fell sixty feet into the sea. He had come down the valley to the point of the western arm of the cove that the natives call "Livelore." (The spelling is phonetic. The "i" is short, as in the verb.) On his right was the U-shaped cove that ran back a hundred yards or more into the cliff, a cove walled by dizzy heights of rock, and entered only by one perilous-looking path which he had not dared to venture upon. On his left lay the valley and the bluff beyond, indifferently skinned with grass, through which broke rough bones of granite. Down the valley careered a tiny, impetuous stream that tumbled at last on to a table of rock and slipped down forty feet into the sea. At the foot of the bluff a tumble of rocks reached out into deep water. And before him rolled the Atlantic; there was no land in that direction for 3,000 miles.

There had been a storm out on the Atlantic some time during the previous twenty-four hours, and though the wind was now blowing mildly in harmony with the passing brightness of the April day, the rollers were coming in with sullen, deliberate force, barking deep-throated with hoarse protestations as they burst on the pinnacle of rocks at the foot of the outstretching bluff. And sometimes below the baying and bellowing of the sea, the spatter of falling spray, and the medley of indistinguishable sounds that made a running accompaniment to all the clamour of separate, recognizable over-tones, Jacob could hear a deep, low boom that reverberated on a lower note than the lowest mutter of thunder. He fancied to himself that this occasional reverberation was the earth-note, the tonic of the very world itself, beating out below the crash of sea and rock. It was a note he had heard as the fundamental note of extraordinary gales; perhaps, then, too, the whole shell of earth had been shaken until it resounded to the full keynote of its structure....

He was happy that morning; the sight and sound and smell of the sea had brought back life and vigour. As he sat on his lonely

[1]) Aus *The Early History of Jacob Stahl,* Schlußkapitel.

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seat of rock, with only the sea for company, he had a vision of himself in relation to his whole past life.

Surely some directive force must have been behind all the curious coincidences of his existence, from the concurrence of trifles that had upset him from his perambulator down to the present hour. He had had experience! The thought came to him as new. He had not realized in the happening quite all the experience he had gained. He had known two women intimately....

Madeline! His feeling for her was a kind of ache of regret. He guessed that she was lost to him again, and lost for ever. Perhaps she was his affinity, but in this incarnation the directing force had ordained that she should go through her world experience with blind eyes, seeking ephemeral pleasures and missing the stay of lasting satisfaction. Poor Madeline! He still had an ache of longing for her presence, but she lacked something of perfection even in his eyes. He could not continue to love the inconstant. He sighed for Madeline.

And Lola? Pity was the only thought in his heart for Lola. She was cursed, ridden by the fierce devil of her own egotism, and so—incapable of giving even the temporary love which Madeline could give. He did not sigh for Lola: he merely pitied her. Her case was hopeless. He would have liked to help her; he would have been delighted to learn that she had found some approach to happiness, but he never wished to see her again.....

But what of all the other personalities who had figured in his experience? Had they found satisfaction — happiness? What of Bennetts, Tony Farrell, Bradley, Cairns, Eric? Did he envy any of them? No! He doubted if one of that five, for instance, was capable of the joy he was experiencing on this morning of April sunshine, as he looked out over the tumult of the sea and listened to the occasional reverberation of the earth-note. After all, every one of them was intent on self-seeking. Each of them was generous in his own way, capable of fine emotions, no doubt, but they were all wrapped in the small affairs of life; their outlook was very limited. Was any one of them adding to the knowledge of the world? could any one of them echo responsively to the boom of the earth-note?....

Ah! well, it was easy enough to analyze, but what could he do? He felt in tune with the eternal forces that morning, but when the influence passed, would he not fall back into feebleness? What was it he was so proud of being? — Even his mood of exaltation could not suggest of "having done." "Nothing," he answered to the sea — "nothing. But the time has not been wasted. I have had to learn in bitterness, but I have not lost my ideals. They cannot be spoiled by any human action, by any slight, or cruelty or indifference. My ideals stretch out beyond the limits of this little world, they reach out towards the eternal values."

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As he set his face inland to the tiny hamlet, the ragged cluster of cold stone cottages that make up the village of Trevarrian, he made up his mind that this satisfaction could only be found in literature. "I must make a living somehow," he thought, "and I must read again, and I must learn to write."

With a face that still glowed from his passing vision of the eternal values, he faced with eagerness the outset of a new life....

40. ROSE MACAULAY [Einführung S. 24]

1902 [1])

Ein Beispiel des ironischen Realismus. Der Burenkrieg ist zu Ende. Erscheinungen des Welttheaters! Sie bedeuten dem Denkenden etwas ganz anderes, als Politik und Presse glauben machen wollen. Zum Vergleich ziehe man heran die Texte 3 u. 16. Man beachte den Stil! *Effets par évocation* (Bally).

1902 was a great year, for in it the British Empire ceased its tedious fighting with the Boer Republics, and made a meal of them. So the Empire was the richer by so many miles of Africa, with the gold mines, black persons, and sulky Dutchmen appertaining thereto, and the poorer by so many thousand soldiers' lives [2]), so many million pounds [3]), and a good deal of self-confidence and prestige. Anyhow, however you worked out the gain and loss, here was peace, and people shouted and danced for joy, and made bonfires in college courts. Thank God, *that* was over.

A wave of genial friendliness flowed from the warm, silly hearts of Britons towards the conquered foe. Four [4]) surly enemy generals were brought to London; asked if they would like to see the Naval Review; declined with grave thanks; were escorted through the streets amid a cheering populace. "Our friends, the enemy," cried the silly crowd, and "Brave soldiers all," and surrounded them with hearty British demonstration and appeals "for a message for England." There was no message for England; no smiles; no words. The warm, silly Britons were a little hurt. The psychology of conquered nations was a riddle to them, it seemed ... "God, what an exhibition!" said Maurice Garden [5]) in his paper next day.

Meanwhile King Edward VII. had, after some unavoidable

[1] *Told by an Idiot,* London (W. Collins Sons and Co, Ltd) 1923, 208—210.

[2] Die britischen Verluste: 20000 Tote.

[3] Über 200 Millionen Pfund (nach Gretton, a. a. O. II 159, den die Dichterin fast durchgehends als Quelle benützt hat. Sie hat die ernste Sprache Grettons ins Ironische übersetzt.)

[4] Nach Gretton 164 waren es nur drei: Botha, De Wet und Delarey.

[5] Eines der Pfarrkinder, an denen die 40 im Roman geschilderten Jahre vorbeiziehen. Er ist Herausgeber einer Zeitung.

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procrastination [1]), been crowned, Mr. Horatio Bottomley [2]) had won a thousand pounds from the editor of the Critic, in that this editor had impugned his financial probity, and the Man with the Beflowered Buttonhole [3]) whose Besotted Pride had caused to flow for three years so much Gold and Tears and Blood (as they called him in the French Press) had received the Freedom of London for his services to his country. This year also, Mr. Rudyard Kipling delighted athletes by his allusions to flannelled fools and muddied oafs [4]), that intellectual body the National Service League [5]) was formed, Germany and Great Britain began to eye each other's land and sea forces with an increase of hostile emulation which was bound to end in sorrow, and there was much trouble over bad trade and wages, unemployment, taxation and the Education Bill. Passive Resisters rose violently to the foray over this last, their Puritan blood hot within them, and would not pay rates for schools managed by the church of England in which their Nonconformist children were given Church teaching.[6]) It made a pretty squabble, and a good cry for Liberals, and why it was not settled by reprensentatives of every sect which so desired being allowed access to the schools alternately is not clear. The parliamentary mind moves in a mysterious way; it seldom adopts the simple solutions of problems which commend themselves to the more ingenious laity. Anything to make contention and trouble, it seems to feel.

In such disputations, 1902 wore itself away. And starving ex-soldiers played accordions or sold matches by the pavements, their breasts decorated with larger nosegays of war medals than any one man-at-wars could conceivably have won by his own prowess in the field. "Fought for my country", ran their sad, proud legends about themselves, "and am now starving. Have a wife and nine small children..." The families of ex-soldiers were terrific, then as now. A wretched business altogether.

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[1] Die Krönung hätte im Juni stattfinden sollen. Da aber mußte sich der König einer Operation wegen Perityphlitis unterziehen. Die Krönung erfolgte deshalb später, am 9. August.

[2] Horatio Bottomley, der 1922 wegen geschäftlicher Anrüchigkeit aus dem öffentlichen Leben verschwinden mußte: reaktionärer Hetzer.

[3] Joseph Chamberlain, der Kolonialminister, mit Monokel und Orchis im Knopfloch.

[4] In dem Gedicht *The Islanders* (4. Januar 1902 in *Times*, nachgedruckt in *Five Nations*).

[5] Um zwangsmäßige militärische Übungen einzuführen.

[6] Die *Education Bill* zielte auf eine einheitliche Behandlung der vorhandenen Schultypen. Auch die Konfessionsschulen (in der Mehrzahl anglikanischer Denomination) sollten durch den Gemeindesteuerzahler unterstützt werden. Dagegen stemmte sich die passive Resistenz der Sektierer. Zum Ganzen vgl. Dibelius, England II 147—8.

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41. SAMUEL BUTLER (1835—1902) [Einführung S. 4—5, 9, 19]

I AM THE GOD WHO MADE YOU (zwischen 1872 und 1884) [1])

Die Anfänge der modernen Bewußtseinskunst (May Sinclair, D. Richardson, Joyce, z. T. schon Cannan, Beresford, Compton Mackenzie) sind hier zu suchen. *The Way of All Flesh* (zwischen 1872 und 1884 entstanden) ist ein Versuch, die *Life and Habit*-Lehre auf den Roman anzuwenden. In unserem Abschnitt wehrt sich das Unbewußte in dem jungen Helden Ernest Pontifex gegen das Bewußte, bloß Angelernte und Anbefohlene, das sich in seinem Vater verkörpert. (Wie das Unbewußte später in Ernest eingreift, darüber siehe oben Seite 9.)

With the masters Ernest was ere long in absolute disgrace. He had more liberty now than he had known heretofore. The heavy hand and watchful eye of Theobald were no longer about his path and about his bed and spying out all his ways; and punishment by way of copying out lines of Virgil was a very different thing from the savage beatings of his father. The copying out in fact was often less trouble than the lesson. Latin and Greek had nothing in them which commended them to his instinct as likely to bring him peace even at the last; still less did they hold out any hope of doing so within some more reasonable time. The deadness inherent in these defunct languages themselves had never been artificially counteracted by a system of bona fide rewards for application. There had been any amount of punishments for want of application, but no good comfortable bribes had baited the hook which was to allure him to his good.

Indeed, the more pleasant side of learning to do this or that had always been treated as something with which Ernest had no concern. We had no business with pleasant things at all, at any rate very little business, at any rate not he, Ernest. We were put into this world not for pleasure but duty, and pleasure had in it something more or less sinful in its very essence. If we were doing anything we liked, we, or at any rate he, Ernest, should apologise and think he was being very mercifully dealt with, if not at once told to go and do something else. With what he did not like, however, it was different; the more he disliked a thing the greater the presumption that it was right. It never occurred to him that the presumption was in favour of the rightness of what most pleasant, and that the onus of proving that it was not right lay with those who disputed its being so. I have said more than once that he believed in his own depravity; never was there a little mortal more ready to accept without cavil whatever he was told ty those who were in authority over him: he thought, at least, that he believed it, for as yet he knew nothing of that other Ernest that dwelt within him, and was so much stronger

[1]) Aus *The Way of all Flesh*, London, A. C. Fifield, 1903, Kap. 31, S. 131—33.

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and more real than the Ernest of which he was conscious. The dumb Ernest persuaded with inarticulate feelings too swift and sure to be translated into such debateable things as words, but practically insisted as follows—

"Growing is not the easy sailing business that it is commonly supposed to be: it is hard work — harder than any but a growing boy can understand; it requires attention, and you are not strong enough to attend to your bodily growth, and to your lessons too. Besides, Latin and Greek are great humbug; the more people know of them the more odious they generally are; the nice people whom you delight in either never knew any at all or forgot what they had learned as soon as they could; they never turned to the classics after they were no longer forced to read them; therefore they are nonsense, all very well in their own time and country, but out of place here. Never learn anything until you find you have been made uncomfortable for a good long while by not knowing it; when you find that you have occasion for this or that knowledge, or foresee that you will have occasion for it shortly, the sooner you learn it the better, but till then spend your time in growing bone and muscle; these will be much more useful to you than Latin and Greek, nor will you ever be able to make them if you do not do so now, whereas Latin and Greek can be acquired at any time by those who want them.

"You are surrounded on every side by lies which would deceive even the elect, if the elect were not generally so uncommonly wide awake; the self of which you are conscious, your reasoning and reflecting self, will believe these lies and bid you act in accordance with them. This conscious self of yours, Ernest is a prig begotten of prigs and trained in priggishness; I will not allow it to shape your actions, though it will doubtless shape your words for many a year to come. Your papa is not here to beat you now; this is a change in the conditions of your existence, and should be followed by changed actions. Obey me, your true self, and things will go tolerably well with you, but only listen to that outward and visible old husk of yours which is called your father, and I will rend you in pieces even unto the third and fourth generation as one who has hated God; for I, Ernest, am the God who made you.

How shocked Ernest would have been if he could have heard the advice he was receiving; what consternation too there would have been at Battersby; but the matter did not end here, for this same wicked inner self gave him bad advice about his pocket money, the choice of his companions, and on the whole Ernest was attentive and obedient to its behests, more so than Theobald had been. The consequence was that he learned little, his mind growing more slowly and his body rather faster than heretofore: and when by and by his inner self urged him in directions

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where he met obstacles beyond his strength to combat, he took—though with passionate compunctions of conscience—the nearest course to the one from which he was debarred which circumstances would allow.

It may be guessed that Ernest was not the chosen friend of the more sedate and well-conducted youths then studying at Roughborough. Some of the less desirable boys used to go to public-houses and drink more beer than was good for them; Ernest's inner self can hardly have told him to ally himself to these young gentlemen, but he did so at an early age, and was sometimes made pitiably sick by an amount of beer which would have produced no effect upon a stronger boy. Ernest's inner self must have interposed at this point and told him that there was not much fun in this, for he dropped the habit ere it had taken firm hold of him, and never resumed it; but he contracted another at the disgracefully early age of between thirteen and fourteen which he did not relinquish, though to the present day his conscious self keeps dinging it into him that the less he smokes the better.

And so matters went on till my hero was nearly fourteen years old.

42. JOSEPH HENRY SHORTHOUSE (1834—1903)

[Einführung S. 20, 27]

THE PAVILION IN THE WOOD (1881)[1])

Historischer, mit Platonismus, Mystik und Okkultismus stark durchsetzter Roman. Großer historischer Apparat. Schauplatz: England und Italien im 17. Jahrhundert. Da der Verfasser ein Quäker ist, erwarten wir Kunde vom inneren Licht. Der Held John Inglesant ist auf der Suche nach dem Licht. Es ist aber nicht das quäkerische Licht, das er ersehnt; denn Shorthouse steht im Begriff, vom Quäkertum abzurücken und in der anglikanischen Kirche sein Heil zu suchen — wie John Inglesant am Schluß. John erkämpft sich die religiöse Wahrheit langsam, indem er von allen Seiten her das Gute sucht und in sich aufnimmt, bei der anglikanischen Nonne von Little Gidding Chapel, Mary Collet, bei Dr. More, bei De Molinos. Aber er wird immer wieder abgelenkt. In Italien, wo er im Dienste der Jesuiten steht, reißen ihn die Ereignisse in das Kavalierleben hinein. Er erlebt Fürchterliches. Sein Bruder Eustace fällt durch Mörders Hand. John schwört Rache. — Damit nähern wir uns unserem Abschnitt. Lauretta, die später seine Gattin wird, soll auf Befehl ihres Bruders den Mörder von Eustace Inglesant, den grausamen Malvolti, heiraten. Sie flieht in ihrer Furcht zu der Herzogin von Umbria, in die Nähe Inglesants. Durch einen Boten läßt sie ihn bitten, sie auf einer nächtlichen Flucht nach einem Kloster zu begleiten. Inglesant, erfreut darüber, das geliebte Mädchen aus den Händen seines Todfeindes retten zu können, unternimmt mit ihr die Flucht und, einem listigen Rate folgend, gelangen sie zu jenem „Pavilion", den eine geheimnisvoll dumpfe Atmosphäre durchweht. Er steht für Shorthouse als das Symbol satanischer Versuchung da. Das Licht vergangener

[1]) Aus *John Inglesant*, 1881.

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schöner und guter Tage dringt aber auf ihn ein, und er überwindet die Anfeindung.

Der Widerschein der Plotinschen Lehre vom Licht als der alle Finsternis durchdringenden göttlichen Kraft ist leicht erkennbar. Doch war Shorthouse mit Plotin nicht vertraut. Seine Lichtrhapsodien gehen in der Hauptsache auf eine Quelle zurück: Richard Ward, *The Life of the Learned and Pious Dr. Henry More,* 1710. Dies ist noch lange nicht das einzige Plagiat, das die neueste Forschung Shorthouse nachgewiesen hat. Dennoch bleibt *John Inglesant* ein künstlerisch bedeutender Roman. — Eine eingehende Studie dieser Frage steht zu erwarten aus der Feder von Hanny Frauchiger, Zürcher Dissertation 1928.

Presently, in the brilliant moonlight, they saw the pointed roofs of the pavilion on a little rising ground, with the forest trees coming up closly to the walls. The moon was now high in the heavens, and it was as light as day. The upper windows of the pavilion were open, and within it lights were burning. The door was opened to them before they knocked, and the keeper of the pavilion came to meet them, accompanied by a boy who took the horses. The man showed no surprise at their coming, only saying some servants of the duchess had been there a few hours previously, and had prepared a repast in the dining-room, forewarning him that he should expect visitors. He accompanied them upstairs, for they saw nothing of the other inmates of the place. The rooms were arranged with a sort of rustic luxury, and were evidently intended for repose during the heat of the day. A plentiful and delicate collation was spread on one of the tables, with abundance of fruit and wine. The place looked like a magic creation of an enchanter's wand, raised for purposes of evil from the unhealthy marsh, and ready to sink again, when that malefic purpose was fulfilled, into the weird depths from which it rose.

The old man showed them the other rooms of the apartment, and left them. At the door he turned back and said,—

"I should not advise the lady to sleep here; the miasma from the forest is very fatal to such as are not used to it."

Inglesant looked at him, but could not perceive that he intended his word to have any deeper meaning than the obvious one. He said,—

"We shall stay only an hour or two; let he horses be ready to go on."

The man left them, and they sat down at the table... The night air was heavy and close, not a breath of wind stirred the lights, though every window was thrown open, and the shutters that closed the loggia outside were drawn back. In the brilliant moonlight every leaf of the great forest shone with an unnatural distinctness, which, set in a perfect silence, became terrible to see. The sylvan arcades seemed like a painted scene-piece upon a Satanic stage, supernaturally alight to further deeds of sin, and silent and unpeopled, lest the wrong should be interrupted or

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checked... The two found their eyes drawn with a kind of fascination to this strange sight, and Inglesant arose and closed the shutters before the nearest casement.

They felt more at ease when the mysterious forest was shut out. But Lauretta was silent and troubled, and Inglesant's effort to cheer and enliven her were not successful... At last she refused to drink, and rising up suddenly, she exclaimed,—

"Oh, it is terribly hot. I cannot bear it. I wish we had not come."

She wandered from the room in which they sat, through the curtained doorway into the next, which was furnished with couches, and sank down on one of them. Inglesant followed her, and, as if the heat felt stifling also to him, went out upon the open verandah . . .

He gazed another moment over the illumined forest, which seemed transfigured in the moonlight and the stillness into an unreal landscape of the dead. The poisonous mists crept over the tops of the cork trees, and flitted across the long vistas in spectral forms, cowled and shrouded for the grave. Beneath the gloom indistinct figures seemed to glide,—the personation of the miasma that made the place so fatal to human life.

He turned to enter the room, but even as he turned a sudden change came over the scene. The deadly glamour of the moonlight faded suddenly, a calm pale solemn light settled over the forest, the distant line of hills shone out distinct and clear, the evil mystery of the place departed whence it came, a fresh and cooling breeze sprang up and passed through the rustling wood, breething pureness and life. The dayspring was at hand in the eastern sky.

The rustling breeze was like a whisper from heaven that reminded him of his better self. It would seem that hell overdid it; the very stillness for miles around, the almost concerted plan, sent flashing through his brain the remembrance of another house, equally guarded for a like purpose—a house at Nuneham near Oxford, into which years ago he had himself forced his way to render help in such a case as this.[1]) Here was the same thing happening over again with the actors changed; was it possible that such a change had been wrought in him? The long past life of those days rushed into his mind; the sacramental Sundays, the repeated vows, the light of heaven in the soul, the kneeling forms in Little Gidding Chapel, the face of Mary Collet, the

[1] Lady Fentham, nicht ahnend, daß ihr Gemahl, Sir Richard, sich auf dem Rückwege einer seiner geheimen Reisen, die er im Auftrage des Königs durch ganz England zu unternehmen hat, befand, begab sich mit Lord H. auf ein Landgut, Nuneham. John Inglesant, von Lady Fenthams Neigung wissend, erfährt Sir Richards Absicht, in kurzer Zeit im Landhaus zu Nuneham abzusteigen, und drängt sich ins Gemach der Liebsten, um die Gefahr anzuzeigen.

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loveliness that blessed the earth where she walked, her death-bed and her dying words. What so rarely happens happened here. The revulsion of feeling, the rush of recollection and association, was too powerful for the flesh . . . But the struggle was fierce; he was torn like the demon-haunted child in the gospel; but as in that story, the demon was expelled.

He came back into the room. Lauretta lay upon a couch with rich drapery and cushions . . . As he entered she raised her head from her hands, and looked at him with a strange apprehensive, expectant gaze. He remained for a moment silent, his face very pale; then he said, slowly and uncertainly, like a man speaking in a dream. —

"The fatal miasma is rising from the plain. Lauretta, this place is safe for neither of us, we had better go on."

43. HUGH WALPOLE (geboren 1884)

[Einführung S. 17, 21, 22, 24, 25, 30, 34—35, 42]

a) THE INVISIBLE BATTLE (1916)[1])

Kriegsromankunst. Eine übersteigerte Wirklichkeit nimmt den Schein der Unwirklichkeit an. Die Sinne reichen nicht mehr aus, sie zu fassen. So kommt die Übersinnlichkeit, um sich mit der Wirklichkeit zu verbrüdern und sie zu ergänzen. Gedanken übertragen sich, das Bewußtsein spaltet sich, der Mensch hat an fremder Stätte das Empfinden, hier vor vielen Jahren schon einmal gewesen zu sein. Durand, Erzähler und Konstrukteur (s. Einführung S. 25), fühlt sich bisweilen von einem Stück seines Selbst verlassen, das weit weg ist und sich um die Dinge ringsum nicht kümmert. Der Einfluß der russischen Epiker dürfte hier feststehen. Wie bei Masefields *Sard Harker* (s. oben S. 152) ist schließlich alles nur Traumgesicht und Erfüllung. Trenchard, die Hauptgestalt, hat in seiner sonnenlosen Jugend oft geträumt, wie er in einer Jagdgesellschaft mit Pferden und Hunden in den Wald hinauszog, sich dort unter kalt triefenden Bäumen verlor und nun plötzlich nicht mehr als Weidmann, sondern als Opfer sich fühlte, dem der sichtbare Tod drohend nachjagte. Im Walde von S— hat es sich erfüllt.

Lage. Durand, ein Mithandelnder erzählt. Er empfindet ein Geschehen auf drei Bewußtseinsebenen: das gewöhnliche Sinnenerleben (alte Frau, knarrende Wiege, saures Brot, Mäuse, verfaulendes Wasser, Hitze); das Gefühl des mächtigen Raumes eines mächtigen Geschehens; Trenchards Traum, der sich plötzlich seines (Durands) Bewußtseins bemächtigt hat. Was folgt: die eigenartige Sensation einer unsichtbaren Schlacht mit unsichtbarem Feind. Der Anfang der neuen Bewußtseinskunst macht sich bei Walpole bemerkbar. E. L. 412, 420—23.

It was a terrible night. On a high pillared bed, set into the farther wall, an old Galician woman, her head bound up in a red handkerchief, knelt all night and prayed aloud. Her daughter crouched against the wall, sleeping, perhaps, but nevertheless rocking ceaselessly a wooden cradle that hung from a black bar in the

[1]) Aus *The Dark Forest*, Part. I, chap. III.

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ceiling. In this cradle lay her son, aged one or two, and once and again he cried for half an hour or so, protesting, I suppose, against our invasion. There was a smell in the kitchen of sour bread, mice, and bad water. The heat was terrible, but the old lady told us that the grandchild was ill and would certainly die were the window opened. The candle we blew out, but there remained a little burning lamp under the picture of the Virgin immediately over the old lady's bed. I slept, but for how long I do not know. I was only aware that suddenly I was awake, staring through the tiny diamond-paned window, at the faint white light now breaking in the sky. I could see from my mattress only a thin strip of this light above the heavy mass of dark forest on the mountain-side.

I must have been still only half-awake because I could not clearly divide, before my eyes, the true from the false. I could see quite plainly in the dim white shadow the face of Trenchard; he was not asleep, but was leaning on his elbow staring in front of him. I could see the old woman with her red handkerchief kneeling in front of her lamp and her prayer came like the turning of a wheel, harsh and incessant. The cradle creaked, in the air was the heavy smell, and suddenly, beyond the window, a cock crowed. These things were real. But also I seemed to be in some place much vaster than the stuffy kitchen of the night before. Under the light that was with every minute growing stronger, I could fancy that many figures were moving in the shadows; it seemed to me as though I were in some place where great preparations were being made. I fancied then that I could discern Marie Ivanovna's figure, then Nikitin, then Semyonov, then Molozov . . . There was a great silence, but I felt that everyone was busily occupied in making ready for some affair. This was with half my consciousness — with the other half I was perfectly aware of the actual room, of Trenchard, the creaking cradle and the rest.

Then the forest that had been on the hills seemed to draw closer to the house. I felt that it had invaded the garden and that its very branches were rubbing against the windows. With all of this I was aware that I was imagining some occurrence that I had already seen, that was not, in any way, new to me. I was assured of the next event. When we, all of us, Marie Ivanovna, Semyonov, Nikitin and the rest, were ready we should move out into the forest, would stand, a vast company, with our dogs and horses . . .

Why, it was Trenchard's dream that I was seeing! I was merely repeating to myself his own imaginations — and with that I had suddenly, as though someone had hypnotized me, fallen back into a heavy dreamless sleep. It was already midday when I was wakened by little Andrey Vassilievitch, who, sitting on my bed

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and evidently in a state of the very greatest excitement, informed me that Dr. Semyonov and the Sisters Marie Ivanovna and Anna Petrovna had arrived from —, and that we might be off at any moment. I was aware, as he spoke, of a great stir beyond the window and saw, passing up through the valley, a flood of soldiers, infantry, cavalry, kitchens with clumsy black funnels bobbing on their unsteady wheels, cannon, hundreds of carts; the soldiers came up through our own garden treading down the cabbages, stopping at the well near our door and filling their tin kettles, tramping up the road, spreading, like smoke, in the far distance, up the high road that led into the furthest forest.

— — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —

How joyful we were to leave our battery behind us. As the trees closed around it we could fancy its baffled rage. Other batteries now seemed to draw nearer to us and the whole forest was filled with childish quarrelling giants; but as we began to bump down the hill out of the forest stranger sounds attacked us. On either side of us were cornfields and out of the heart of those from under our very feet as it seemed there were explosions of a strange stinging metallic kind — not angry and human as the battery had been, but rather like some huge bottle cracking in the sun. These huge bottles — one could fancy them green and shining somewhere in the corn — cracked one after another; positively the sound intensified the heat of the sun upon one's head. There were too now, for the first time in our experience, shrapnel. They were not over us, but ran somewhere on our right across the valley. Their sound was "fireworks" and nothing more — so that alarm at their gentle holiday temper was impossible. Brock's Fireworks on a Thursday evening at the Crystal Palace, oneself a small boy sitting with both hands between one's knees, one's mouth open, a damp box of chocolates on one's lap, the murmured "Ah . . ." of the happy crowd as the little gentle "Pop!" showed green and red against the blue night sky. Ah! there was the little "Pop!" and after it a tiny curling cloud of smoke in the air, the whole affair so gentle, so kind even. There! sighing overhead they go! Five, six little curls of smoke, and then beneath our very horses' feet again a huge green bottle cracking in the sun!

And with all this noise not a living soul to be seen! We had before us as we slowly bumped down the hill a fair view. The river was hidden from us, but there was a little hamlet guarded happily by a green wood; there was a line of fair hills, fields of corn, and the long dusty white road. Not a soul to be seen, only our bumping cart and, now and then, against the burning sky those little curling circles of smoke. The world slumbered . . .

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b) MARIE IVANOVNA [1])

Zur Orientierung: Trenchard, Sanitätssoldat an der russischen Ostfront, der ungelenke englische Geistlichensohn, hat sich mit der hübschen, heißblütigen russischen Rotkreuzschwester Marie Ivanovna verlobt. Aber Trenchard ist zu schwach, sie auf die Länge zu fesseln. Sie verfällt dem gewalttätigen, dämonischen Russen Dr. Semyonow. Trenchard ist tief unglücklich. Marie wird von einer Kugel tödlich getroffen. Zu dieser Stunde liegt Trenchard in einem sonnigen, verlassenen Obstgarten. Seine Gedanken gehen nach England zurück. Vor sich hat er Gedichtbändchen von François Jammes. Er liest, findet seine Ruhe wieder und schläft ein. Auf unterbewußtem Wege teilt sich ihm die fürchterliche Kunde mit. Er erwacht mit Entsetzen.

I was rocked in the hot golden air. I slept heavily, deeply, without dreams . . .

I was awakened by a cold fierce apprehension of terror. I sat up, stared slowly around me with the sure certain conviction that some dreadful thing had occurred.[2]) The orchard was as it had been — the sun, lower now, shone through the green branches. All was still, and even as I listened I heard the sharp crack of the ball upon the bat breaking the evening air. My heart had simply ceased to beat. I remember that with a hand that trembled I picked up the book that was lying open on the grass and read, without understanding them, the words. I remember that I said, out aloud: "Something's happened," then turning saw Semyonov's face.

I realized nothing save his face with its pale square beard and red lips, framed there by the shining green and blue. He stood there, without movement, staring at me, and the memory of his eyes even now as I write of it hurts me physically so that my own eyes close.

That was perhaps the worst moment of my life, that confrontation of Semyonov. He stood there as though carved in stone (his figure had always the stiff clear outline of stone or wood). I realized nothing of his body — I simply saw his eyes, that were staring straight in front of him, that were blazing with pain, and yet were blind. He looked past me and, if one had not seen the live agony of his eyes, one would have thought that he was absorbed in watching something that was so distant that he must concentrate all his attention upon it.

I got upon my feet and as my eyes met his I knew without any question at all that Marie Ivanovna was dead.

When I had risen we stood for a moment facing one another, then without a word he turned towards the house. I followed him, leaving my book upon the grass. He walking slowly in front of me with his usual assured step, except that once he walked into a bush that was to his right; he afterwards came away from it,

[1] Ebenda Part II chap. II.
[2] Auch hier war das Zeitempfinden ausgelöscht.

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as a man walking in his sleep might do, without lowering his eyes to look at it. We entered by a side-door. I, myself, had no thoughts at all at this time. I felt only the cold, heavy oppression at my heart, and I had, I remember, no curiosity as to what had occurred. We passed through passages that were strangely dark, in a silence that was weighted and mysterious. We entered the room where we had been earlier in the afternoon; it seemed to be full of people. I saw now quite clearly, although just before the whole world had seemed to be dark. I saw our two soldiers standing back by the door; a doctor, whose face I did not know, a very corpulent man, was on his knees on the floor — some sanitars were in a group by the window. In the middle of the room lay Marie Ivanovna on a stretcher.

44. D. H. LAWRENCE [Einführung S. 25]

A SHADOW IN SPRING (1911) [1])

Erotisierter und psychologisierter Realismus. Später tritt eine von Lawrence selber erdachte psychoanalytische Deutung hinzu. Sein erster Roman, *The White Peacock,* ist das hohe Lied von der Weltallsinnlichkeit und ihren Launen. Die Allmacht der Triebe durchquillt alle Dinge. Sehnende Lust! Daneben aber lauert Grausamkeit, Kampf und Tod. Lawrence schildert mit Vorliebe das Eindringen des Todes in das geile Werden. (Ein schönes Kapitel in *Sons and Lovers,* 1913.) Unser Abschnitt hält uns das Doppelsein, Geilheit und Tod, ständig vor Augen. Der überstarke Bannwart Annable, ein alter verlumpter Oxford-Student, der dem Wahlspruch nachlebte, "Be a good animal", ist gestorben. Seine Aufgabe war es, die Laune des Junkers zu befriedigen und die Legion von Kaninchen zu schützen, die das ganze Rittergut und die Mühle zuschanden machen. Jetzt tragen sie ihn zu Grabe an einem triebfreudigen Frühlingstag — man beachte die erotischen Hinweise im ersten Abschnitt. Erzähler ist wie bei Conrad und Walpole ein Mithandelnder, Cyril, Bruder der Lettie, der weiblichen Hauptgestalt und Freund des George, des Romanhelden. — E. L. 423—25.

It was a magnificent morning in early spring when I watched among the trees to see the procession come down the hillside. The upper air was woven with the music of the larks, and my whole world thrilled with the conception of summer. The young pale wind-flowers had arisen by the wood-gale, and under the hazels, when perchance the hot sun pushed his way, new little suns dawned, and blazed with real light. There was a certain thrill and quickening everywhere, as a woman must feel when she has conceived. A sallow tree in a favoured spot looked like a pale gold cloud of summer dawn; nearer it had poised a golden, fairy busby on every twig, and was voiced with a hum of bees, like any sacred golden bush, uttering its gladness in the thrilling murmur of bees, and in warm scent. Birds called and

[1]) Aus *The White Peacock,* London, Duckworth & Co., Third Impression 1921, Part II, chap. II, 237—42.

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flashed on very hand; they made off exultant with streaming strands of grass, or wisps of fleece, plunging into the dark spaces of the wood, and out again into the blue.

A lad moved across the field from the farm below with a dog trotting behind him,—a dog, no, a fussy, black-legged lamb trotting along on its toes, with its tail swinging behind. They were going to the mothers on the common, who moved like little grey clouds among the dark grose.

I cannot help forgetting, and sharing the spink's triumph, when he flashes past with a fleece from a bramble bush. It will cover the bedded moss, it will weave among the soft red cow-hair beautifully. It is a prize, it is an ecstasy to have captured it at the right moment, and the nest is nearly ready.

Ah, but the thrush is scornful, ringing out his voice from the hedge! He sets his breast against the mud, and models it warm for the turquoise eggs—blue, blue, bluest of eggs, which cluster so close and round against the breast, which round up beneath the breast, nestling content. You should see the bright ecstasy in the eyes of a nesting thrush, because of the rounded caress of the eggs against her breast!

What a hurry the jenny wren makes—hoping I shall not see her dart into the low bush. I have a delight in watching them against their shy little wills. But they have all risen with a rush of wings, and are gone, the birds. The air is brushed with agitation. There is no lark in the sky, not one; the heaven is clear of wings or twinkling dot—.

Till the heralds come—till the heralds wave like shadows in the bright air, crying, lamenting, fretting forever. Rising and falling and circling round and round, the slow-waving peewits cry and complain, and lift their broad wings in sorrow. They stoop suddenly to the ground, the lapwings, then in another throb of anguish and protest, they swing up again, offering a glistening white breast to the sunlight, to deny it in black shadow, then a glisten of green, and all the time crying and crying in despair.

The pheasants are frightened into cover, they run and dart through the hedge. The cold cock must fly in his haste, spread himself on his streaming plumes, and sail into the wood's security.

There is a cry in answer to the peewits, echoing louder and stronger the lamentation of the lapwings, a wail which hushes the birds. The men come over the brow of the hill, slowly, with the old squire walking tall and straight in front; six bowed men bearing the coffin on their shoulders, treading heavily and cautiously, under the great weight of the glistening white coffin; six men following behind, ill at ease, waiting their turn for the burden. You can see the red handkerchiefs knotted round their throats, and their shirt-fronts blue and white between the open waistcoats. The coffin is of new unpolished wood, gleaming and

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glistening in the sunlight; the men who carry it remember all their lives after the smell of new, warm elm-wood.

Again a loud cry from the hill-top. The woman has followed thus far, the big, shapeless woman, and she cries with loud cries after the white coffin as it descends the hill, and the children that cling to her skirts weep aloud, and are not to be hushed by the other woman, who bends over them, but does not form one of the group. How the crying frightens the birds, and the rabbits; and the lambs away there run to their mothers. But the peewits are not frightened, they add their notes to the sorrow; they circle after the white, retreating coffin, they circle round the woman; it is they who forever "keen" the sorrows of this world. They are like priests in their robes, more black than white, more grief than hope, driving endlessly round and round, turning, lifting, falling and crying always in mournful desolation, repeating their last syllables like the broken accents of despair.

The bearers have at last sunk between the high banks, and turned out of sight. The big woman cannot see them, and yet she stands to look. She must go home, there is nothing left.

They have rested the coffin on the gate posts, and the bearers are wiping the sweat from their faces. They put their hands to their shoulders on the place where the weight has pressed.

The other six are placing the pads on their shoulders, when a girl comes up with a jug, and a blue pot. The squire drinks first, and fills for the rest. Meanwhile the girl stands back under the hedge, away from the coffin which smells of new elm-wood. In imagination she pictures the man shut up there in close darkness, while the sunlight flows all outside, and she catches her breast with terror. She must turn and rustle among the leaves of the violets for the flowers she does not see. Then, trembling, she comes to herself, and plucks a few flowers and breathes them hungrily into her soul, for comfort. The men put down the pots beside her, with thanks, and the squire gives the word. The bearers lift up the burden again, and the elm-boughs rattle along the hollow white wood, and the pitiful red clusters of elm-flowers sweep along it as if they whispered in sympathy—"We are so sorry, so sorry—;" always the compassionate buds in their fulness of life bend down to comfort the dark man shut up there. "Perhaps," the girl thinks, "he hears them, and goes softly to sleep." She shakes the tears out of her eyes on to the ground, and, taking up her pots, goes slowly down, over the brooks.

In a while, I too got up and went down to the mill, which lay red and peaceful, with the blue smoke rising as winsomely and carelessy as ever. On the other side of the valley I could see a pair of horses nod slowly across the fallow. A man's voice called to them now and again with a resonance that filled me with longing to follow my horses over the fallow, in the still, lonely

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valley, full of sunshine and eternal forgetfulness. The day had already forgotten. The water was blue and white and dark-burnished with shadows; two swans sailed across the reflected trees with perfect blithe grace. The gloom that had passed across was gone. I watched the swan with his ruffled wings swell onwards; I watched his slim consort go peeping into corners and under bushes; I saw him steer clear of the bushes, to keep full in view, turning his head to me imperiously, till I longed to pelt him with the empty husks of last year's flowers, knap-weed and scabius. I was too indolent, and I turned instead to the orchard.

There the daffodils were lifting their heads and throwing back their yellow curls. At the foot of each sloping, grey old tree stood a family of flowers, some bursten with golden fulness, some lifting their heads slightly, to show a modest, sweet countenance, others still hiding their faces, leaning forward pensively from the jaunty grey-green swears; I wished I had their language, to talk to them distinctly.

Overhead, the trees, with lifted fingers shook out their hair to the sun, decking themselves with buds as white and cool as a water-nymph's breasts.

I began to be very glad. The colts-foot discs glowed and laughed in a merry company down the path; I stroked the velvet faces, and laughed also, and I smelled the scent of black-currant leaves, which is full of childish memories.

The house was quiet and complacent; it was peopled with ghosts again; but the ghosts had only come to enjoy the warm place once more, carrying sunshine in their arms and scattering it through the dusk of gloomy rooms.

45. REBECCA WEST [Einführung S. 19]

THE RETURN OF THE SOLDIER (1918)

Psychoanalysierter Realismus! Ausbeutung eines durch die Kriegserlebnisse verursachten psychiatrischen Falles. Ein reicher, glücklich verheirateter englischer Hauptmann hat durch Nervenschock im Granatenfeuer alle Erinnerungen der vorausgehenden fünfzehn Jahre verloren. Was geschieht? Die Gegenwart ist ausgelöscht; denn aus der Erscheinungsfülle, welche das Leben vor ihn hinwirft, läßt er nur das als Wirklichkeit gelten, was damals in seligem Jugendland geschah, als er unter Bäumen am Teich ein Mädchen aus dem Volk liebte. Wundermärchen, romantische Träume spielen sich vor unseren Augen ab. Der Held sieht seine Frau nicht, er hält in der Verklärungstäuschung das zum abgehärmten Weibe verwelkte Mädchen entzückt in den Armen bis zum Augenblick, da mit der Deutung und Heilung die rauhe Weltkriegsluft zurückkehrt und die Wunderblüte entblättert am Boden liegt. Man beachte: Was uns hier fesselt ist nicht die psychoanalytische Deutung, sondern was ihr vorangeht. Das Ganze ist in sechs Szenen aufgeteilt. Wir geben ein Stück aus der zweiten Szene.

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And so, a week later, they brought Chris home.

From breakfast-time that day the house was pervaded with a day-before-the-funeral feeling: although all duties arising from the occasion had been performed one could settle to nothing else. Chris was expected at one, but there then came a telegram to say he was delayed till the late afternoon. So Kitty, whose beauty was changed in grief from its ordinary seeming as a rose in moonlight is different from a rose by day, took me down after lunch to the greenhouses and had a snappishly competent conversation about the year's vegetables with Pipe the gardener. Then she tugged at my hand and we went back to the house and found a great piece of the afternoon still in our hands. So Kitty went into the drawing-room and filled the house with the desolate merriment of an inattentively played pianola while I sat in the hall and wrote letters and noticed how sad dance music has sounded ever since the war began. And then she started a savage raid of domestic efficiency and made the housemaids cry because there was only a ten to one instead of a hundred to one risk of breaking a leg on the parquet. After that she had tea, and hated the soda-cake. She was a little shrunk thing, huddled in the arm-chair furthest from the light, when at last the big car came nosing up the drive through the dusk.

We stood up. Through the thudding of the engines came the sound of Chris's great male voice, that always had in it a note like the baying of a big dog. "Thanks, I can manage by myself . . . ." I heard, amazed, his step ring strong upon the stone, for I had felt his absence as a kind of death from which he would emerge ghostlike impalpable. And then he stood in the doorway, the gloom blurring his outlines like fur, the faint clear candlelight catching the fair down on his face. He did not see me, in my dark dress, nor huddled Kitty, and with the sleepy smile of one who returns to a dear family place to rest, he walked into the hall and laid down his stick and khaki cap beside the candlestick on the oak table. With both his hands he felt the old wood and stood humming happily through his teeth.

I cried out, because I had seen that his hair was of three colours now—brown and gold and silver.

With a quick turn of the head he found me out in the shadows. "Hullo, Jenny!" he said, and gripped my hands.

"Oh, Chris, I am so glad," I stuttered, and then could say no more for shame that I was thirty-five instead of twenty. For his eyes had hardened in the midst of his welcome as though he had trusted that I at least would have been no party to this conspiracy to deny that he was young, and he said: "I've dropped Frank in town. My temper's of the convalescent type." He might as well have said, "I've dropped Frank, who has grown old, like you."

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"Chris," I went on, "it's so wonderful to have you safe . . ."

"Safe," he repeated. He sighed very deeply and continued to hold my hands. There was a rustle in the shadows, and he dropped my hands.

The face that looked out of the dimness to him was very white; her upper lip was lifted over her teeth in a distressed grimace. And it was immediately as plain as though he had shouted it that this sad mask meant nothing to him. He knew, not because memory had given him any insight into her heart but because there is an instinctive kindliness in him which makes him wise about all suffering, that it would hurt her if he asked if this was his wife, but his body involuntarily began a gesture of inquiry before he realised that that too would hurt her and he checked it half-way. So, through a silence, he stood before her slightly bent, as though he had been maimed.

"I am your wife." There was a weak, wailing anger behind the words.

"Kitty," he said, softly and kindly. He looked round for some graciousness to make the scene less wounding, and stooped to kiss her. But he could not. The thought of another woman made him unable to breathe, sent the blood running under his skin.

With a toss, like a child saying, "Well, if you don't want to, I'm sure I wouldn't for the world!" Kitty withdrew from the suspended caress. He watched her retreat into the shadows as though she were a symbol of this new life by which he was baffled and oppressed, until the darkness outside became filled with the sound like the surf which we always hear at Harrowweald on angry evenings, and his eyes became distant and his lips smiled. "Up here . . . in this old place . . . how one hears the pines . . ."

She cried out from the other end of the room, as though she were speaking with someone behind a shut door. "I've ordered dinner at seven. I thought you'd probably have missed a meal or two. Or would want to go to bed early." She said it very smartly, with her head on one side like a bird, as if she was pleading that he would find her very clever about ordering dinner and thinking of his comfort.

"Good," he said. "I'd better dress now, hadn't I?" He looked up the staircase and would have gone up had I not held him back. For the little room in the south wing with the fishing-rods and the old books went in the rebuilding, absorbed by the black and white magnificence that is Kitty's bedroom.

"Oh, I'll take you up!" Kitty rang out efficiently. She pulled at his coat sleeve, so they started level on the lowest step. But as they went up the sense of his separateness beat her back; she lifted her arms as though she struggled through a fog, and fell behind. When he reached the top she was standing halfway down the stairs, her hands clasped under her chin. But he did not see

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her. He was looking along the corridor and saying, "This house is different." If the soul has to stay in its coffin till the lead is struck asunder, in its captivity it speaks with such a voice.

She braced herself with a gallant laugh. "How you've forgotten," she cried, and ran up to him, rattling her keys and looking grave with housewifery, and I was left alone in the dusk and the familiar things. The dusk flowed in wet and cool from the garden as if to put out the fire of confusion lit in our hearthstone, and the furniture, very visible through the soft evening opacity with the observant brightness of old well-polished wood, seemed terribly aware. Strangeness had come into the house and everything was appalled by it, even time. For the moments dragged. It seemed to me, half an hour later, that I had been standing for an infinite period in the drawing-room, remembering that in the old days the blinds had never been drawn in this room because old Mrs. Baldry had liked to see the night gathering like a pool in the valley while the day lingered as a white streak above the furthest hills; and perceiving in pain that the heavy blue blinds which shroud the nine windows because a lost Zeppelin sometimes clanks like a skeleton across the sky above us, would make his home seem even more like a prison.

I began to say what was in my mind to Kitty when she came in, but she moved past me, remote in preoccupation, and I was silent when I saw that she was dressed in all respects like a bride. The gown she wore on her wedding-day ten years ago had been cut and embroidered as thin white satin was, her hair had been coiled low on her neck as it was now. Around her throat were her pearls, and her longer chain of diamonds dropped, looking cruelly bright, to her white small breasts; because she held some needlework to her bosom I saw that her right hand was stiff with rings, and her left hand bare save for her wedding-ring. She dropped her load of flannel on a work-table and sat down, spreading out her skirts, in an arm-chair by the fire. With her lower lip thrust out, as if she were considering a menu, she lowered her head and looked down on herself. She frowned to see that the high lights on the satin shone scarlet from the fire, that her flesh glowed like a rose, and she changed her seat for a high-backed chair beneath the furthest candle scone. There were green curtains close by, and now the lights on her satin gown were green like cleft ice. She looked cold as moonlight, as virginity, but precious; the falling candle-light struck her hair to bright, pure gold. So she waited for him.

There came suddenly a thud at the door. We heard Chris swear and stumble to his feet, while one of the servants spoke helpfully. Kitty knitted her brows, for she hates gracelessness and a failure of physical adjustment is the worst indignity she can conceive. "He's fallen down those three steps from the hall," I whispered.

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"They're new. . . ." She did not listen, because she was controlling her face into harmony withs the appearance of serene virginity upon which his eyes would light when he entered the room.

His fall had ruffled him and made him look very large and red, and he breathed hard like an animal pursued into a strange place by night, and to his hot consciousness of his disorder the sight of Kitty, her face and hands and bosom shining like the snow, her gown enfolding her and her gold hair crowning her with radiance and the white fire of jewels giving a passion to the spectacle, was a deep refreshment. She sat still for a time, so that he might feel this well. Then raised her ringed hand to her necklaces.

"It seems so strange that you should not remember me," she said. "You gave me all these."

He answered kindly. "I am glad I did that. You look very beautiful in them." But as he spoke his gaze shifted to the shadows in the corners of the room. He was thinking of another woman, of another beauty.

46. MAY SINCLAIR [Einführung S. 19—20, 22, 25, 27, 49]

MARY OLIVIER (1919)[1])

Bewußtseins-, Raum- und Zeitkunst im Rahmen des Lebensromans. Hier ist May Sinclair bahnbrechend. Die Erscheinungsflächen werden durchlöchert oder weggeworfen, um uns frei in den Bewußtseinsräumen ergehen zu lassen. Die Mitteilungslinie ist in Strichpunkte zerbrochen. Schon der erste Abschnitt macht uns das deutlich. Unter dem Einfluß der Musik zerklüftet sich der Raum für Mary in mehrere Wesensräume: in den Raum, in dem sie sich spielen hört, in den Zimmerraum, der sich entleert hat und infolgedessen anders ist als vorher, in den Fernraum, in dem Mr. Sutcliffe — halbwegs ihr Liebhaber — sitzt, und in den Jenseitsraum, den die Musik nicht mehr erreicht, wo die Alltagsdinge geschehen, in den die Kunde vom Sterben ihres Vaters hineinfällt.

Der zweite Abschnitt ist ein Bekenntnis zur wahren Zeitwertung, zu Bergsons wahrer schöpferischer Zeit. Die Dinge, die nur einmal geschehen, die Momente — vertieft durch sinnliche Bildverknüpfung (das Kornfeld!) —, die ewig gelten. Was durch Intensität Erfüllung gefunden hat. Hüte dich, über die Erfüllung hinausgehen zu wollen.

Der dritte Abschnitt ist wiederum Zerklüftung in Bewußtseinsräume: geistiger Gemeinschaftsraum, Eigenraum, Höflichkeitsraum. Der Einfluß von Bertrand Russell macht sich bemerkbar. Ich verweise auf meinen Aufsatz *Dorothy Richardson und die neue Bewußtseinskunst* (Anglia Beiblatt XXXVIII [1927]), wo ich auf S. 90—92 diesen Abschnitt analysiert habe.

Man beachte am Schluß den plötzlichen Sprung in die Alltagsräumlichkeit. — E. L. 425—27.

"She shall play what she likes," Mr. Sutcliffe said. He had come in late, without his wife.

She was going to play to them. They always asked you to play. She thought: "It'll be all right. They won't listen; they'll go

[1] Mary Olivier, a Life, Cassell & Co., Ltd. 1919.

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on talking. I'll play something so soft and slow that they won't hear it. I shall be alone, listening to myself."

She played the first movement of the Moonlight Sonata. A beating heart, a grieving voice; beautiful, quiet grief; it couldn't disturb them.

Suddenly they all left off talking. They were listening. Each note sounded pure and sweet, as if it went out into an empty room. They came close up, one by one, on tiptoe, with slight creakings and rustlings, Miss Kendal, Louisa Wright, Dorsy Heron. Their eyes were soft and quiet like the music.

Mr. Sutcliffe sat where he could see her. He was far away from the place where she heard herself playing, but she could feel his face turned on her like a light.

The first movement died on its two chords. Somebody was saying "How beautifully she plays." Life and warmth flowed into her. Exquisite, tingling life and warmth. "Go on. Go on." Mr. Sutcliffe's voice sounded miles away beyond the music.

She went on into the lovely *Allegretto*. She could see their hushed faces leaning nearer. You could make them happy by playing to them. They loved you because you made them happy.

Mr. Sutcliffe had got up; he had come closer.

She was playing the *Presto agitato*. It flowed smoothly under her fingers, at an incredible pace, with an incredible certainty.

Something seemed to be happening over there, outside the place where she heard the music. Martha came in and whispered to the Doctor. The Doctor whispered to Roddy. Roddy started up and they went out together.

She thought: "Papa again." But she was too happy to care. Nothing mattered so long as she could listen to herself playing the Moonlight Sonata.

Under the music she was aware of Miss Kendal stooping over her, pressing her shoulder, saying something. She stood up. Everybody was standing up, looking frightened.

Outside, in the hall, she saw Catty, crying. She went past her over the open threshold where the snow lay like a light. She couldn't stay to find her snow-shoes and her coat.

The track across the Green struck hard and cold under her slippers. The tickling and trickling of the snow felt like the play of cold light fingers on her skin. Her fear was a body inside her body; it ached and dragged, stone cold and still.[1])

— —

When she passed the house and saw the long rows of yellow blinds in the grey front she thought of him. He would not come back. He had never come before, so it wasn't likely he would come again.

[1] Book IV, XXI, V.

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His being there was one of the things that only happened once. Perhaps those were the perfect things, the things that would never pass away; they would stay for ever, beautiful as you had seen them, fixed in their moment of perfection, wearing the very air and light of it for ever.

You would see them *sub specie æternitatis*. Under the form of eternity.

So that Richard Nicholson would always be like that, the same whenever you thought of him.

Look at the others: the ones that hadn't come back and the ones that had. Jimmy Ponsonby, Harry Craven, Mr. Sutcliffe. And Maurice Jourdain and Lindley Vickers. If Maurice Jourdain had never come back she would always have seen him standing in the cornfield. If Lindley Vickers had never come back she wouldn't have seen him with Nannie Learoyd in the schoolhouse lane; the moment when he held her hands in the drawing-room, standing by the piano, would have been their one eternal moment.

Because Jimmy Ponsonby had gone away she had never known the awful thing he had done. She would go through the Ilford fields for ever and ever with her hot hand in his; she happy and he innocent; innocent for ever and ever. Harry Craven, her playmate of two hours, he would always be playing, always laughing, always holding her hand, like Roddy, without knowing that he held it.

Suppose Mr. Sutcliffe had come back. She would have hurt them more and more. Mrs. Sutcliffe would have hated her. They would have been miserable, all three. All three damned for ever and ever.

She was not sure she wanted Richard Nicholas to come back.

She was not sure he wasn't spoiling it by writing. She hadn't thought he would do that.

A correspondence? Prolonging the beautiful moment, stretching it thin; thinner and thinner; stretching it so thin that it would snap? You would come to identify him with his letters, so that in the end you would lose what had been real, what had been perfect. You would forget. You would have another and less real kind of memory.[1])

— — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —

"I'm excited. I've never been to tea in an hotel before."

She was chattering like a fool, saying anything that came into her head, to break up the silence he made.

She was aware of something underneath it, something that was growing more and more beautiful every minute. She was trying to smash this thing lest it should grow more beautiful than she could bear.

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[1] Book V, XXI, V.

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"You see how I score by being shut up in Morfe. When I do get out it's no end of an adventure." (Was there ever such an idiot?)

Suddenly she left off trying to smash the silence.

The silence made everything stand out with a super-natural clearness, the square, white-clothed table in the bay of the window, the Queen Anne fluting on the Britannia metal teapot, the cups and saucers and plates, white with a gentian blue band, The King's Head stamped in gold like a crest.

Sitting there so still he had the queer effect of creating for both of you a space of your own, more real than the space you had just stepped out of. There, there and not anywhere else, these supernaturally clear things had reality, a unique but impermanent reality. It would last as long as you sat there and would go when you went. You knew that whatever else you might forget you would remember this.

The rest of the room, the other tables and the people sitting at them were not quite real. They stood in another space, a different and inferior kind of space.

"I came first of all," he said, "to bring you *that*."

He took out of his pocket and put down between them the thin, new white parchment book of her *Poems*.

"Oh .... Poor thing, I wonder what'll happen to it?"

Funny—it was the least real thing. If it existed at all it existed somewhere else, not in this space, not in this time. If you took it up and looked at it the clearness, the unique, impermanent reality would be gone, and you would never get it again.[1])

— — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —

They had finished the run down Reyburn hill. Their pace was slackening on the level.

He said, "That's a jolly bicycle of yours."

"Isn't it? I'm sure you'll like to know I bought it with the wonderful cheque you gave me. I should never have had it without that."

"I'm glad you got something out of that awful time."

"Awful? It was one of the nicest times I've ever had. ... Nearly all my nice times have been in that house."

"I know," he said. "My uncle would let you do anything you liked if you were young enough. He ought to have had children of his own. They'd have kept him out of mischief."

"I can't think," she said to the surrounding hills, "why people get into mischief, or why they go and kill themselves. When they can ride bicycles instead."

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[1] Book V, XXXII, II.

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47. DOROTHY M. RICHARDSON

[Einführung S. 19, 20, 22, 25, 27, 49]

THERE IS NO NIGHT (1923)[1])

Bewußtseins-, Zeit- und Raumkunst im Rahmen des Lebensromans. Die Beeinflussung durch May Sinclair (S. 187) ist unverkennbar. Der Akzent aber ruht bei ihr ebenso sehr auf Zeit als auf Raum. Als drittes Problem tritt das Leben hinzu. Die folgerichtige Bewußtseinsmalerei führt zur vollständigen Entfabelung. Der Stil wird dementsprechend atomistisch.

Unser Abschnitt macht uns die Dämonie der Zeit fühlbar. Er gibt zu denken. Vgl. das schon bei Anlaß von Carpenter [oben S. 70] erwähnte Buch von A. Masarey, Meerfahrt 1927, 207: „Der schaurig unbeseelte Dämon Zeit . . ., der sinnlos hastend hetzt" — und dann doch auch wieder stille steht.) Im übrigen verweise ich auf meinen Aufsatz in Anglia Beiblatt XXXVIII, 82—96, *Dorothy Richardson und die neue Bewußtseinskunst.*

Zur Orientierung! Bei den Romanen der D. Richardson handelt es sich stets nur um das Bewußtseinsspiel der Miriam Henderson.

It was glorious to rush about in the lit house, shouting unnecessary remarks. People shouting back. Nobody attending. Shouting and laughing for the sake of the jolly noise. Saying more than could be said in talk. Admitting.

And then just to lie extinguished in the darkness wondering what point there was in sleeping out if you went to sleep at once. All that jolly tumult. And he[2]) had been so intent on the adventure that he had let Miss Prout change her mind without protest, *only* crying out from the midst of busily arranging his bed on the lawn . . . . "Have you seen Miriam's pigtails?"

And suddenly everything was prim; the joy of being out in the night surging in the air, waiting for some form of expression.[3]) They didn't *know* how to be joyful; only how to be clever . . . . She hummed a little song and stopped. It wreathed about her, telling off the beauties of the night, a song sung by someone else, heard, understood, a perfect agreement.

"What is she doing?"

"She's sitting up, waving her banana in the air; conducting an orchestra, I think."

"Tell her to *eat* the banana and lie down." Alma, Rose Gauntlett, Mrs. Perry and me, starting off just after I came, to paddle in the moonlight. . . . "Don't, *don't* do anything that would make a cabman laugh." Why not? Why should he always imagine someone waiting to be shocked? Damn the silly cabman if he *did* laugh. Who need care? As soon as her head was on the pillow, nothing visible but the huge night and the stars, she

[1] Aus *Revolving Lights*, London, Duckwork & Co. 1923, S. 194—198.

[2] he = Hypo, der Herr des Hauses, bei dem Miriam auf Besuch ist, Miss Prout, eine Schriftstellerin, die dort auf Besuch ist.

[3] Sie wollen alle draußen im Garten schlafen.

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spoke quietly to herself, flouting them. He should see, hear, that it was wicked to simmer stuffily down as if they were in the house. He didn't want to. She was making his sounds for him.

"Tell Miriam this is not a conversazione."

His voice was actually sleepy. Kindly, long-suffering, but simply wanting to go to sleep. There was to be no time of being out in the night with him. He was too far off. She imagined herself at his side, a little space of grass between. Silent communication, understanding and peace. All the things that were lost, obliterated by his swift speech, communicated to him at leisure, clear in the night. Here under the verandah, with its roof cutting off a part of the sky, they were still attached to the house. Alma[1]) had been quietly posed for sleep from the first moment. They were all more separated than in their separate rooms indoors.

The lingering faint light reflected the day, the large open space[2]) of misunderstandings, held off the cloak of darkness in which things grew clear. She lay watching for the night to turn to night.

But the light seemed to grow clearer as the stillness went on. The surrounding objects lost their night-time mystery. Teased her mind with their names[3]) as she looked from point to point. Drove up her eyes to search for night in the sky. But there was no night there. Only a wide high thinness bringing an expansion of sight that could not be recalled; drawing her out, beyond return, into a wakefulness that was more than day-time wakefulness; a breathless feeling of being poised untethered in the thin blue-lit air, without weight of body; going forward, more and more thinly expanded, into the pale wide space . . . .

There is no night . . . . Compared to this expanse of thin, shadowless, boundless light the sunlit sky is a sort of darkness . . . . Even in a motionless high midday the sky is small, part of it invisible, obliterated by light. After sunset it is hidden by changing colours . . . .

This is the real sky, in full power, stripping away sleep. Time, visible, pouring itself out. Day, not night, is forgetfulness of time. Its movement is a dream. Only in its noise is real silence and peace. This awful stillness is made of sound; the sound of time, *pouring* itself out; ceaselessly winding off short strips of life, each life a strip of sleepless light, so much, no more, lessening all the time.

[1] Hypos Gattin.

[2] Man beachte ihre Vorliebe für den Ausdruck *space*.

[3] Die Gegenstände werden ihr bewußt, und es entstehen Bezüge zwischen Ding und Wort — wie man gemeiniglich annimmt —, richtiger Bezüge zwischen Objekt, Gedanke und Symbol. Über diesen Gegenstand ist ein ganzes Buch geschrieben worden (C. K. Ogden and I. A. Richards, *The Meaning of Meaning*, London, Kegan Paul etc. 1923), wo viel Bedeutendes über die sog. *Sign-Situations* gesagt wird.

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What rubbish to talk about the stars. Vast suns, at immense distances, and beyond them, more. What then? If you imagine yourself at any point in space or wafting freely about from star to star you are not changed. Like enlarging the circle of your acquaintance. And finding it, in the end, the same circle, yourself. A difference in degree is also a difference in kind. Yes. But the *same* difference. Relations remain the same however much things are changed. Interest in the stars is like interest in your neighbours before you get to know them. A way of running away from yourself.[1])

What is there to do? How know what is anyone's best welfare? To be alive, and to know it, makes a selfless life impossible. Any kind of life accompanied by that stupendous knowledge, is selfish.

Christ? But all the time he was alone with a certainty. Today thou shalt be with me .... He was booked for Paradise from the beginning ... like the man in No. 5 John Street going to live in a slum, imagining he was experiencing a slum, with the latchkey of his west-end house in his pocket[2]) .... Now if he had sacrificed Paradise. But he couldn't. Then where was selflessness?

Yet if Christ had never been, the sky would look different. A Grecian or a Jewish sky. Awful. If the personal delight that the sky showed to be nothing were put away? Nothing held on to but the endless pouring down of time? Till an answer came ... Get up tomorrow showing indifference to everything, refusing to be bewitched. There *is* an answer or there would be no question. Night is torment. That is why people go to sleep. To avoid clear sight and torment.

Tomorrow, certainly, gloriously, the daytime scenes, undeserved, uncontributed to, would go forward again in the sunlight. Forgetfulness would come of itself. Even the thought of the bright scenes, the scenes that did not matter and were nothing, spread over the sky the sense of the dawn it would be obliged to bring; ... the permitted postponement of the problems set by the night. Dawn stole into the heart. With a sudden answer. That had no words. An answer that lost itself again in the day. But there would be no dawn; only the pitiless beginning of a day spoiled by the fever of a sleepless night. Torment, for nothing. The sky gazed down mocking at fruitless folly. She turned away. She must, would, sleep. But her eyes were full of the down-bent stars. Condemnation, and the communication that would not

[1] Ein Widerhall der Einsteinschen Lehre?

[2] Der Roman ist von Richard Whiteing (1899). Ein reicher Baronet sucht seinen verschollenen Freund. Seine Nachforschungen führen ihn in die Londoner Slums.

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speak; stopping short, poised, probing for a memory that was there . . .

A harsh hissing sigh, far away; gone. The unconscious sea. Coming back. Bringing the morning tide. The sound would increase. The sky would thicken and come near, fill up with increasing blind light, ignoring unanswered pain.

"You can put tea in the bedrooms."

Alma, folded in her dressing-gown, disappearing into the house. The tumbled empty bed on the lawn, white in the open stare of the morning . . .

48. JAMES JOYCE (geboren 1882)

[Einführung S. 20, 22, 25, 27, 49]

ULYSSES (1914—21) [1]

Bewußtseinskunst, Verräumlichung von Zeit und Gedächtnis, Entfabelung, synchronistische Darstellung der Bewußtseinsinhalte, der Hauptsache nach durch das Mittel einer Raunsprache, der *parole intérieure,* oder durch Stilparodien. (Der Spott wird zu einer künstlerischen Funktion.) Zur Orientierung dieses äußerst schwierigen Buches verweise ich auf meinen Aufsatz *James Joyces Ulysses,* Engl. Stud. 60 (1924) 180—205, wo weitere Literatur angegeben ist, von der ich erwähne: L. Cazamian, *J. J.* (Revue Anglo-Américaine 1924, 97 u. ff.), H. S. Gorman, *J. J., his first forty years,* New York 1924.

Erster Abschnitt. Zur Orientierung! Wir sind in Dublin zwischen 11 und 12 Uhr am 16. Juni 1904. Der irische Jude Leopold Bloom sitzt in einer rollenden Droschke, mit seinen Freunden Martin Cunningham, Simon Dedalus und Power. Sie geben ihrem Freunde Patsy Dignam das letzte Geleite. Die Mitteilung ist ein Gemisch von Bericht, Dialog und *parole intérieure.*

Zweiter Abschnitt. Acht Uhr abends am Sandymount-Strand. Zwei kleine Zwillinge, Tommy und Jacky Caffrey, spielen Ball, von ihrer Schwester, Cissey Caffrey, bewacht, die von ihren beiden Freundinnen Edy Boardman und der auf einem Felsen abseits sitzenden, beinschwingenden, wunderhübschen Gerty Mac Dowell begleitet ist. In einiger Entfernung schaut Bloom zu, seine Blicke auf Gerty gerichtet. Eine Kapelle steht nahe dabei, das Fenster ist geöffnet, Gesang und Weihrauch dringen herüber. Nun geht alles: Liturgie, Beinschwingen, Schauen, Denken, *parole intérieure* usw. ineinander über.

Dritter Abschnitt. Neun bis zehn Uhr abends. Bloom sitzt mit Stephen Dedalus (dem Romanhelden) und einigen Medizinern in dem unteren Zimmer einer Entbindungsanstalt, wo er sich nach dem Befinden der armen Mrs. Purefoy erkundigt hat, und lauscht geistreichen Gesprächen. Eine schöne Stelle folgt. Die Seele kennt keine Zeiten; denn ihr Alter wechselt nach Belieben.

They went past the bleak pulpit of Saint Mark's, under the railway bridge, past the Queen's theatre: in silence. Hoardings. Eugene Stratton. Mrs. Bandmann Palmer. Could I go to see *Leah* tonight, I wonder. I said I. Or the *Lily of Killarney?* Elster Grimes Opera company. Big powerful change. Wet bright bills for next week. *Fun on the Bristol.* Martin Cunningham could

[1] Erste Ausgabe 1922: Shakespeare & Co., Paris.

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work a pass for the Gaiety. Have to stand a drink or two. As broad as it's long.

He's coming in the afternoon. Her songs.

Plato's. Sir Philip Crampton's memorial fountain bust. Who was he?

— How do you do? Martin Cunningham said, raising his palm to his brow in salute. — He doesn't see us, Mr. Power said. Yes, he does. How do you do?

— Who? Mr. Dedalus asked.

— Blazes Boylan[1]), Mr. Power said. There he is airing his quiff.

Just that moment I was thinking.

Mr. Dedalus bent across to salute. From the door of the Red Bank the white disc of a straw hat flashed reply: passed.

Mr. Bloom reviewed the nails of his left hand, then those of his right hand. The nails, yes. Is there anything more in him than they she sees? Fascination. Worst man in Dublin. That keeps him alive. They sometimes feel what a person is. Instinct. But a type like that. My nails. I am just looking at them: well pared. And after: thinking alone. Body getting a bit softy. I would notice that from remembering. What causes that I suppose the skin can't contract quickly enough when the flesh falls off. But the shape is there. The shape is there still. Shoulders. Hips. Plump. Night of the dance dressing. — — —

He clasped his hands between his knees and, satisfied, sent his vacant glance over their faces.

Mr. Power asked:

— How is the concert tour[2]) getting on, Bloom?

— O very well, Mr. Bloom said. I hear great accounts of it. It's a good idea, you see . . .

— Are you going yourself?

— Well no, Mr. Bloom said. In point of fact I have to go down to the county Clare on some private business. You see the idea is to tour the chief towns. What you lose on one you can make up on the other.

— Quite so, Martin Cunningham said. Mary Anderson is up there now.

— Have you good artists?

— Louis Werner is touring her, Mr. Bloom said. O yes, we'll have all topnobbers. J. C. Doyle and John Mac Cormack I hope and. The best, in fact.

— And Madame, Mr. Power said, smiling. Last but not least.

Mr. Bloom unclasped his hands in a gesture of soft politeness and clasped them. Smith O'Brien. Someone has laid a bunch of flowers there. Woman. Must be his deathday. For many happy

[1] Der Konzertagent in weißem Strohhut, der heute Leopold Bloom zum so und sovielten Male zum Hahnrei machen wird.

[2] Mrs. Blooms geplante Konzertreise.

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returns. The carriage wheeling by Farrell's statue united noiselessly their unresisting knees.

Oot: a dullgarbed old man from the curbstone tendered his wares, his mouth opening: oot.

— Four bootlaces for a penny.

Wonder why he was struck off the rolls. Had his office in Hume street. Same house as Molly's namesake. Tweedy, crown solicitor for Waterford. Has that silk hat ever since. Relics of old decency. Mourning too. Terrible comedown, poor wretch! Kicked about like snuff at a wake. O'Callaghan on his last legs.

And Madame.[1]) Twenty past eleven. Up. Mrs. Fleming is in to clean. Doing her hair, humming: voglio e non vorrei. Not: vorrei e non. Looking at the tips of her hairs to see if they are split. Mi trema un poco il. Beautiful on that tre her voice is: weeping tone. A thrush. A throstle. There is a word throstle that expresses that.[2])

— — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —

Then they sang the second verse of the Tantum ergo and Canon O'Haulon got up again and censed the Blessed Sacrament and knelt down and he told Father Conroy that one of the candles was just going to set fire to the flowers and Father Conroy got up and settled it all right and she could see the gentleman winding his watch and listening to the works and she swung her leg more in and out in time. It was getting darker but he could see and he was looking all the time that he was winding the watch or whatever he was doing to it and then he put it back and put his hands back into his pockets — — — His dark eyes fixed themselves on her again drinking in her every contour, literally worshipping at her shrine. If ever there was undisguised admiration in a man's passionate gaze it was there plain to be seen on that man's face. It is for you, Gertrude Mac Dowell, and you know it.

Edy began to get ready to go and it was high time for her and Gerty noticed that that little hint she gave had the desired effect because it was a long way along the strand to where there was the place to push up the pushcar and Cissy took off the twins' caps and tidied their hair to make herself attractive of course and Canon O'Haulon stood up with his cope poking up at his neck and Father Conroy handed him the card to read off and he read out Panem de coelo praestitisti eis and Edy and Cissy were talking about the time all the time and asking her but Gerty could pay them back in their own coin and she just answered with scathing politeness when Edy asked her was she heartbroken about her best boy throwing her over. Gerty winced

[1] Kinoartige synchronistische Umschaltung.
[2] S. 89—90.

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sharply. A brief cold blaze shone from her eyes that spoke volumes of scorn immeasurable.[1])

— — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —

—What is the age of the soul of man? As she hath the virtue of the chameleon to change her hue at every new approach, to be gay with the merry and mournful with the downcast, so too is her age changeable as her mood. No longer is Leopold, as he sits there, ruminating, chewing the cud of reminiscence, that staid agent of publicity and holder of a modest substance in the funds. He is young Leopold, as in a retrospective arrangement, a mirror within a mirror (hey, presto!)[2]), he beholdeth himself. That young figure of then is seen, precociously manly, walking on a nipping morning from the old house in Clambrassil street to the high school, his booksatchel on him bandolierwise, and in it a goodly hunk of wheaten loaf, a mother's thought. Or it is the same figure, a year or so gone over, in his first hard hat (ah, that was a day!), already on the road, a fullfledged traveller for the family firm, equipped with an orderbook, a scented handkerchief (not for show only), his case of bright trinketware (alas, a thing now of the past!), and a quiverful of compliant smiles for this or that halfwon housewife reckoning it out upon her fingertips or for a budding virgin shyly acknowledging (but the heart? tell me!) his studied baisemoins. The scent, the smile but more than these, the dark eyes and oleaginous address brought home at duskfall many a commission to the head of the firm seated with Jacob's pipe after like labours in the paternal ingle (a meal of noodles, you may be sure, is aheating), reading through round horned spectacles some paper from the Europe of a month before. But hey, presto, the mirror is breathed on and the young knighterrant recedes, shrivels, to a tiny speck within the mist. Now he is himself paternal and these about him might be his sons. Who can say? The wise father knows his own child. He thinks of a drizzling night in Hatch street, hard by the bonded stores there, the first. Together (she is a poor waif, a child of shame, yours and mine and off all for a bare shilling and her luckpenny) together they hear the heavy tread or the watch as two raincaped shadows pass the new royal university. Bridie! Bridie Kelly! He will never forget the name, ever remember the night, first night, the bridenight. They are entwined in nethermost darkness, the willer with the willed, and in an instant (f i a t!) light shall flood the world. Did heart leap to heart? Nay, fair reader. In a breath 'twas done but—hold! Back! It must not be! In terror the poor girl flees away through the murk. She is the bride of darkness, a daughter of night. She dare not bear

[1] S. 345—46.
[2] Der Ausruf des Verwandlungskünstlers.

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the sunnygolden babe of day. No, Leopold! Name and memory solace thee not. That youthful illusion of thy strength was taken from thee and in vain. No son of thy loins is by thee. There is none now to be for Leopold, what Leopold was for Rudolph.[1])

The voices blend and fuse in clouded silence: silence that is the infinite of space: and swiftly, silently the soul is wafted over regions of cycles of generations that have lived. A region where grey twilight ever descends, never falls on wide sagegreen pasturefields, shedding her dusk, scattering a perennial dew of stars. She follows her mother with ungainly steps, a mare leading her fillyfoal. Twilight phantoms are they yet moulded in prophetic grace of structure, slim shapely haunches, a supple tendonous neck, the meek apprehensive skull. They fade, sad phantoms: all is gone. Agendath is a waste land, a home of screechowls and the sandblind upupa.[2]) Netaim[3]), the golden, is no more. And on the highway of the clouds they come, muttering thunder of rebellion, the ghosts of beasts. Huuh! Hark! Huuh! Parallax stalks behind and goads them, the lancinating lightnings of whose brow are scorpions. Elk and Yak, the bulls of Bashan[4]) and of Babylon, mammoth and mastodon, they come trooping to the sunken sea, *Lacus Mortis*. Ominous, revengeful zodiacal host! They moan, passing upon the clouds, borned and capricorned, the trumpeted with the tusked, the lionmaned the giantantlered, snouter and crawler, rodent, ruminant and pachyderm all their moving moaning multitude, murderers of the sun.[5])

49. A. S. M. HUTCHINSON [Einführung S. 17, 49]

IF WINTER COMES (1921)[6])

Best Seller-Roman. Auf der Bewegungstechnik aufgebaut. Zunächst Gemächlichkeit, von Humor durchlächelt. Dann mit Kriegsbeginn pathosgepeitschte Bewegungsbeschleunigung und schließlich mit der Katastrophe des Helden fiebernde Hast. Kurze eingliedrige Sätze. Der Roman nahm Hunderttausenden von ausdrucksunfähigen Menschen das erlösende Wort von den Lippen. Was sie in der Kriegszeit gefühlt, was sie in der heutigen Zeit von Leben und Gesellschaft denken! Der Held Mark Sabre ist der Nichtverstandene, innerlich Anständige, der immer den falschen Weg einschlägt. Er heiratet das unrichtige Mädchen, geht in das unrichtige Geschäft, findet unrichtige Partner, dient seinem Vaterland, wird schwer verwundet und schließlich zum Dank dafür von einem heuchlerischen Mitangestellten,

[1] Leopolds Vater. Leopolds Söhnchen starb früh.
[2] Wiedekopf.
[3] Berühmt wegen seiner Viehherden 3,1 Chron. 4,23; eine ganz obskure Stelle. In der Authorized Version: *those that dwell among plants and hedges*. In Revised Version: *the inhabitants of Netaim and Gederah*.
[4] Bashan, Psalm 22, 12.
[5] S. 392—94.
[6] Hodder & Stoughton 1921.

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Twyning, verdrängt, der die Stelle seinem Sohn Harold einräumen möchte.

Erster Abschnitt. Ein in der heutigen Zeit sich jedermann leicht aufdrängender Gedanke findet anschaulichen Ausdruck: die traurige Gebundenheit des Einzellebens im modernen Kulturstaat.

Zweiter Abschnitt. Das Regiment marschiert morgen. Alles ist in laute Gebärde und natürlichen Dialog zerschlagen.

Dritter Abschnitt. Sabre hat die arme Effie, Tochter eines Saalmeisters seines Geschäfts, bei sich aufgenommen, da sie in großer Not ist und ein uneheliches Kind geboren hat. Daraufhin verläßt ihn seine Frau. Sabre geht vorübergehend zur Erholung nach Brighton. Da findet man Effie tot in seinem Hause. Der Verdacht fällt auf Sabre. Eine gerichtliche Untersuchung folgt. Seine Gegner sind eifrig an der Arbeit. Sabre aber wird freigesprochen. Vater des Kindes ist der heuchlerische Harold, Sohn des heuchlerischen Twyning. Sabre hat den Beweis in den Händen und stürzt sich rachedurstig dem Heuchler entgegen. — Man beachte das Tempo und die melodramatische Lärmhaftigkeit.

Down the steep hill flanked by masters' Houses. Twilight merging now into darkness. Boys passing in and out of the gateways. Past Telfer's, which had been his own House. All this youth was preparing for life; all these Houses eternally, generation after generation, pouring boys out into life as at Shotley iron foundry he had seen molten metal poured out of a cauldron. And every boy, poured out, imagined he was going to live his own life. Oh, hapless delusion! Lo, as the same moulds awaited and confined the metal, so the same moulds awaited and confined the living stuff . . . Mysterious conventions, laws, labours; imperceptibly receiving; implacably binding and shaping. The last day he had come down the steps of Telfer's — jumped down — how distinctly he remembered it! It was his own life he was coming down, eagerly jumping down, into . . . Well, here he was, passing those very steps, and whose life was he living? Mabel's? Old Fortune's? And to what end?... Whose life was Nona living?.. [1])

The enormous and imponderable world awfully unbalanced. Upside down. Extraordinarily unreal. Furiously real.

Life, which had been a thing of the clock and of the calendar, became a thing of events in which there was no time, only events. [2])

Things began one day very shortly after the declaration of war when, passing the barracks on his way home, Sabre was accosted and taken into the Mess by Cottar, a subaltern of the Pinks.

'You must come along in and have a cup of tea,' young Cottar urged. 'We've got a hell of a jamborino on. At least we shall have to-night. We're just working up for it. I can't tell you why. You can guess.'

Sabre felt a sudden catch at his emotions. 'Is the regiment going?'

[1] S. 135.

[2] Sogar hier ein Stück Bergson.

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They were at the door of the ante-room. Cottar swung it open. The room was full of men and tobacco smoke and noise. A very tall youth, one Sikes, was standing on the table, a glass in his hand. 'Hullo, Sabre.' Messman, one of those very stiff whiskies for Mr. Sabre,—go on, Sabre, you must. Because— 'He had not Cottar's reticence. He burst into song, waving his glass—' Because——

'We shan't be here in the morning—'

They all took it up, bawling uproariously:

We shan't be here in the morning,
We shan't be here in the morning,
We shan't be here in the mor-or-ning,
Before the break of day!'

Otway came in. 'Shut up, you noisy young fools. What the——'

Sikes from the table: 'Ah, Papa Otway! Three cheers for Papa Otway in very discreet whispers. Messman, one of those very stiff whiskies for Captain Otway.'

Otway laughed pleasantly. 'No, chuck it, I'm not drinking, Hood I want you; and you, Carmichael, and you, Bullen.' He saw Sabre and came to him. 'Hullo, Sabre. You've heard now. We've managed to keep it pretty close, but it's all over the place now. Yes, we entrain at daybreak.'

Sabre felt frightfully affected. He could hardly speak. 'Good Lord. I can't realize it. I say, Otway, do you remember predicting this nearly two years ago? You said this would find us all unawares. You were one of the people every one laughed at—'

Precisely the same Otway who had spoken with such extraordinary intensity outside the Corn Exchange eighteen months before began to speak with extraordinary intensity now. 'That? Oh, I don't give a damn for any of that now. This is our show now, Sabre. The Army's show. I don't give a damn for what happens at home now. This is our show. Sabre, you don't know what this is for me. I've lived for this, dreamt about it, thought about it, eaten it, drunk it ever since I was a kid at Sandhurst. Now it's come. By God, it's come at last!'

The same Otway! Positively the little beads of perspiration were shining about his nose. His eyes scintillated an extraordinary light. He said, 'By God, Sabre, you ought to have seen the battalion on parade this morning.' By God, they were magnificent. They're the finest thing that ever happened. There's nothing in the Army List to touch us. When I think I'll be in action with them perhaps inside a week—I—'

An orderly approached and spoke to him. 'Right. Right. I'll come along at once.' He was swiftly away. 'Paterson, I want you too. There's a man in your company says his wife—'

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And, stilled during his presence, babel broke out anew with his departure. Some one, standing on a sofa, caught up Otway's last word into a bawling song:

'I've got a wife and sixteen kids,
I've got a wife and sixteen kids,
I've got a wife and—

A cushion whizzed across the room into his face. A rag began. Sikes on the table was laying down laws of equipment at the top of his voice. 'Well, I'm going to take nothing but socks. I'm going to stuff my pack absolutely bung full of socks. Man alive, I tell you nothing matters except socks. If you can keep on getting clean socks every—I'm going to stuff in socks enough to last me—'*[1])

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He shouted again, 'Ha!' He cried again, 'Into my hands! Into my hands!'

He abandoned himself to a rather horrible ecstasy of haste and passion. His face became rather horrible to see. His face became dark and ugly and knotted, and the veins on his forehead black. He cried aloud, 'Harold! Harold! Twyning! Twyning!' He rather horribly mimicked Twyning. 'Harolds's such a good boy! Harold's such a good, Christian, model boy! Harold's never said a bad word or had a bad thought. Harold's such a good boy.' He cried out: 'Harold's such a blackguard! Harold's such a blackguard! A blackguard, and the son of a vile, infamous, lying, perjured blackguard.'

His passion and his hate surmounted his voice. He choked. He picked up his stick and went with frantic striding hops to the door. He cried aloud, gritting his teeth upon it, 'I'll cram the letter down his throat. I'll cram the letter down his throat. I'll take him by the neck. I'll bash him across the face. And I'll cram the letter down his throat.'

The cab-driver, his labour upon the buckle finished, was resting on his box with the purposeful and luxurious rest of a man who has borne the heat and burden of the day. Sabre waved his stick at him, and shouted to him, 'Fortune's office in Tidborough. Hard as you can. Hard as you can.' He wrenched open the door and got in. In a moment, the startled horse scarcely put into motion by its startled driver, he put his head and arm from the window and was out on the step. 'Stop! Stop! Let me out. I've something to get.'

He ran again into the house and bundled himself up the stairs

* A very short time afterward, while the incident was fresh in his memory, Sabre heard that Sikes took out eleven pairs of socks and was killed, at Mons, in the pair he landed in.

[1] S. 187—188.

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and into his room. At his bureau he took a drawer and wrenched it open so that it came out in his hand, swung on the sockets of its handle, and scattered its contents upon the floor. One article fell heavily. His service revolver. He grabbed it up and dropped on his hands and knees, padding eagerly about after scattered cartridges. As he searched his voice went harshly: 'He's hounded me to hell. At the very gates of hell I've got him, got him, and I'll have him by his throat and hurl him in!' He broke open the breech and jammed the cartridges in, counting them: 'One, two, three, four, five, six!' He snapped up the breech and jammed the revolver in his jacket pocket. He went scrambling again down the stairs and as he scrambled down he cried, 'I'll cram the letter down his throat. I'll take him by the neck. I'll bash him across the face. And I'll cram the letter down his throat. When he's sprawling, when he's choking, perhaps I'll out with my gun and drill him, drill him for the dog, the dog that he is.'

All the way down as the cab proceeded he alternated between shouted behests to the driver to hurry and repetition of his ferocious intention. Over and over again, gritting his teeth upon it, picturing it, in vision acting it so that the perspiration streamed upon his body. 'I'll cram the letter down his throat. I'll take him by the neck. I'll bash him across the face, and I'll cram the letter down his throat.' Over and over again: visioning it; in his mind, and with all his muscles working, ferociously performing it. He felt immensely well. He felt enormously fit. The knocking was done in his brain. His mind was tingling clear. 'I'll cram... I'll take ... I'll bash ... I'll cram the letter down his throat.'

He was arrived! He was here! 'Into my hands! Into my hands.' He passed into the office and swiftly as he could go up the stairs. He encountered no one. He came to Twyning's door and put his hand upon the latch. Immediately, and enormously, so that for a moment he was forced to pause, the pulse broke out anew in his head. Knock, knock, knock! Knock, knock, knock! Curse the thing! Never mind. In! In! At him! At him!

He went in.[1])

[1] S. 263. Eine große Überraschung folgt. Er findet Twyning im Zimmer, einen gebrochenen Mann. Sein Sohn ist gefallen. Sabres Rachegefühl zerschmilzt wie Schnee in der Sonne.

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VI. KURZGESCHICHTE

50. WALTER PATER (1839—1894) [Einführung S. 11, 41]

DENYS L'AUXERROIS (1886) [1])

Der Weg führte Walter Pater von der schöpferischen Kritik (s. oben S. 97) zum imaginären Porträt. Beide sind für Pater Mittel zur Selbstbespiegelung. Denys l'Auxerrois ist Dionysos, aus der griechischen Atmosphäre in das Dunkel des 13. Jahrunderts verschoben. Ist Dionysos entfesselt, so trägt er das Verhängnis in seine Umwelt hinein: Drei Quellenschichten lassen sich erkennen: persönliche Reiseerinnerungen, Historisches aus dem mittelalterlichen Frankreich und Elemente der griechischen Sage. (Pater hat dem Dionysos eine besondere Studie gewidmet: *A Study of Dionysos* in *Greek Studies.)* Zum Ganzen vgl. die vorzügliche Arbeit von Friedrich Staub, Das imaginäre Portrait Walter Paters, Zürcher Dissertation 1926, wo der Sinn des imaginären Porträts richtig gedeutet und Denys L'Auxerrois ein besonderes Kapitel gewidmet ist, das alle einschlägigen Fragen behandelt.

Unser erster Abschnitt zeigt den landschaftlichen Hintergrund. Sorgfältige Flächenbemalung (s. oben S. 41).

Der zweite Abschnitt bringt den Schluß. Wohl hat Denys die Leute durch seine Wunder entzückt. Nach dem Prinzip der Flöte hat er eine Orgel geschaffen, er, der erste Orgelbauer des Mittelalters. Aber das Volk ahnt die dunklen Mächte in ihm, ahnt, daß durch ihn das goldne Zeitalter zu Ende ist. Es will ihn töten; er rettet sich. Nur einmal noch gelingt es ihm, es durch sein Spiel zu Begeisterung zu entflammen. Aber dionysische Musik macht wahnsinnig. Das harmlose Verfolgungsspiel, in das er sich hineinbegibt, wird zur Wirklichkeit.

Auxerre! A slight ascent in the winding road! and you have before you the prettiest town in France—the broad framework of vineyard sloping upwards gently to the horizon, with distant white cottages inviting one to walk: the quiet curve of river below, with all the river-side details: the three great purple-tiled masses of Saint Germain, Saint Pierre, and the cathedral of Saint Etienne, rising out of the crowded houses with more than the usual abruptness and irregularity of French building. Here, that rare artist, the susceptible painter of architecture, if he understands the value alike of line and mass of broad masses and delicate lines, has "a subject made to his hand."

A veritable country of the vine, it presents nevertheless an expression peaceful rather than radiant. Perfect type of that happy mean between northern earnestness and the luxury of the south, for which we prize midland France, its physiognomy is not quite happy—attractive in part for its melancholy. Its most characteristic atmosphere is to be seen when the tide of light and distant cloud is travelling quickly over it, when rain is not far off, and every touch of art or of time on its old building is defined in

[1] Aus *Imaginary Portraits* 1887, Macmillan, Library Edition 1910, S. 51—52, 74—76.

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clear grey. A fine summer ripens its grapes into a valuable wine; but in spite of that it seems always longing for a larger and more continuous allowance of the sunshine which is so much to its taste. You might fancy something querulous or plaintive in that rustling movement of the vine-leaves, as blue-frocked Jacques Bonhomme finishes his day's labour among them.

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Meantime the winds of his organ were ready to blow; and with difficulty he obtained grace from the Chapter for a trial of its powers on a notable public occasion, as follows. A singular guest was expected at Auxerre. In recompense for some service rendered to the Chapter in times gone by, the Sire de Chastellux had the hereditary dignity of a canon of the church.[1]) On the day of his reception he presented himself at the entrance of the choir in surplice and amice, worn over the military habit. The old count of Chastellux was lately dead, and the heir had announced his coming, according to custom, to claim his ecclesiastical privilege. There had been long feud between the houses of Chastellux and Auxerre; but on this happy occasion an offer of peace came with a proposal for the hand of the Lady Ariane.

The goodly young man arrived, and, duly arrayed, was received into his stall at vespers, the bishop assisting. It was then that the people heard the music of the organ, rolling over them for the first time, with various feelings of delight. But the performer on and author of the instrument was forgotten in his work, and there was no re-instatement of the former favourite. The religious ceremony was followed by a civic festival, in which Auxerre welcomed its future lord. The festival was to end at nightfall with a somewhat rude popular pageant, in which the person of Winter would be hunted blindfold through the streets. It was the sequel to that earlier stage-play of the *Return from the East* in which Denys had been the central figure. The old forgotten player saw his part before him, and, as if mechanically, fell again into the chief place, monk's dress and all. It might restore his popularity: who could tell? Hastily he donned the ashen-grey mantle, the rough haircloth about the throat, and went through the preliminary matter. And it happened that a point of the haircloth scratched his lip deeply, with a long trickling of blood upon the chin. It was as if the sight of blood transported the spectators with a kind of mad rage, and suddenly revealed to them the truth. The pretended hunting of the unholy creature became a real one, which brought out, in rapid increase, men's evil passions. The soul of Denys was already at rest, as his body, now borne along in front of the crowd, was tossed hither and thither, torn at last limb from limb. The men stuck little shreds of his flesh,

[1] Das Motiv ist historisch. Staub a. a. O., 83.

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or, failing that, of his torn raiment, into their caps; the women lending their long hairpins for the purpose. The monk Hermes sought in vain next day for any remains of the body of his friend. Only, at nightfall, the heart of Denys was brought to him by a stranger, still entire. It must long since have mouldered into dust under the stone, marked with a cross, where he buried it in a dark corner of the cathedral aisle.

51. OSCAR WILDE (1854—1900) [Einführung S. 5, 6, 11, 13, 42]

THE YOUNG KING (1888)[1]

Märchenstil! — In den 1880er und 1890er Jahren macht sich ein Anschwellen der sozialen Literatur bemerkbar. Man schildert Slums und Heimarbeitergrauen (E. L. 300). Hier sei nur an Besants *Children of Gibeon* (1886) erinnert (s. oben Notiz S. 64). Wildes Märchen vom jungen König (Weihnachten 1888) wurde äußerlich angeregt durch das Entsetzen und die Empörung, die 1888 weitere Kreise ergriff, nachdem ihnen ein *Board of Trade Report* die Zustände in den Schwitzindustrien enthüllt hatte. (Gretton, *A Modern History of the English People* 1913, Bd. I, 223—24.) Oscar Wilde romantisiert in diesen Zeilen den „slum". Wir geben hier den einen Traum wieder.

And as he slept he dreamed a dream, and this was his dream.

He thought that he was standing in a long, low attic, amidst the whir and clatter of many looms. The meagre daylight peered in through the grated windows, and showed him the gaunt figures of the weavers bending over their cases. Pale, sickly-looking children were crouched on the huge crossbeams. As the shuttles dashed through the warp they lifted up the heavy battens, and when the shuttles stopped they let the battens fall and pressed the threads together. Their faces were pinched with famine, and their thin hands shook and trembled. Some haggard women were seated at a table sewing. A horrible odour filled the place. The air was foul and heavy, and the walls dripped and streamed with damp.

The young King went over to one of the weavers, and stood by him and watched him.

And the weaver looked at him angrily, and said, "Why art thou watching me? Art thou a spy set on us by our master?"

"Who is thy master?" asked the young King.

"Our master!" cried the weaver, bitterly. "He is a man like myself. Indeed, there is but this difference between us — that he wears fine clothes while I go in rags, and that while I am weak from hunger he suffers not a little from overfeeding."

"The land is free," said the young King, "and thou art no man's slave."

"In war," answered the weaver, "the strong make slaves of the

[1] Erschien zuerst in der *Christmas Number* von The Lady's *Pictorial* 1888; dann 1891 in *A House of Pomegranates*.

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weak, and in peace the rich make slaves of the poor. We must work to live, and they give us such mean wages that we die. We toil for them all day long, and they heap up gold in their coffers, and our children fade away before their time, and the faces of those we love become hard and evil. We tread out the grapes, and another drinks the wine. We sow the corn, and our own board is empty. We have chains, though no eye beholds them; and are slaves, though men call us free."

"Is it so with all?" he asked.

"It is so with all," answered the weaver, "with the young as well as with the old, with the women as well as with the men, with the little children as well as with those who are stricken in years. The merchants grind us down, and we must needs do their bidding. The priest rides by and tells his beads, and no man has care of us. Through our sunless lanes creeps Poverty with her hungry eyes[1]), and Sin with his sodden face follows close behind her. Misery wakes us in the morning, and Shame sits with us at night.[2]) But what are these things to thee? Thou art not one of us. Thy face is too happy." And he turned away scowling, and threw the shuttle across the loom, and the young King saw that it was threaded with a thread of gold.

And a great terror seized upon him, and he said to the weaver, "What robe is this that thou art weaving?"

"It is the robe for the coronation of the young King," he answered; "what is that to thee?"

And the young King gave a loud cry and woke, and lo! he was in his own chamber, and through the window he saw the great honey-coloured moon hanging in the dusky air.

52. MAURICE HEWLETT (1861—1923) [Einführung S. 11, 15]

THE MIRACLE OF THE PEACH-TREE (1899)[3])

Imaginäre Portraitkunst nach Walter Paters Vorgang. Goldschmiedearbeit, von einer etwas leichteren Hand geführt. Eine Gestalt wird in eine kongeniale Landschaft mit sorgfältig rekonstruiertem Zeithintergrund hineingestellt. Ein Zusatz Meredithscher Ironie ist verspürbar. — Das junge verstoßene Weib Vanna nimmt in den Veronesergemütern die Züge einer Heiligen an. — Hewletts Haltung in seinen Romanen ist nicht die gleiche wie hier in den Noveletten. — E. L. 354—5. — *The Letters of M. H., to which is added a diary in Greece. 1914,* ed. by Laurence Binyon, *with introductory memoir by Edward Hewlett*, London, Methuen 1926.

Directly you were outside the Porta San Zeno the peach-trees began—acre by acre of bent trunks, whose long branches, tied at

[1] Wildes Lieblingssatz. Wörtlich schon so in seinem Gedicht *Humanitad,* Strophe 51, und in *Intentions,* 181.

[2] Diese allegorischen Personifikationen sind ganz im Stile Swinburnes (s. Verfasser, Studien zu O. Wildes Gedichten, 97—99).

[3] Aus *Madonna of the Peach Tree* in *Little Novels of Italy* (1899).

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the top, took shapes of blown candle-flames: beyond these was an open waste of bents and juniper scrub, which afforded certain eatage for goats.

Here three herd-boys, Luca, Biagio and Astorre, simple, brown-skinned souls, watched their flocks all the summer night, sleeping, waking to play pranks on each other, whining endless doggerel, praying at every scare, and swearing at every reassurance. Simple puppyish folk though they were, Madonna of the Peach-Tree chose them to witness her epiphany.

It was a very still night of wonderful starshine, but without a moon. The stars were so thickly spread, so clear and hot, that there was light enough for the lads to see each other's faces, the rough shapes of each other. It was light enough to notice how the square belfry of San Zeno cut a wedge of black into the spangled blue vault. Sheer through the Milky Way it ploughed a broad furrow, which ended in a ragged edge. You would never have seen that, if it had not been a clear night.

Still also it was. You heard the cropping of the goats, the jaws' champ when they chewed the crisp leaves; the flicker of the bats' wings. In the marsh, half a mile away, the chorus of frogs, when it swelled up, drowned all nearer noise; but when it broke off suddenly, those others resumed their hold upon the stillness. It was a breathless night of suspense. Anything might happen on such a night.

Luca, Biagio, and Astorre, under the spell of this marvellous night, lay on their stomachs alert for alarms. A heavy-wheeling, white owl had come by with a swish, and Biagio had called aloud to Madonna in his agony. Astorre had crossed himself over and over again: this was the Angel of Death cruising abroad on the hunt for goats or goat-herds; but 'No, no!' cried Luca, eldest of the three, 'the wings are too short, friends. That is a fluffy new soul just let loose. She knows not the way, you see. Let us pray for her. There are devils abroad on such close nights as this.'

Pray they did, with a will, "Ave Maria," "O maris Stella," and half the Paternoster, when Biagio burst into a guffaw, and gave Luca a push which sent Astorre down.

"Why, 'tis only a screech owl, you fools!" he cried, though the sound of his own voice made him falter; "an old mouse-teaser," he went on in a much lower voice. "Who's afraid?"

A black-and-white cat making a pounce had sent hearts to mouths after this: though they found her out before they had got to "Dominus tecum," she left them all in a quiver. It had been a cat, but it might have been the devil. Then, before the bristles had folded down on their backs, they rose up again, and the hair of their heads became rigid as quills. Over the brow of a little hill, through the peach-trees (which bowed their spiry heads to her

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as she walked), came quietly a tall white Lady in a dark cloak. Hey! powers of earth and air, but this was not to be doubted! Evenly forward she came, without a footfall, without a rustle or the crackling of a twig, without so much as kneeing her skirt—stood before them so nearly that they saw the pale oval of her face, and said in a voice like a muffled bell: "I am hungry, my friends; have you any meat?" she had a face like the moon and great round eyes; within her cloak, on the bosom, of her white dress, she held a man-child. He, they passed their sacred word, lifted in his mother's arms and turned open-handed towards them. Luca, Biagio, and Astorre, goat-herds all and honest lads, fell on their faces with one accord; with one voice they cried, "Madonna, Madonna, Madonna! pray for us sinners!"

But again the Lady spoke in her gentle tones. "I am very hungry, and my child is hungry. Have you nothing to give me?" So then Luca kicked the prone Biagio, and Biagio's heel nicked Astorre on the shin. But it was Luca, as became the eldest, who got up first, all the same; and as soon as he was on his feet the others followed him. Luca took his cap off, Biagio saw the act and followed it. Astorre, who dared not lift his eyes, and was so busy making crosses on himself that he had no hands to spare, kept his on till Luca nudged Biagio, and Biagio cuffed him soundly, saying, "Uncover, cow-face."

Then Luca on his knees made an offering of cheese and black bread to the Lady. They saw the gleam of her white hand as she stretched it out to take the victual. The hand shone like agate in the dark. They saw her eat, sitting very straight and noble upon a tussock of bents. Astorre whispered to Biagio, Biagio consulted with Luca for a few anxious moments, and communicated again with Astorre. Astorre jumped up and scuttled away into the dark, presently he came back, bearing something in his two hands. The three shock-heads inspected his burden; there was much whispering, some contention, almost a scuffle.

The truth was, that Biagio wanted to take the thing from Astorre, and that Luca would not allow it. Luca was the eldest, and wanted to take it himself. Astorre was in tears, Cristo amore he blubbered, "you will spill the milk between you. I thought of it all by myself. Let go, Biagio; let go, Luca!" So they whispered and tussled, pulling three different ways. The Lady's voice broke over them like silver rain. "Let him who thought of the kind act give me the milk," she said; so young Astorre on his knees handed her the horn cup, and through the cracks of his fingers watched her drink, every drop.

That done, the cup returned with a smile piercingly sweet, the Lady rose. Saints on thrones, how tall she was! "The bimbo will thank you for this to-morrow, as I do now," said she. "Good night, my friends, and may the good God have mercy upon all

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souls!" She turned to go the way she had come, but Astorre, covering his eyes with one hand, crept forward on three legs (as you might say) and plucked the hem of her robe up, and kissed it. She stooped to lay a hand upon his head. "Never kiss my robe, Astorre", said she—and how under heaven did she know his name if she were not what she was?—"never kiss my robe, but get up and let me kiss you." Well of Truth! to think of it! Up gets Astorre, shaking like a nun in a fit, and the Lady bent over him and, as sure as you are you, kissed his forehead. Astorre told his village next day as they sat round him in a ring, and he on the well-head as plain to be seen as this paper, that he felt at the moment, as if two rose-leaves had dropped from heaven upon his forehead. Slowly then, very slowly and smoothly (as they report), did the Lady move away towards the peach-trees whence she had come. In the half light there was—for by this it was the hour before dawn—they saw her take a peach from one of the trees. She stayed to eat it. Then she walked over the crest of the orchard and disappeared. As soon as they dared, when the light had come, they looked for her over that same crest, but could see nothing whatever. With pale, serious faces the three youths regarded each other. There was no doubt as to what had happened—a miracle! a miracle!

With one consent then—since this was plainly a Church affair—they ran to their parish priest, Don Gasparo. He got the whole story at last; nothing could shake them; no detail was wanting. Thus it was: the Blessed Virgin, carrying in her arms the Santissimo Bambino Gesù, had come through the peach-trees, asked for and eaten of their food, prayed for them aloud to Messer Domeneddio himself, and kissed Astorre on the forehead. As they were on their knees, she walked away, stopped, took a peach, ate it, walked on, vanished—ecco! The curate rubbed his head, and tried another boy. Useless: the story was the same. Third boy, same story. He tucked up his cassock with decision, took his biretta and walking-staff, and said to the three goatherds—

"My lads, all this is matter of miracle. I do not deny its truth. God forbid it in a simple man such as I am. But I do certainly ask you to lead me to the scene of your labours."

The boys needed no second asking: off they all set. The curate went over every inch of the ground. Here lay Luca, Biagio, and Astorre: the belfry of San Zeno was in such and such a direction, the peach-trees in such and such. Good: there they were. What next? According to their account, Madonna had come thus and thus. The good curate bundled off to spy for footprints in the orchard. Marvel! there were none. This made him look very grave; for if she made no earthly footprints she could have no earthly feet. Next he must see by what way she had gone. She

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left them kneeling here, said they, went towards the peach-garden, stayed by a certain tree (which they pointed out), plucked a peach from the very top of it—this they swore to—though the tree was near fourteen feet high—stood while she ate it, and went over the brow of the rising ground. Here was detail enough, it was to be hoped. The curate nosed it out like a slothound; he paced the track himself from the scrub to the peach-tree, and stood under this last gazing to its top, from there to its roots; he shook his head many times, stroked his chin a few: then with a broken cry he made a pounce and picked up—a peach-stone! After this to doubt would have been childish; as a fact he had no more doubt than the boys.

"My children" said he, "we are here face to face with a great mystery. It is plain that Messer Domeneddio hath designs upon this hamlet, of which we, His worms, have no conception . . You, my dear sons, He hath chosen to be workers for His purpose, which we cannot be very far wrong in supposing to be the building of an oratory or tabernacle to hold this unspeakable relic. That erection must be our immediate anxious care. Meantime I will place the relic in the pyx of our Lady's altar, and mark the day in our calendar for perpetual remembrance. I shall not fail to communicate with his holiness the bishop. Who knows what may be the end of this?"

He was as good as his word. A procession was formed in no time—children carrying their rosaries and bunches of flowers, three banners, the whole village with a candle apiece; next Luca, Biagio, and Astorre with larger candles—half a pound weight each at the least; then four men to hold up a canopy, below which came the curate himself with the relic on a cushion.

It was deposited with great reverence in the place devoted, having been drenched with incense. There was a solemn mass. After which things the curate thought himself at liberty to ruffle into Verona with his news.

53. WALTER DE LA MARE (geboren 1873) [Einführung S. 11]

THE CREATURES (1923) [1]

Traumphantasiekunst, Märchenton, in der geistigen Nähe der modernen Bewußtseinskunst. Wir ahnen den Dichter der *Listeners*. Wir wandern auf einem Grenzland zwischen Wirklichkeit und Traum. Ein Fernempfinden haftet den Welten an, die er vor uns hinstellt, ein Gelöstsein von den Bindungen der starren gesellschaftlichen Gesetze. Immerhin hat De la Mare in seiner Prosa etwas auszudrücken, das in seinen Versen kaum angetönt wird. Er greift öfters zu schärferen Stiften — wenn er Landschaften zeichnet (vgl. unten den Garten an der See) — und verlegt sich bei der Bewußtseinsmalerei auf die

[1] Aus *The Riddle and other Stories*, London, Selwyn and Blount, 1923, S. 279—86.

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intellektuelle Deutung. — E. L. 450—1. Die beste Würdigung ist die von John Freeman, *The Work of Walter De la Mare*, Quarterly Review 238 (1922). Zur Lage! Der reisende Dichter trifft einen Fremdling, der die folgende Geschichte aus der Erinnerung heraufholt.

"Presently a dark long-faced gaunt man appeared from within, contemplating me, as he advanced, out of eyes that seemed not so much to fix the intruder as to encircle his image, as the sea contains the distant speck of a ship on its wide blue bosom of water. They might have been the eyes of the blind; the windows of a house in dream to which the inmate must make something of a pilgrimage to look out upon actuality. Then he smiled, and the long, dark features, melancholy yet serene, took light upon them, as might a bluff of rock beneath a thin passing wash of sunshine.[1]) With a gesture he welcomed me into the large dark-flagged kitchen, cool as a cellar, airy as a belfry, its sweet air traversed by a long oblong of light out of the west.

"The wide shelves of the painted dresser were laden with crockery. A wreath of freshly-gathered flowers hung over the chimney-piece. As we entered, a twittering cloud of small birds, robins, hedge-sparrows, chaffinches fluttered up a few inches from floor and sill and window-seat, and once more, with tiny starry-dark eyes observing me, soundlessly alighted. "I could hear the infinitesimal tic-tac of their tiny claws upon the slate. My gaze drifted out of the window into the garden beyond, a cavern of clearer crystal and colour than that which astounded the eyes of young Aladdin.

"Apart from the twisted garland of wild flowers, the shining metal of range and copper candlestick, and the bright-scoured crockery, there was no adornment in the room except a rough frame, hanging from a nail in the wall, and enclosing what appeared to be a faint patterned fragment of blue silk or fine linen. The chairs and table were old and heavy. A low light warbling, an occasional skirr of wing, a haze-like drone of bee and fly— these were the only sounds that edged a quiet intensified in its profundity by the remote stirrings of the sea.

"The house was stilled as by a charm, yet thought within me asked no questions; speculation was asleep in its kennel. I sat down to the milk and bread, the honey and fruit which the old woman laid out upon the table, and her master seated himself opposite to me, now in a low sibilant whisper—a tongue which they seemed to understand—addressing himself to the birds, and now, as if with an effort, raising those strange grey-green eyes of his to bestow a quiet remark upon me. He asked, rather

[1] Das wechselnde Verschieben des Zeigers der Skala der Bewußtseinslagen entlang drückt sich nicht als unmittelbares Erlebnis, sondern als die objektivierte Beobachtung eines anderen, des Erzählers, aus.

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in courtesy than with any active interest, a few questions, referring to the world, its business and transports — our beautiful world — as an astronomer in the small hours might murmur a few words to the chance-sent guest of his solitude concerning the secrets of Uranus or Saturn. There is another, an inexplorable side to the moon. Yet he said enough for me to gather that he, too, was of that small tribe of the aloof and wild to which our cracked old word 'forsaken' might be applied, hermits, lamas, clay-matted fakirs, and such-like; the snowy birds that play and cry amid mid-oceanic surges; the living of an oasis of the wilderness; which share a reality only distantly dreamed of by the time-driven thought-corroded congregations of man.

"Yet so narrow and hazardous I somehow realised was the brink of fellow-being (shall I call it?) which we shared, he and I, that again and again fantasy within me seemed to hover over that precipice Night knows as fear. I was he, it seemed, with that still embracive contemplation of his, with that far-away yet reassuring smile, that kept my poise, my balance .'No,' some voice within him seemed to utter, 'you are safe; the bounds are fixed; though hallucination chaunt its decoy, you shall not irretrievably pass over. Eat and drink, and presently return to 'life'." And I listened, and, like that of a drowsy child in its cradle, my consciousness sank deeper and deeper, stilled, pacified, into the dream amid which, as it seemed, this soundless house of stone now reared its walls.[1])

"I had all but finished my meal when I heard footsteps approaching on the flags without. The murmur of other voices, distinguishably shrill yet guttural even at a distance, and in spite of the dense stones and beams of the house which had blunted their timbre, had already reached me. Now the feet halted. I turned my head — cautiously, even perhaps apprehensively — and confronted two figures in the doorway.

"I cannot now guess the age of my entertainer. These children — for children they were in face and gesture and effect, though as to form and stature apparently in their last teens — these children were far more problematical. I say 'form and stature,' yet obviously they were dwarfish. Their heads were sunken between their shoulders, their hair thick, their eyes disconcertingly deep-set. They were ungainly, their features peculiarly irregular, as if two races from the ends of the earth had in them intermingled their blood and strangeness; as if, rather, animal and angel had connived in their creation.

"But if some inward light lay on the still eyes, on the gaunt, sorrowful, quixotic countenance that now was fully and intensely bent on mine, emphatically that light was theirs also. He spoke

[1] Hier wieder Selbsterlebnis.

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to them; they answered — in English, my own language, without a doubt: but an English slurred, broken, and unintelligible to me, yet clear as bell, haunting, penetrating, pining as voice of nix or siren. My ears drank in the sound as an Arab parched with desert sand falls on his dried belly and gulps in mouthfuls of crystal water. The birds hopped nearer as if beneath the rod of an enchanter. A sweet continuous clamour arose from their small throats. The exquisite colours of plume and bosom burned, greened, melted in the level sun-ray, in the darker air beyond.

"A kind of mournful gaiety, a lamentable felicity, such as rings in the cadences of an old folk-song, welled into my heart. I was come back to the borders of Eden, bowed and outwearied gazing from out of dream into dream, homesick, 'forsaken'.[1])

"Well, years have gone by," muttered my fellow-traveller deprecatingly, "but I have not forgotten that Eden's primeval trees and shade."

"They led me out, these bizarre companions, a he and a she, if I may put it as crudely as my apprehension of them put it to me then. Through a broad door they conducted me — if one who leads may be said to be conducted — into their garden. Garden! A full mile long, between undiscerned walls, it sloped and narrowed towards a sea at whose dark unformed blue, even at this distance, my eyes dazzled. Yet how can one call that a garden which reveals no ghost of a sign of human arrangement, of human slavery, of spade or hoe?

"Great boulders shouldered up, tessellated, embossed, powdered with a thousand various mosses and lichens, between a flowering greenery of weeds. Wind-stunted, clear-emerald, lichen-tufted trees smoothed and crisped the inflowing airs of the ocean with their leaves and spines, sibilating a thin scarce-audible music. Scanty, rank, and uncultivated fruits hung close their vivid-coloured cheeks to the gnarled branches. It was the harbourage of birds, the small embowering parlour of their house of life, under an evening sky, pure and lustrous as a water-drop. It cried 'Hospital' to the wanderers of the universe.

"As I look back in ever-thinning nebulous remembrance on my two companions, hear their voices gutturally sweet and shrill, catch again their being, so to speak, I realise that there was a kind of Orientalism in their effect. Their instant courtesy was not Western, the smiles that greeted me, whenever I turned my head to look back at them, were infinitely friendly, yet infinitely remote. So ungainly, so far from our notions of beauty and symmetry were their bodies and faces, those heads thrust heavily between their shoulders, their disproportioned yet graceful arms

[1] Hier wieder das bei De la Mares Gedichten so beliebte Hinabsinken aus dem Hellbewußtsein in das Traumempfinden.

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and hands, that the children in some of our English villages might be moved to stone them, while their elders looked on and laughed.

"Dusk was drawing near; soon night would come. The colours of the sunset, sucking its extremest dye from every leaf and blade and petal, touched my consciousness even then with a vague fleeting alarm.

"I remember I asked these strange and happy beings, repeating my question twice or thrice, as we neared the surfy entry of the valley upon whose sands a tiny stream emptied its fresh waters — I asked them if it was they who had planted this multitude of flowers, many of a kind utterly unknown to me and alien to a country inexhaustibly rich.

'We wait; we wait!' I think they cried. And it was as if their cry woke echo from the greenwalled valleys of the mind into which I had strayed. Shall I confess that tears came into my eyes as I gazed hungrily around me on the harvest of their patience?

"Never was actuality so close to dream. I was not only an unknown country, slipped in between these placid hills, on which I had chanced in my ramblings. I had entered for a few brief moments a strange region of consciousness. I was treading, thus accompanied, amid a world of welcoming and fearless life — oh, friendly to me! — the paths of man's imagination, the kingdom from which thought and curiosity, vexed scrutiny, and lust — a lust it may be for nothing more impious than the actual — had prehistorically proved the insensate means of his banishment. 'Reality', 'Consciousness': had he for 'the time being' unwittingly, unhappily missed his way? Would he be led back at length to that garden wherein cockatrice and basilisk bask, harmlessly, at peace?

"I speculate now. In that queer, yes, and possibly sinister, company, sinister only because it was alien to me, I did not speculate. In their garden, the familiar was become the strange — the 'strange' that lurks in the inmost heart, unburdens its riches in trance, flings its light and gilding upon love, gives heavenly savour to the intemperate bowl of passion, and is the secret of our incommunicable pity. What is yet queerer, these beings were evidently glad of my company. They stumped after me (as might yellow men after some Occidental quadruped never before seen) in merry collusion of nods and wreathed smiles at this perhaps unprecedented intrusion.

"I stood for a moment looking out over the placid surface of the sea. A ship in sail hung phantom-like on the horizon. I pined to call my discovery to its seamen. The tide gushed, broke, spent itself on the bare boulders, I was suddenly cold and alone, and gladly turned back into the garden, my companions in-

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stinctively separating to let me pass between them. I breathed in the rare, almost exotic heat, the tenuous, honeyed, almond-laden air of its flowers and birds — gull, sheldrake, plover, wagtail, finch, robin, which as I half-angrily, half-sadly realised fluttered up in momentary dismay only at my presence — the embodied spectre of their enemy, man. Man? Then who were these? . . .

54. KATHERINE MANSFIELD (1889—1923)

[Einführung S. 11, 44]

AT THE BAY (1922) [1])

Eine Versöhnung des Impressionismus mit der Bewußtseinskunst. Entfabelung, lockere Verknüpfung von Momentbildern innerer oder äußerer Art. Eindrücke werden aus erster Hand empfangen und tauchen im Bewußtseinsspiel unter oder erleben symbolische Erhöhung. Das Aufspiel macht den Eindruck des Leichten, Ungesuchten, Natürlichen. Katherine Mansfields — oder richtiger Cathleen Beauchamps — Gatte, John Middleton Murry (Yale Review N. S. 12 [1923] 296), vergleicht ihre Kunst mit der Tschechoffschen Art. Unser Abschnitt ist einem Tagesgemälde entnommen, das mit einer groß orchestrierten Nebelsymphonie beginnt und uns allmählich in die Empfindungen einiger Menschen hineinbegleitet, die hier in diesem australischen Badedorf ihre Stunden dahinbringen. Ein solches Empfindungsweben kreiselt in unserem Abschnitt an uns vorbei. Linda, die junge Mutter, ihr Gatte Stanley, der jeden Morgen in die Stadt fährt und abends zurückkehrt.

Die beste Würdigung von K. Mansfield hat Louis Grillet geschrieben, *Revue des Deux Mondes* 1924, 6, 929 u. ff.

In a steamer chair, under a manuka tree [2]) that grew in the middle of the front grass patch, Linda Burnell dreamed the morning away. She did nothing. She looked up at the dark, close, dry leaves of the manuka, at the chinks of blue between, and now and again a tiny yellowish flower dropped on her. Pretty — yes, if you held one of those flowers on the palm of your hand and looked at it closely, it was an exquisite small thing. Each pale yellow petal shone as if each was the careful work of a loving hand. The tiny tongue in the centre gave it the shape of a bell. And when you turned it over the outside was a deep bronze colour. But as soon as they flowered, they fell and were scattered. You brushed them off your frock as you talked; the horrid little things got caught in one's hair. Why, then, flower at all? Who takes the trouble — or the joy — to make all these things that are wasted, wasted . . . It was uncanny.

On the grass beside her, lying between two pillows, was the boy. Sound asleep he lay, his head turned away from his mother. His

[1]) The Garden Party and other Stories. London, Constable and to 1922, 30—35.

[2]) *Leptospermum ericoides*, mit weißlichen Blüten, zur Klasse der Myrtazeen gehörend (vgl. J. D. Hooker, Handbook of the New Zealand Flora. London 1864).

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fine dark hair looked more like a shadow than like real hair, but his ear was a bright, deep coral. Linda clasped her hand above her head and crossed her feet. It was very pleasant to know that alle these bungalows were empty, that everybody was down on the beach, out of sight, out of hearing. She had the garden to herself; she was alone.

Dazzling white the picotees[1]) shone; the golden-eyed marigolds glittered; the nasturtiums wreathed the veranda poles in green and gold flame. If only one had time to look at these flowers long enough, time to get over the sense of novelty and strangeness, time to know them! But as soon as one paused to part the petals, to discover the under-side of the leaf, along came Life and one was swept away. And, lying in her cane chair, Linda felt so light; she felt like a leaf. Along came life like a wind and she was seized and shaken; she had to go. Oh dear, would it always be so? Was there no escape?

... Now she sat on the veranda of their Tasmanian home[2]), leaning against her father's knee. And he promised, "As soon as you and I are old enough, Linny, we'll cut off somewhere, we'll escape. Two boys together. I have a fancy I'd like to sail up a river in China." Linda saw that river, very wide, covered with little rafts and boats. She saw the yellow hats of the boatmen, she heard their high, thin voices as they called ...

"Yes, papa."

But just then a very broad young man with bright ginger hair walked slowly past their house, and slowly, solemnly even, uncovered. Linda's father pulled her ear teasingly, in the way he had.

"Linny's beau," he whispered.

"Oh, papa, fancy being married to Stanley Burnell!"

Well, she was married to him. And what was more she loved him. Not the Stanley whom every one saw, not the everyday one; but a timid, sensitive, innocent Stanley who knelt down every night to say his prayers, and who longed to be good. Stanley was simple. If he believed in people — as he believed in her, for instance — it was with his whole heart. He could not be disloyal; he could not tell a lie. And how terribly he suffered if he thought anyone — she — was not being dead straight, dead sincere with him! "This is too subtle for me!" He flung out the words, but his open, quivering, distraught look was like the look of a trapped beast.

But the trouble was — here Linda felt almost inclined to laugh, though Heaven knows it was no laughing matter — she saw *her* Stanley so seldom. There were glimpses, moments, breathing

[1] Künstliche Abart der Gartennelke, Dianthus Caryophyllis.

[2] Die drei Punkte stehen so im Text. Zwanglose Zeitrückwärtsumschaltung.

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spaces of calm, but all the rest of the time it was like living in a house that couldn't be cured of the habit of catching on fire, on a ship that got wrecked every day. And it was always Stanley who was in the thick of the danger. Her whole time was spent in rescuing him, and restoring him, and calming him down, and listening to his story. And what was left of her time was spent in the dread of having children.

Linda frowned; she sat up quickly in her steamer chair and clasped her ankles. Yes, that was her real grudge against life; that was what she could not understand. That was the question she asked and asked and listened in vain for the answer. It was all very well to say it was the common lot of women to bear children. It wasn't true. She, for one, could prove that wrong. She was broken, made weak, her courage was gone, through child-bearing. And what made it doubly hard to bear was, she did not love her children. It was useless pretending. Even if she had had the strength she never would have nursed and played with the little girls. No, it was as though a cold breath had chilled her through and through on each of those awful journeys; she had no warmth left to give them. As to the boy—well, thank Heaven, mother had taken him; he was mother's, or Beryl's, or anybody's who wanted him. She had hardly held him in her arms. She was so indifferent about him that as he lay there . . . Linda glanced down.

The boy had turned over. He lay facing her, and he was no longer asleep. His dark-blue, baby eyes were open; he looked as though he was peeping at his mother. And suddenly his face dimpled; it broke into a wide, toothless smile, a perfect beam, no less.

"I'm here!" that happy smile seemed to say. "Why don't you like me?"

There was something so quaint, so unexpected about that smile that Linda smiled herself. But she checked herself and said to the boy coldly, "I don't like babies."

"Don't like babies?" The boy couldn't believe her. "Don't like *me?*" He waved his arms foolishly at his mother.

Linda dropped off her chair on to the grass.

"Why do you keep on smiling?" she said severely. "If you knew what I was thinking about, you wouldn't."

But he only squeezed up his eyes, slyly, and rolled his head on the pillow. He didn't believe a word she said.

"We know all about that!" smiled the boy.

Linda was so astonished at the confidence of this little creature . . . . Ah no, be sincere. That was not what she felt; it was something far different, it was something so new, so . . . The tears danced in her eyes; she breathed in a small whisper to the boy, "Hallo, my funny!"

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But by now the boy had forgotten his mother. He was serious again. Something pink, something soft waved in front of him. He made a grab at it and it immediately disappeared. But when he lay back, another, like the first appeared. This time he determined to catch it. He made a tremendous effort and rolled right over.

55. ALDOUS HUXLEY [Einführung S. 11]

LONGRES (1924) [1])

In seinen Romanen — wie etwa in *Antic Hay,* 1923 — liebäugelt Huxley mit der Eindruckskunst. Man fühlt im chaotischen Heranfluten der Eindrücke, in der Auflösung der Gegenwart in der Vergangenheit, in dem Aufreißen und Zuwerfen zahlloser Bewußtseinstüren die Nähe eines Bergson, eines Proust, eines Joyce. Man ahnt auch den Musikbewunderer, der mit Schönberg vertraut ist. Aber, wenn alles im besten Gang ist, tritt das Geistreichtun störend dazwischen. Viel glücklicher ist Huxley in seinen Kurzgeschichten. In *Uncle Spencer,* aus dem wir einen Abschnitt drucken, entwickelt er in geschickten Bildhauerschlägen die Gestalt eines sympathischen Onkels, von kindlichem Gemüt und läßt uns Erscheinungswelten in neuen, vom Künstler für den Augenblick erfundenen Dimensionen erleben. So etwa die Eisenbahnfahrt von Ostende nach Longres, die an Prousts Manier erinnert. So in unserem Abschnitt die Einfahrt in die Stadt Longres mit ihrer Architektur, in der Erwartung antizipatorisch als Opernszene erlebt. Die Musik ist hier beliebige, n-te Dimension oder Anschauungsform unseres Denkens und leitet sehr hübsch in das Carillonerlebnis über.

In we climbed and away we rolled on our rubbered wheels in a silence that seemed almost magical, so deafeningly did common carts and the mere station cabs go rattling over the cobbles of the long and dismal Rue de la gare. Even in the winter, when there was nothing to be seen of it but an occasional green gas-lamp, with a little universe of pavement, brick wall and shuttered window dependent upon it and created by it out of the surrounding darkness, the Rue de la gare was signally depressing, if only because it was so straight and long. But in summer, when the dismal brick houses by which it was flanked revealed themselves in the evening light, when the dust and the waste-paper came puffing along it in gusts of warm, stale-smelling wind, then the street seemed doubly long and disagreeable. But, on the other hand, the contrast between its sordidness and the cool, spacious Grand' Place into which, after what seemed a carefully studied preparatory twisting and turning among the narrow streets of the old town, it finally debouched, was all the more striking and refreshing. Like a ship floating out from between the jaws of a canyon into a wide and sunlit lake, our carriage

[1] Aus *Uncle Spencer* in *Little Mexican and Other Stories,* London, Chatto and Windus, 1924.

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emerged upon the Grand' Place. And the moment was solemn, breathlessly anticipated and theatrical, as though we were gliding in along the suspended calling of the oboes and bassoons, and the violins trembling with amorous anxiety all around us, rolling silently and with not a hitch in the stage carpentry on to some vast and limelit stage where, as soon as we had taken up our position well forward and in the centre, something tremendous, one imagined, would suddenly begin to happen — a huge orchestral tutti from contrabass trombone to piccolo, from bell instrument to triangle, and then the tenor and soprano in such a duet as had never in all the history of opera been heard before.

But when it came to the point, our entrance was never quite so dramatic as all that. One found, when one actually got there, that one had mistaken one's opera; it wasn't Parsifal or Rigoletto; it was Pelléas or perhaps the Village Romeo and Juliet. For there was nothing grandiosely Wagnerian, nothing Italian and showy about the Grand' Place at Longres. The last light was rosy on its towers, the shadows of the promenaders stretched half across the place, and in the vast square the evening had room to be cool and quiet. The Gothic Church had a sharp steeple and the seminary by its side a tower, and the little seventeenth-century Hôtel de Ville, with its slender belfry, standing in the middle of that open space as though not afraid to let itself be seen from every side, was a miracle of gay and sober architecture; and the houses that looked out upon it had faces simple indeed, burgess and ingenuous, but not without a certain nobility, not without a kind of unassuming provincial elegance. In, then, we glided, and the suspended oboeings of our entrance, instead of leading up to some grand and gaudy burst of harmony, fruitily protracted themselves in this evening beauty, exulted quietly in the rosy light, meditated among the lengthening shadows; and the violins, ceasing to tremble with anticipation, swelled and mounted, like light and leaping towers, into the serene sky.

And if the clock happened to strike at the moment that we entered, how charmingly the notes of the mechanical carillon harmonised with the imaginary music! At the hours, the bells in the high tower of the Hôtel de Ville played a minuet and a trio, tinkly and formal like the first composition of an infant Boccherini, which lasted till fully three minutes past. At the half-hours it was a patriotic air of the same length. But at the quarters the bells no more than began a tune. Three or four bars and the music broke off, leaving the listener wondering what was to have followed, and attributing to this fragmentary stump of an air some rich outflowering in the pregnant and musical silence, some subtle development which should have made the whole otherwise enchanting than the completed pieces that followed and preceded, and whose charm, indeed, consisted precisely in their old-fashion-

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ed mediocrity, in the ancient, cracked and quavering sweetness of the bells that played them, and the defects in the mechanism, which imparted to the rhythm that peculiar and unforseeable irregularity which the child at the piano, tongue between teeth, eyes anxiously glancing from printed notes to fingers and back again, laboriously introduces into the flawless evenness of "The Merry Peasant."

This regular and repeated carillonage was and indeed still is — for the invaders spared the bells — an essential part of Longres, a feature like the silhouette of its three towers seen from far away between the poplars across the wide, flat land, characteristic and recognisable.

It is with a little laugh of amused delight that the stranger to Longres first hears the jigging airs and the clashes of thin, sweet harmony floating down upon him from the sky, note succeeding unmuted note, so that the vibrations mingle in the air, surrounding the clear outlines of the melody with a faint quivering halo of discord. After an hour or two the minuet and trio, the patriotic air, become all too familiar, while with every repetition the broken fragments at the quarters grow more and more enigmatic, pregnant, dubious, and irritating.[1]) The pink light fades from the three towers, the Gothic intricacies of the church sink into a flat black silhouette against the night sky; but still from high up in the topless darkness floats down, floats up and out over the house-tops, across the flat fields, the minuet and trio. The patriotic air continues still, even after sunset, to commemorate the great events of 1830; and still the fragments between, like pencellings in the notebook of a genius, suggest to the mind in the scribble of twenty notes a splendid theme and the possibility of fifteen hundred variations. At midnight the bells are still playing; at half-past one the stranger starts yet again out of his sleep; re-evoked at a quarter to four his speculations about the possible conclusions of the unfinished symphony keep him awake long enough to hear the minuet and the trio at the hour and to wonder how any one in Longres manages to sleep at all. But in a day or two he answers the question himself by sleeping unbrokenly through the hints from Beethoven's notebook, and the more deliberate evocations of Boccherini's childhood and the revolution of 1830. The disease creates its own antidote, and the habit of hearing the carillon induces gradually a state of special mental deafness in which the inhabitants of Longres permanently live.

[1] Man vergleiche mit Aldous Huxleys Glockenspielmalerei Merediths Behandlung eines ähnlichen Gegenstandes in *Diana of the Crossways*, Kap. XVI *(Treats of a Midnight Bell . . .)*.

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VII. REISEBESCHREIBUNG

56. CHARLES MONTAGUE DOUGHTY

ARABIA DESERTA (1888) [1])

Zwei Jahre wandert ein englischer Dichter unter den Beduinen, sieht die ganze Wüste, ihre Hügel und Ebenen, Lavafelder, Dörfer, Zelte, Männer und Tiere, eine Wirklichkeit, die dem Wandel der Zeiten nicht unterworfen scheint — *a thousand years pass as one daylight* —, voll Verhärtung und nüchterner Schönheit, eine Wirklichkeit, die nur selten zum Traum zerfließt, wenn die Sinne des Beschauers sich ermüden. Die ewigen Motive der Reiseerzählung sind der Kampf gegen Mensch und Wüste, die nur in weitesten Abständen von Friedenslichtern verdrängt werden, den Ruhemomenten in Zelt und Oase. (Unser Abschnitt ist ein solches Friedenslicht.) Dieser Wirklichkeit gegenüber steht die mutige Persönlichkeit eines Dichters, der in seinen Versen durch seine Phantasieenge behindert ist, hier aber sich einen einzigartigen, dem Objekt kongenialen Ausdruck aus den Möglichkeiten der englischen Sprache zu erzwingen weiß. Zehn Jahre lang hat Doughty an dem Buch geschrieben in einem Stil, der „weder Vater noch Sohn hat", einem Erzeugnis dichterischer Askese, wo jedes Wort bewußt in Stein gehauen ist. *Arabia Deserta* feiert jetzt seine Auferstehung als ein Monument künstlerischer Prosa. Eine Würdigung des Werkes hat Middleton Murry gegeben *(Countries of the Mind, Essays in Literary Criticism*, London, W. Collins 1922, 137—150. Derselbe in *The Problem of Style*, London, Humphrey Milford 1926).

Doughtys' Dichtungen: *Dawn in Britain* (a poem) 6 volumes, 1906; *Adam Cast Forth (Sacred Drama in 5 songs)* 1918; *The Cliffs, a Play in Verse*, 1909; *Clouds (a poetic drama)* 1912; *The Titan (a poem)*, 1916; *Mansoul, or the Riddle of the World (a poem)*, 1920.

When the day dawned we mounted, and Terky rode with us. Beyond the long Hébeshy mountain we came upon a great plain open all round to the horizon. I had not seen such a flat since I left Syria; for the plain landscape in Nejd is nearly everywhere encumbered with montecules and jebâl. Pyramidlike bergs, of granite, but black under the shadowing of a cloud, were landmarks before us of a watering place, Ghraymàr. This even land which they name Fuèylik, lasts from hence to the Nefûd of el-Kasîm, and my companions were here in dread of passing ghrazzus. Terky: "Ridest thou thus without care or fear Khalîl! but if we see them I and Hamèd will escape upon this thelûl, and leave thee upon the nâga, and thou wilt be taken." In that there fell an April shower which shone about us like golden hairs in the sun; and the desert earth gave up to our sense a teeming grassy sweetness. As we approached the rocks, my companions espied great cattle, and they thought it was a ghrazzu at the watering! Then we saw them to be camel troops of the Aarab: hundreds

[1]) *Travels in Arabia Deserta*, Cambridge University Press, 1888. — Neudruck: 1921, Philip, Lee Warner. London 1921, with a new preface by the author, an introduction by T. E. Lawrence.

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of great cattle were standing apart or couched by their households, awaiting their turn to be watered. It was a rahla, and these Beduins (of Harb) watered the cattle in the midst of their march. Some of their house stuff was unloaded from the bearing camels; upon other camels sat the Harb daughters, in their saddle litters,—crated frames, trapped with wavering tongues of coloured cloths and long lappets of camel leather. In the tribes of my former acquaintance such bravery is only of a few sheykhly housewives; but these were B. Sâlem,—tribesfolk that are well clad amongst nomads. It seemed that any one of them might have been an Atáfa (v. Vol. I. 61,—or Ateyfa),—she that from her saddle frame warbles the battle note, with a passionate sweetness, which kindles the manly hearts of the young tribesmen, (and the Aarab are full of a wild sensibility).—They see her, each one as his, spouse, without the veil, and decked as in the day of her marriage!—The Atáfa is a sheykh's daughter; but, said Hàmed, she may be another mez'ûna: it were infamous to kill an Atáfa; yet when shots flee her camel may fall or run furiously, and the maiden-standard is in peril. Sheep flocks were lying down in a wide seyl-strand, awaiting their waterers; the shepherd's asses were standing with them.

This desert well, great and square mouthed, I saw to be steyned with old-dry-buildings of basalt; there were three fathoms to the water. The camels at the troughs, standing in old stinking sludge, were stamping for the flies. A score of Beduins in their shirts drew upon the four sides, with a loud song, and sweated in the sun. In the throng of cattle I saw a few sheykhs with their mares; the hounds of the nomad encampment lay panting in the shadows of the tall camels; and suffered us strangers to pass by without a challenge! A sheykhly man who stood nigh us, taking down his semîly, and a bowl, poured us out léban. Another enquired whither we went, and said, "He would accompany us on the morrow (el-gâbily), if we would stay over this day in his tent.—See also the rain threatens, and we shall pitch yonder not far off." Hàmed: "Wellah, I may not wait; for my breast is straitened, to be at home again."—None of these Aarab knew me.

We departed and Terky remained with them. The wilderness beyond is open gravel-plain: upon our left hand was a low mountain, whereunder are the hamlets Makhaul (a jau with one kasr) and Authèym, where are five houses. Late in the afternoon there fell great drops from the lowering skies; then a driving rain fell suddenly, shrill and seething, upon the harsh gravel soil, and so heavily that in few moments all the plain land was a streaming plash. Our nâga settled under us stern-on to the cold tempest. Our worsted mantles were quickly wetted through; and we cowered for shelter under the lee of the brute's body.

After half an hour the worst was past, and we mounted again.

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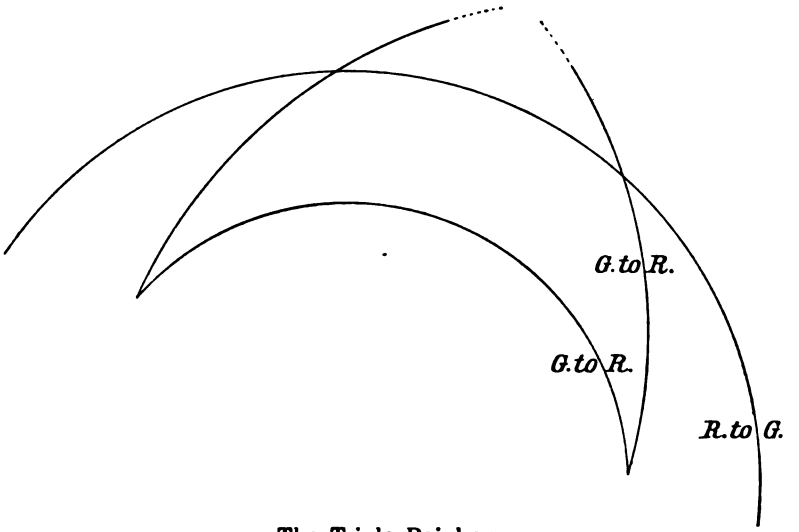

The Triple Rainbow.
(G. to R. signifies green to red; R. to G. red to green.)

Little birds, before unseen, flitted cheerfully chittering over the wet wilderness. The low sun looked forth, and then appeared a blissful and surpassing spectacle! a triple rainbow painted in the air before us. Over two equal bows a third was reared, upon the feet of the first; and like to it in the order of hues. These were the celestial arches of the sun's building, the peace in Heaven after the battle of the elements in a desert-land of Arabia.

The sun going down left us drowned in the drooping gloom, which was soon dark night. We held on our march in hope to meet with the Aarab, and there fell always a little rain. Serpentine lightning flickered over the ground before us, without thunder; long crested lightnings shot athwart and seemed suspended, by moments, in the wide horizon; other long cross flashes darted downward in double chains of light. The shape of all those lightnings was as an hair of wool that is fallen in water. Only sometimes we heard a little, not loud, roaring of thunder. In a lull of the weather we beheld the new moon, two days old, at her going down. The first appearing of the virgin moon is always greeted with a religious emotion in the deserts of Arabia, and we saluted her, poor night wanderers, devoutly; the day by my reckoning should be the 23rd of April. We held on ever watching for the Beduin fires, and heard about us the night shrieks of I know not what wild birds. At length Hàmed thought he had seen a watch-fire glimmer far in front. As we rode further we saw it sometimes, and otherwhiles it was hidden by the uneven ground of the wilderness. The night darkness was very thick, the nâga

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stumbled, and we could not see the earth. Hàmed, whose wit ever failed a little short of the mark, began to be afraid we might fall from some cragged place: he would adventure no further. We had nothing to eat, and alighting with wet clothes, we lay down in the rain beside our camel; but the wind blew softly, and we soon slept.

Erklärung der oben eingestreuten arabischen Ausdrücke nach Doughtys Glossar:

J. el-Hébeshy, a considerable basalt mountain near Semîra.
Nejd, the inner highland of north Arabia.
jebel, mountain.
Ghraymàr, a watering of Harb in Nejd.
Fuèylik, a plain between Semîra and el-Kasîm.
Nefûd, deep sand desert.
el-Ḳaṣîm, a province of Middle Nejd.
Ghrazzu, a foray.
Ṭhelûl, the dromedary or riding camel.
Nâga, Beduin for *Naḳa*, a cow-camel.
Râḥla, the removing and journeying of the Nomads.
el-Ḥarb, a great Beduin nation between the Harameyn and in Nejd.
Sheykh, an elder.
Beny Sâlem, a division of Ḥarb.
Àṭèyfa, or *Àṭafa*, a damsel that mounted in a litter upon her camel is the living standard of her tribesmen in battle.
Mez'ûna, beautiful woman.
Seyl, torrent.
Semîly, milk-bag or skin, made like a girby, for milk.
Léban, sour milk, commonly butter-milk.
Wellah, lit. By God, but it is come to signify *verily, indeed.*
Maḳ'haul, hamlet in the dominion of Ibn Rashîd.
Jau, watering place in low ground.
Ḳaṣr, signifies in desert Arabia a stable dwelling.
Authèym, a hamlet in Ibn Rashid's country.

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